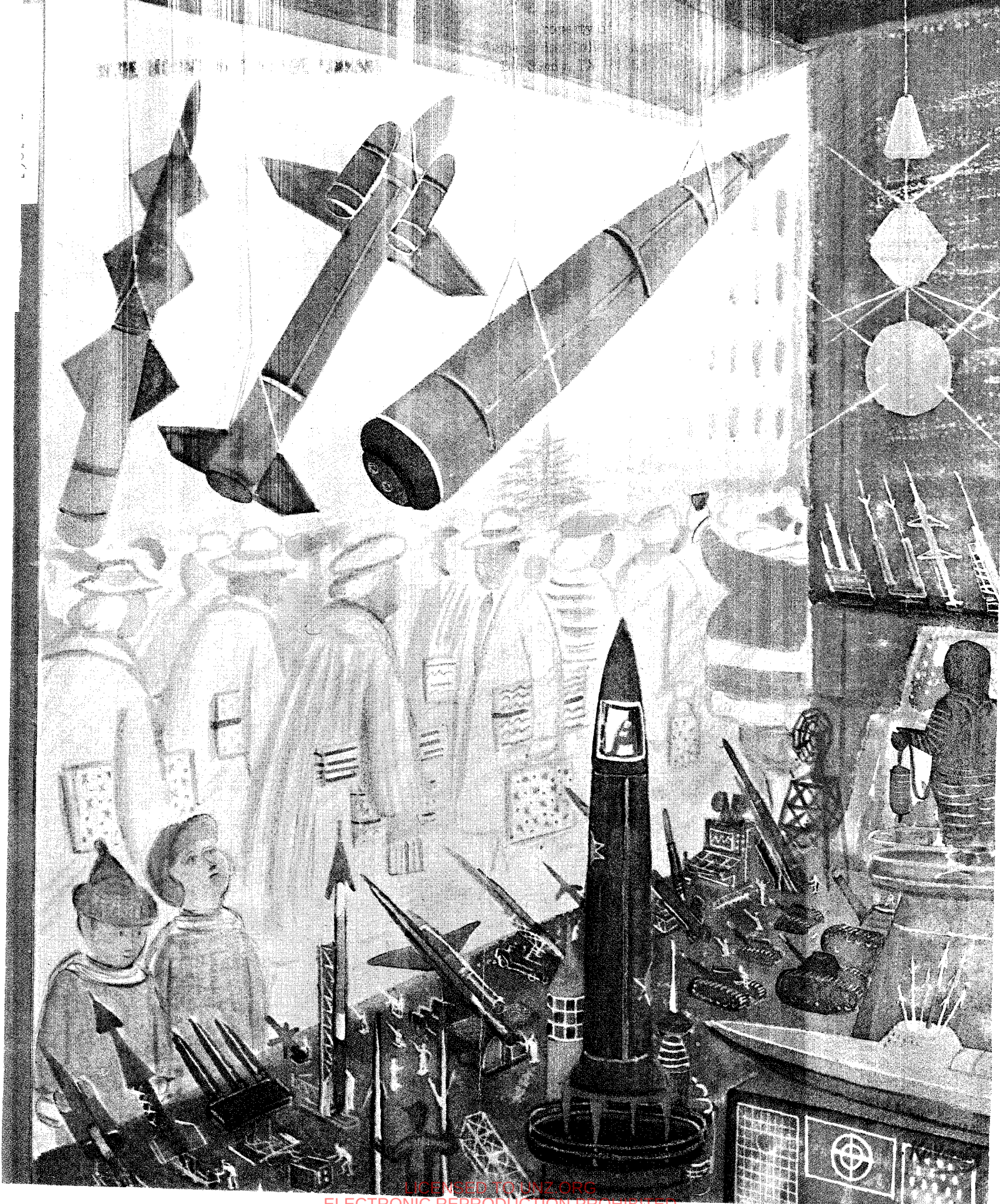


Dec 9, 1961

THE

Price 25 cents

NEW YORKER





Give historic OLD CROW
*- the bourbon more people
prefer to any other*

OLD CROW HOLIDAY PUNCH

Place a block of ice in a large punch bowl. Pour over it one bottle (fifth) of Old Crow. Add, without dilution, one 6-oz. can of frozen lemonade concentrate and one 6-oz. can of frozen orange juice concentrate. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of red maraschino cherry juice and a large bottle of sparkling water. Stir. Garnish as illustrated. Serves 20 people.



On peut faire cela à deux. Givenchy's Le De parfum, 12.50 to 36.00

Mist Concentrée, 10.00 Purse atomizer, 7.50 Eau de toilette, 8.00 to 25.00 Plus tax.

All, made, packaged and sealed in France. At all Lord & Taylor stores



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BLOOD, SWEAT AND STANLEY POOLE—In his first Broadway role, Peter Fonda, as a private who teaches a class of master sergeants how to pass exams, not only promises but delivers. The play is a farce, sometimes funny but more often just active. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Moves on Monday, Dec. 11, to the Ambassador, 49th St., W., CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE CARETAKER—Donald Pleasence, Alex Davion, and Robert Shaw are the entire remarkable cast of Harold Pinter's London hit about a bum and two young brothers. The play, by turns mysterious, frightening, and comic, is altogether remarkable, too. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE COMPLAINANT LOVER—Graham Greene has created a hilarious hotel-bedroom scene to serve as a centerpiece for this comedy about adultery among the British middle classes, but some of his other inventions are not quite so successful. Michael Redgrave, Googie Withers, and Richard Johnson are husband, wife, and lover, respectively, and Gene Wilder, as a valet, and Bert Nelson, as an acquaintance of the husband, are most helpful. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DAUGHTER OF SILENCE—A nineteen-year-old girl kills a man who raped her mother before her very eyes when she was a tot of eight. Obviously, here is all the juicy stuff of melodrama, but the author, Morris L. West, never succeeds in making the play anything more than pedestrian. The scene is Italy, and the cast includes Emlyn Williams, Rip Torn, and Frederic Tozere. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

GIDEON—This Paddy Chayefsky drama about the way things were when God was making a famous warrior out of the celebrated Old Testament herdsman is intermittently entertaining, and Fredric March and Douglas Campbell do well by the central roles. The rest of the cast is almost equally laudable, and Tyrone Guthrie has directed the play with his usual flair. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS—It's a good bet that this is the best play you'll encounter all year. The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, and Paul Scofield plays him with enormous persuasiveness. He is ably assisted by Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, Jack Creley, David J. Stewart, and, particularly, George Rose. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PURLIE VICTORIOUS—Some of the scenes and lines in this farce about a Negro preacher who changes the old rules on the old plantation are uproarious, and some are a bit heavy-handed. Ossie Davis, who wrote the play, appears in it as the preacher, and Ruby Dee and Godfrey M. Cambridge are very funny indeed in supporting roles. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A SHOT IN THE DARK—Harry Kurnitz's adaptation of Marcel Achard's "L'Idiot," which turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy maid. The scene is the

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

chambers of an examining magistrate in Paris, and while the question-and-answer business has a lulling effect at times, Julie Harris (the maid), William Shatner (the magistrate), and Walter Matthau and Louise Troy (Miss Harris's employers) are pretty droll when they get a chance. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK—A girl's difficulty in remaining virginal and still keeping the boys on edge is explored relentlessly in the first act of this endeavor by Norman Krasna. The second act affords a funny fifteen-minute relief, but the lethargy lingers on. Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee are among those present. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

WRITE ME A MURDER—Frederick Knott's mystery drama gets a good grip on the spectators' interest just often enough to be mildly diverting. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies turn in worthy performances. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—COME BLOW YOUR HORN: A comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **MARY, MARY**: Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

CARNIVAL—The plot of this adaptation of the movie "Lili" is a little slow in getting under

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	167
BOOKS	244
THE CURRENT CINEMA	235
FOOTBALL	232
LETTER FROM LONDON	222
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	204
MUSICAL EVENTS	237
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
CHRISTMAS GIFTS	172
THE RACE TRACK	242
THE THEATRE	160

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

way, but once it hits its stride there are plenty of stimulating doings, including a free-wheeling tent show where everything from puppets to jugglers is on display. Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard give plenty of lift to the proceedings, which were directed by Gower Champion. Anita Gillette will substitute for Miss Alberghetti for two weeks starting Tuesday, Dec. 12. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

AN EVENING WITH YVES MONTAND—The French minstrel singing assorted ballads with his usual manly charm. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinees Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, Dec. 16.)

FROM THE SECOND CITY—Each of the sketches in this revue was originally improvised by one or another of the bright young Chicagoans who appear in it. A few of the entries are a little dated, but there are no other signs of strain and many signs of wit and high spirits. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 9.)

THE GAY LIFE—The title of this musical, adapted by Fay and Michael Kanin from Schnitzler's Alt Wien drama "Anatol," is completely misleading, but Barbara Cook, who is adrift in the torpid atmosphere with Jules Munshin, Walter Chiari, and Loring Smith, has a lot of style. The sets, by Oliver Smith, are handsome, but the music and lyrics, by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, are pretty soggy. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

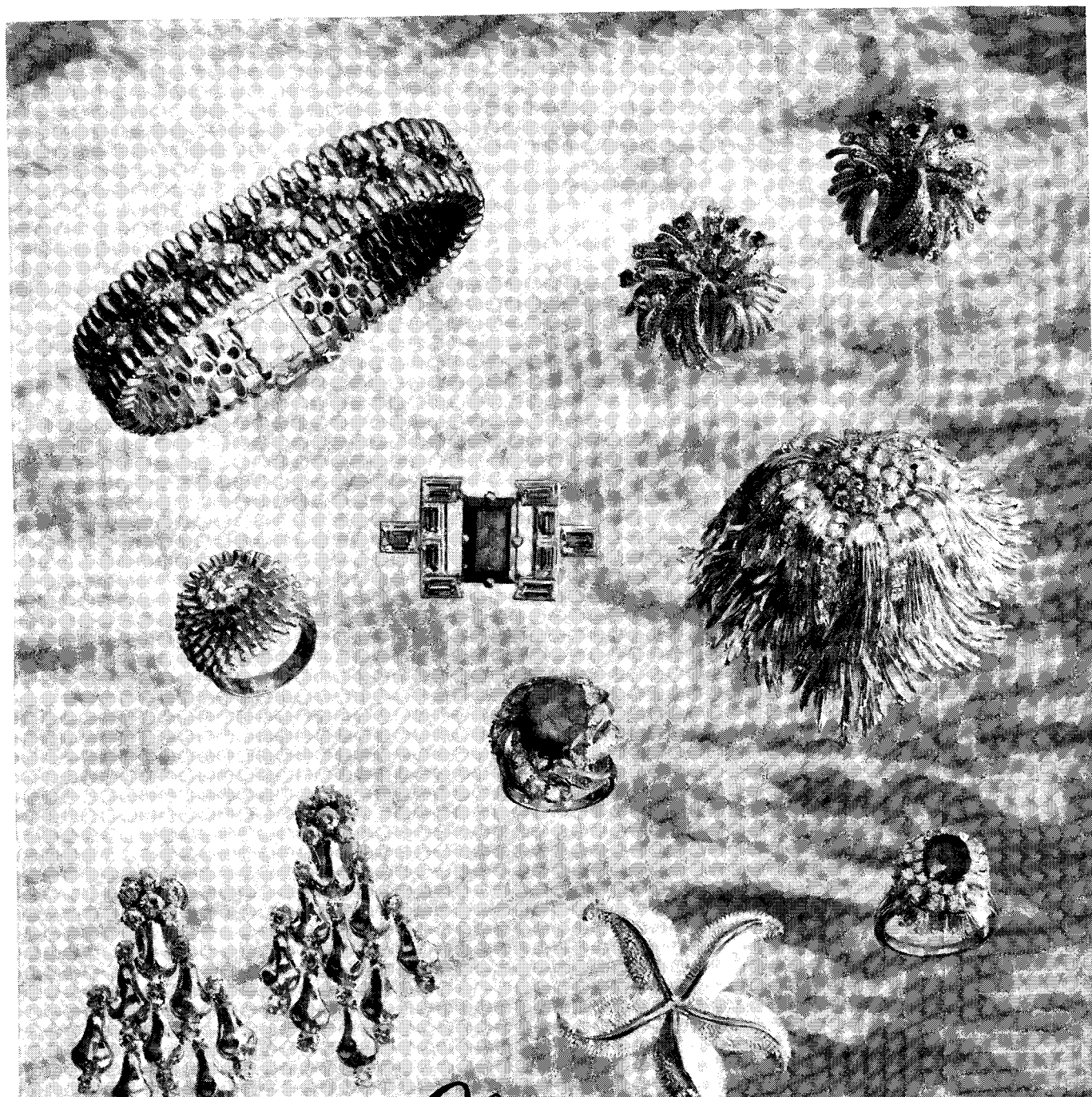
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING—Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser, and a couple of collaborators are responsible for this funny show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse gives a galvanic performance as this ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is hilarious as the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. The comedy also has some diverting performances by Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, Paul Reed, Ruth Kobart, and Sammy Smith. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 10.)

KEAN—In the early nineteenth century, Edmund Kean was a king among English entertainers. If he had appeared in anything like this, he would have been deposed. Alfred Drake has the unfortunate assignment of representing him. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

LET IT RIDE!—An adaptation of the twenty-five-year-old comedy "Three Men on a Horse" that is nowhere near as lively as the original. George Gobel plays the greeting-card writer who has a knack for picking horses, and Sam Levene and Barbara Nichols make a comical team as a gambler and his doxy. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 9.)

MILK AND HONEY—Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. Their adventures are hardly enthralling, but there is a lot of boisterous folk dancing by the natives. The book was written by Don Appell, and the music and lyrics—nicely rendered by a cast headed by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon—are the work of Jerry Herman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 43, December 9, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year \$7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$8.00. Other foreign, \$10.00.



Olga
TRITT

424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

ALL IN 18 KT GOLD OR PLATINUM

Sapphire diamond gold bracelet \$2800	\$2250 Diamond gold earrings
Emerald diamond gold earclips \$1575	\$3500 Jade diamond platinum ring
Diamond gold ring \$550	\$7500 Faceted ruby diamond platinum ring
Emerald diamond platinum pin \$15,000	\$190 Diamond gold starfish pin
Diamond gold clip \$1850	All prices include Federal Excise Tax

©Olga Tritt, Inc., 1961

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SAIL AWAY—Noël Coward's musical about a bunch of Americans aboard a cruise ship is not as effervescent as one would expect of the Master, but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are some sprightly songs and dances, and the comic performance of Alice Pearce as a lady novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CAMELOT: The old story about King Alfred and the burnt oatcakes. William Squire, Julie Andrews, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) ... **DO RE MI**: Several underworldly specimens try to horn in on the jukebox business. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker have the leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **IRMA LA DOUCE**: A French item involving some very seamy characters. Elizabeth Seal is Irma. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **MY FAIR LADY**: Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**: Martha Wright in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN**: Tammy Grimes as a hoyden from rural Colorado who crashes society at home and abroad. The score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

ALL IN LOVE—David Atkinson in a musical based on Sheridan's "The Rivals," with book and lyrics by Bruce Geller and a score by Jacques Urbont. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

THE AMERICAN DREAM and THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—"The Gondoliers." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8; Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:40; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10, at 4 and 8:40.)

THE BALCONY—Life in a gaudy bordello as reflected in the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE CONNECTION—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Saturdays at 10:30, and Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

DIFF'RENT and THE LONG VOYAGE HOME—Marian Seldes in a pair of Eugene O'Neill revivals. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-3646. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsy is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

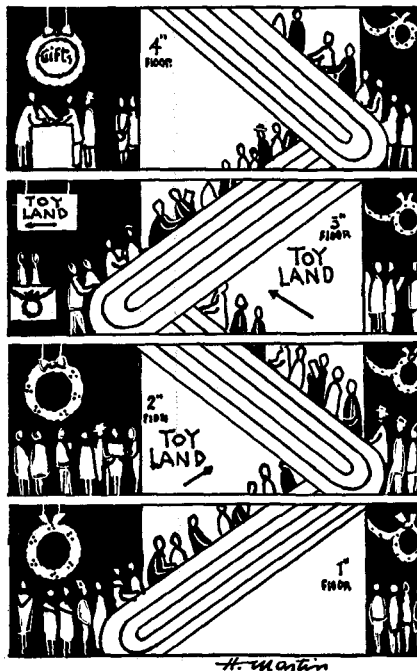
GHOSTS—Leueen MacGrath, fascinating as Mrs. Alving, heads a generally fine cast in David Ross's lively production of Ibsen's eighty-year-old problem play. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

IN THE JUNGLE OF CITIES—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays and Sundays at 8:30.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

MANY LOVES—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 8:30.)

MISALLIANCE—A breezy revival of Shaw's comedy about a busy weekend at the country house of Mr. Tarleton, the underwear mogul. Among the actors who best respond to Philip Minor's nimble direction are Donald Moffat, Emery Battis, and Lidia Prochnicka. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)



THE POLICEMEN and ANDROCLAS and THE LION—A play by the Polish writer Slawomir Mrozek, along with the Shaw opus. On Tuesday, Dec. 12, Shaw's "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" will replace "The Policemen." (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

RED ROSES FOR ME—Martyn Green in Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

SHADOW OF HEROES—A play by Robert Ardrey, with Salome Jens. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

SING MUSE!—A musical with book and lyrics by Erich Segal and music by Joseph Raposo. (Van Dam Theatre, 15 Van Dam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—It's been a long, long Weill. In the cast are Marion Brash and Virgil Curry. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

2 BY SAROYAN—An admirable production of "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning" (playwright merry) and "Talking to You" (playwright broody). Arthur Storch is the director, and Milt Kamen and James Broderick are the principal actors. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

NOTE—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Dec. 7: "Interplay," "Raymonda" (premiere), "Episodes," and "Fanfare." ... Friday evening, Dec. 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Prodigal Son," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." ... Saturday matinee, Dec. 9: "Serenade," "Fanfare," "Pas de Dix," and "Firebird." ... Saturday evening, Dec. 9: "Con Amore," "Ivesiana," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C." ... Sunday matinee, Dec. 10: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." ... Sunday evening, Dec. 10: "Swan Lake," "Raymonda," "Prodigal Son," and "Fanfare." ... Tuesday evening, Dec. 12: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Episodes," and "Western Symphony." ... Wednesday evening, Dec. 13: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Deux," and "Firebird." ... Thursday evening, Dec. 14: "Ivesiana," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Serenade." ... Friday evening, Dec. 15, and Saturday matinee and evening, Dec. 16: "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 4.)

INDRANI—With her company of Indian dancers and musicians. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

ANTA PROGRAM—Two short plays ("The Grand Vizir" and "Cayenne Pepper") by René de Obaldia, presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the second in this season's series of matinee programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 2:40. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A display room suitable for all sorts of public

EXTRAORDINARY WHAT A DROP OF PARIS CAN DO!



INTIMATE

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES

Imported from France 8.50 to 75.00, plus tax

©1961 REVLON, INC.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

occasions, particularly fashion shows and passing shows. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra play industriously for the entrance makers. Dancing.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The theatricals (mostly a reprise of well-remembered ballads) that go on at mealtimes in the Cotillion Room will never be accused of professionalism except when Fay De Witt and Wilbur Evans, who have a sense of order and of humor, intervene. Sunday nights there's just a dinner show, Monday nights there's none at all. In between, Stanley Melba's orchestra and a trio do tons of dance music. . . . The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's minuscule group of musicians offers invitations to the dance all week long.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The chef's special in the Persian Room is Diahann Carroll, and the spices and herbs and secret ingredients that go into the preparation make her quite a dish. Her well-chosen words and music are accented by a worshipful company in which Warren Meyers' piano, Joe Benjamin's bass, and Joe Puma's guitar are *cordon bleu*. Emil Coleman's big dance band, which can lay great emphasis, and Mark Monte's set of eager beavers look after the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . Tea-for-two piano, whose author is Kurt Maier, is performed in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and again in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. . . . The pomp-and-circumstance *Rendez-Vous* is a playground for the small dance bands of Charles Holden and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—There's dancing in the Grill every evening but Sunday to the music of Bill Snyder's visiting firemen and a trio that is really rustic.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The dinner and supper recitals in the Maisonette are by Jean Sablon, whose songs are all reminders of the Parisian age of elegance, to which he clearly belongs. None of them were ever on display at the Bureau de Tourisme. At other times, these stately walls ring gently to the whirling breathings of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba swizzlers. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—After eight-thirty, the noble Columns offers sailing along on Moonlight Bay (which in this case could easily be the Bay of Naples) to the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's circumspect orchestra and a small Latin class. Closed Sundays. . . . In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite arias in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tomorrow-we-fly set, which is definitely not open stock, infiltrates the Embassy Club (where, from eight-thirty to two, Lazaro Quintero's orchestra speaks with a Latin accent, when the alternating trio is not being as American as blueberry pie) and the Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi's violin begins a vigil at eight). Both arenas are closed on Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Hildegard is again our lady bountiful, gliding about the Empire Room at dinner and supper while she distributes songs, adages, and *moues*. It's rather like Christmas parties for the tenant farmers. Milt Shaw's orchestra and a quartet that is surely the figment of a disordered imagination play for the guests' getting-up exercises. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—Anyone wishing to view or become wholly involved in the Twist, a virus for which there is no known cure, may as well repair (in the circumstances, the *mot juste*) to the PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (CI 5-9363), to which Joey Dee and the Starlites have just returned to pulsate every night in a creditable replica of the Malamute Saloon; the CAMELOT, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135), where Alan Freed, a dismounted

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

disc jockey, has two bands on the range seven days a week, which includes a three-o'clock Sunday matinée; or the **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310), where Bill Black's band and the Orchids, a band almost overcome by the rapture of its own music, rage out of control. And Dorothy Donegan's trio, which was never designed for the Twist, goes hop, bob, hopping along at this last establishment. She's at home Sundays; the rest stay on duty.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder at bar and table. Budd Gregg's piano, which gets under way at eight, sets the pace. Freddie Fassler, whose fiddle has been in abeyance for some time, succeeds Mr. Gregg on Tuesday, Dec. 12. The Plush Room, a cosy afterthought to the rear, opens at ten-thirty, when Gwen Bari, a girl who's decided to take up singing, goes to work on her ballads. Her final night is Sunday, Dec. 10. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Dear old golden school-of-life days. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight, and from then on Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders share the evening stint—lovelorn single and strike-me-pink double piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday and Monday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini, Leoncavallo, and the rest of their mob dined here and wrote down tunes on the tablecloth, which is now ensconced on the music rack. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. The resolute little opera company goes through hell and high water, Italian division, every night, and Mr. B.'s dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The patter of tiny feet, all of them imported from Seville, is setting innumerable stamps of disapproval on everything that's wrong with life and love life. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Cast out the moat in the eye of the beholder as he crosses the drawbridge into this toyland, and you have an up-to-date restaurant, whose tables are circumnavigated by Norbert Faconi's Casanova violin every night but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Chateau Henri IV (*q.v. supra*) and—like it—decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion, a violinist and an accordionist drift gently with the tide every night but Sunday. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol, staffed by a chef who believes that calories can be fun, by Hermann Primus's zither from six to ten, and thereafter by Greta Keller, whose chatelaine manner and indigenous songs thrive mightily in the mountain air. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversation-

al piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Midsummer nights in a long-lost but awfully happy Budapest, where silence is a vacuum abhorred by the tenor of Tibor Rakossy and the deeper voicing of fiddles and zimbabons. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Anyone is apt to show up on the minute handstand. At the moment, there's Dave Grusin (who in unreal life is Andy Williams' accompanist) playing pensive piano at the head of a subdued trio; there's Andy Hamon, who lends a lush-life tenor to his ballads; and there's Renée Roberts, who has looked upon the mannerisms of other sopranos and found them good. They set to at ten; until then, one may study the roguish gallery of art on the walls. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A seat of the mighty, and suitably upholstered. The Cinzano-with-lemon-peel is interlarded, between eight-thirty and maybe two, with the piano of George Feyer, which is all Venetian glass. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Somewhere within a forest of Moorish arches and columns is a piano that's casually stroked by Conrad Monjoy. In addition, on Fridays and Saturdays, Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing from ten until one. No music Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A good deal of this particular Vienna is simply travelogue. Its saving grace is the guilelessness with which its song and instrumental music are set forth. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Appian as the day—or, rather, the night—is long. Up and down the Way wanders a stream of earnest violinists belonging to Herman Honigsberg, often trailed (at a respectful distance) by accordions. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The eighth hill of a famous city on the Tiber. The music, which (like the cuisine) is wholly regional, comes from a closely knit group of melodists who operate from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The vast acreage embraced by the Casino-on-the-Park offers, between cocktails and supper, Steven Weltner's piano, a judicious mixture of sentiment and science. His night off is Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hard-core but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A quartet of flamenco singers and dancers show up now and then to blow their little Spanish tops. The rest of the time, a piano muses in a corner. No flamenco on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Fast can be broken here in elaborate surroundings from six in the evening until one, and often to the tune of Marty Berns' warmhearted piano. No music Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A South Sea Islands resort where one cannot help suspecting that half the lovely indigenes are vacationing airline hostesses. The proper stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through supper every night of the week; Jorge Rios, the pianist, guitarist, and singer in the bar, fries other fish on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX**, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): In the commissary of the St. Moritz, Jimmy Lyons' trio is making its eloquent *Nachtmusik* from dinner until well after the theatre every night but Monday, as well as at a Sunday preamble from two to eight.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Thirty or forty splendid sisters under



*"Jewels" For
Your Home*



Exquisite acanthus leaf epergne in Gorham vermeil, with design repeated on hand-etched lead crystal bowls. Small ones interchange with a set of candleholders. Overall, 14" x 16". \$3125.

Spode for tea, vivid green and gold on white bone china, 41-piece service \$450.

Minton's majestic cobalt blue, gold and white bone china service plates, set of 12 \$486.

"Bacchus" candelabra of Paul de Lamerie, reproduced for us in England, in vermeil. 22½" tall \$3600.

French porcelain art objects in cerulean and gold on white:

Cigarette box, 4½" \$30. Oval ashtray, 4¾" \$12.

Cache pot, 5¾" \$60. Gorham's "Chantilly" vermeil compote, 6½" \$62.

Federal tax included where applicable. Shipping: box, 65¢; ashtray, 55¢; cache pot or compote, each 85¢. Others postage-paid.

Jean Tree, PL 7-8100

BLACK STARR & GORHAM

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.

MANHASSET

MILLBURN

WHITE PLAINS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the skin, which is just about all they wear, take part in the immense pageant that winds its luxurious and leisured way across the stage, accompanied by Rafael de Cordova's breathless young ballet troupe, the Wallendas' dizzying aerial ballet, the mummery of the Arnaut Brothers, and lots and lots of well-choreographed flummery. Dancing... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): From Catskills' icy mountains and the Fontainebleau's coral strand come the jests of Jack Carter, a forthright deliverer. Eight lovely handmaidens do their footwork in look-Ma-I'm-dancing fashion. The spectators are also permitted the use of the floor.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The world is too much with Barbara Heller, who stands in the middle of it, lost but not least, bouncing out a lot of funny commentaries on the subject; Pat Harrington, Jr., loves the world he lives in, which is bounded on the west by Lindy's. There are also a couple of honor-bright folk singers, Tyson & Fricker, and Barbra Streisand, who is trying to decide whether to be a good balladeer or an overactress. On Thursday, Dec. 14, a new cast will take over. Prominent in it will be Dave Astor, a soapbox comedian with an excellent turn of oratory, and the squadron of Andy and the Bey Sisters, who do songs, dances, funny sayings, and funny faces. ... ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's cocktail and dinnertime piano, which is *mis en bouteille au château*, takes place every night but Sunday. After eleven-thirty, this glade is the exclusive property of Bobby Short, whose ballads and piano are full of abiding joy until dawn's early light. He stays home Saturdays so that he can do a Sunday matinee from five to eight. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's newest report to the nation, the revue known as "Seven Come Eleven," covers a multitude of sins, human and inhuman, in the course of an extremely sly ninety-minute catechism. The leading narrators are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, both of them diamond-cut-diamond; their new and brisk aides are Rex Robbins, Philip Bruns, Donna Sanders, and Steve Roland. It goes on at nine-fifteen and midnight. William Roy and Carl Norman are the life-giving piano accompaniment. Closed Sundays. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dressed to the Nines" is Julius Monk's left hand, which knows perfectly well what his right hand is doing. This smaller revue happens twice a night, too, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. The central heating is the work of a girl pinwheel named Freddie Weber; the touch of Venus is the work of a fawn named Lovelady Powell; the efficient male hustle-and-bustle comes from Jim Sheridan and Pat Fox. Double piano is set forth by Robert Colston and Robert Milrad between times, and this music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. ... **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): It looks like any of a dozen *Village boîtes*, but among the characters wandering across the stage is Barbara Gilbert, whose buzzing-bee soprano has more than one sting. Closed Mondays. ... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): A handsome bid to recolonize these United States, done with aplomb and majesty (Queen Victoria, at a guess). The bait is comprised, *inter alia*, of shepherd's pie, Bass's ale, wondrous stage sets, a noble master of ceremonies (the name is Fred Stone), and a variety show (Victorian again) that is sometimes sprightly, sometimes a part of the British Empire the sun might just as well have set on. The cast is ten members of the London Players Theatre. There are dinner and supper performances Fridays and Saturdays, and dinner shows the rest of the week, except Mondays. ... **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, the perpetual Boys' Town of Spain, will do their last marching and countermarching song on Sunday, Dec. 10. Next evening brings on a set of fifteen not only Spanish but Greek and Italian singers and dancers, not to mention Hanna Ahroni, a vehement Israeli nightingale. The dancing of the customers,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

which is practically compulsory when Pupi Campo's band really warms up, is an extra dividend. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity. ... ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's tense voice does flamenco songs so persuasive that half the audience joins in.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Max Kaminsky's band, still clinging to tradition, is busy letting freedom and the welkin ring simultaneously. Bob Wilber is part of the troupe, and so is Mr. Condon. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Carmen McRae is converting song after song into a reasonably nourishing hasty pudding; Jimmy Raney and Lee Konitz are the strange bedfellows of a thriving new foursome. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. ... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The Duke Ellington orbit at the moment includes Manhattan. Not all the old familiar faces are there, but Johnny Hodges and Harry Carney and the Duke himself are still among nature's noblemen. Whether Larry Storch, the resident wit, is also a n. n. depends upon the sensitivity of one's ears. Closed Sundays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): A survivor on a street that has fainted almost dead away. Here Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Garvin Bushell—are carrying on in blamptey-blamp style the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davidson's horn, a magnificent ordeal by fire, rouses his band to the defense of music as it was in the beginning. Closed Mondays. ... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): What comes from the carefully thought-out Don Shirley trio, which is inside the oval bar every night but Monday, is practically *risorgimento* jazz. Frances Thompson, who does the intermission piano, gives an excellent account of herself, too. ... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Sleepless nights on the Barbary Coast are engendered by Lionel Hampton's band (which is off duty Sundays) and Eddie Davis's and Johnny Griffin's quintet (which is off duty Mondays). ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A gusher is brought in every hour or so. The biggest one, and the noisiest, is Count Basie's big, bold band. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out on the town. ... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The dominant chord issues from the drums of Jo Jones, a happy Mephistopheles with a trio in tow. Sundays are potluck bouts between extra hands. ... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The next changing of the guard happens on Tuesday, Dec. 12, when the trio of Nina Simone (fuss and feathers) and the sextet of Olaturunji (mad drum majors) will be succeeded by Miriam Makeba, who casts a shin-

ing light on the meaningful ways of African folk music. Les McCann, Ltd. (a trio), remains at its post. Mondays are devoted to jam sessions by visiting musicians. ... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder with Herbie Mann's West Indian and African travelling salesmen, or drummers. Mr. Mann accompanies them on his flute. Closed Mondays. ... **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): All music gains something in the translation from the original into the paraphrases of Sonny Rollins, whose quartet includes Jim Hall. Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers breathe hard in the swift completion of their appointed rounds. Mondays are for visiting musicians. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A manual for the instruction of the young in the ways of traditional thinking and playing. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9, the crew of instructors should include Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, Henry Goodwin, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

DARREL AUSTIN—Misty, magical pictures of trees, maidens, and beasts; through Dec. 23. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PEGGY BACON—Oils, drawings, and embroidered pictures, in her first show here in eight years; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

DINO BASALDELLA—Welded iron sculptures by the brother of Afro and Mirko. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 22. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

HELEN BELING—Small bronzes, and larger examples modelled directly in a plastic medium; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

LUDWIG BEBELMANS—Paintings and drawings for his latest book, "Madeline in London;" through Dec. 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

NIEVES BILLMEYER—Oils and water colors; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (James, 70 E. 12th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

ANTOINETTE BOURDELLE—A large loan show of sculptures and drawings by the French formalist artist, celebrating the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

ROBERT COOK—Bronze sculptures, ingeniously mingling the abstract and the representational; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

FRED FARR—Bronzes; through Dec. 23. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

LUCIO FONTANA—Ten paintings of Venice (canvases with plastic paint, pebbles of glass, stab holes, and slashes) by an Italian abstractionist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.) ... ¶ Smaller paintings and a couple of sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Large abstractions; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Enmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

RUTH GIKOW—Figurative oils; through Dec. 23. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ—Welded-metal sculptures by one of the pioneer Spanish constructivists, who died in 1942; through Dec. 29. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

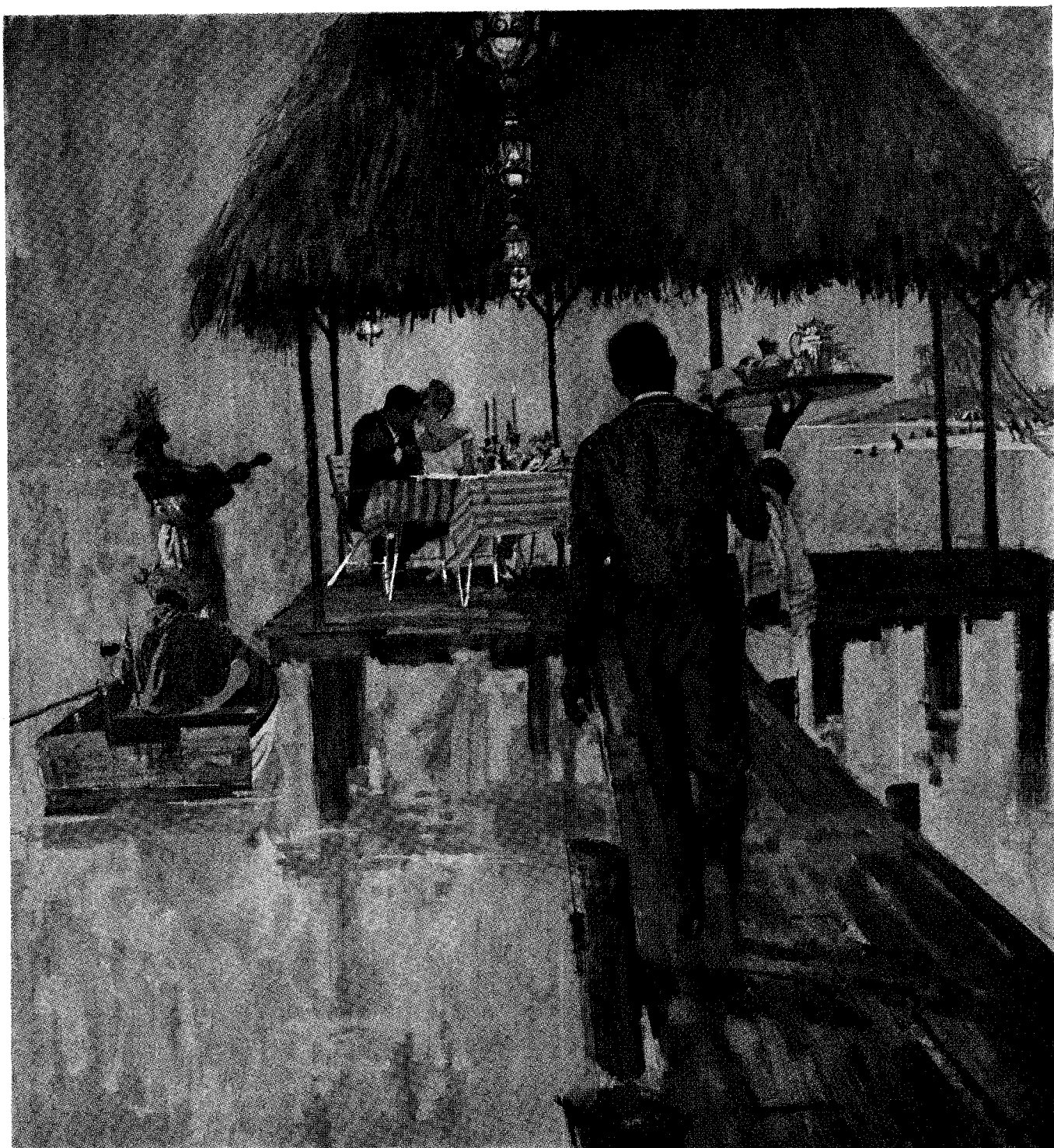
WILLIAM GROPPER—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

NATHAN CABOT HALE—Welded bronze sculptures; through Dec. 30. (Feingarten, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WILLIAM HOPPER—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 24. (Castellane, 19 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEROME KAMROWSKI—Abstract Expressionist





This is the Place...this is the Life...this is It!

What is *your* idea of a perfect winter vacation? Palm-fringed, uncrowded beaches? Sailing and fishing? Golf? Walks and drives through lush tropical scenery? Meeting interesting people? Dancing and romancing under the stars? Shopping for bargains? . . . or just getting away from it all as a happy beachcomber?

You will find all this — and more — in Trinidad and Tobago. A unique and appealing mixture of six cultures: Hindu, Moslem, Chinese, American, African and European, Trinidad is the most interesting and vibrant island in the West Indies. Calypso was born here, so was the steel band

and the limbo. Carnival in Trinidad is a truly fantastic spectacle . . . the essence of *joie de vivre* and carefree abandon.

In idyllic Tobago time seems to stand still. Nature has outdone herself in lavishing beauty on this lovely island and nothing has marred its peace and serenity.

Less than 4½ hours flying time from New York, gay cosmopolitan Trinidad and her charming sister island Tobago combine into the greatest vacation playground. Come soon and you'll return again and again.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO TOURIST BOARD Dept. N, P.O. Box 1974, Grand Central Sta., New York, N.Y.

sporty performer

...with 185 h.p.

Cutlass

V-8 action!



In a class by itself . . . in the low-price field! Here's a car as exciting as its name—Cutlass! Exciting in performance . . . with the ultra high-compression Cutlass 185 aluminum V-8 Engine... 4-barrel carburetor... 10.25-to-1 compression ratio . . . high-torque rear axle—all as standard equipment! Exciting in style too . . . with sporty Moroccan interiors . . . sparkling chrome accents . . . foam-cushioned bucket seats—at no extra cost! Drive a Cutlass—sharpest thing on four wheels—now in Coupe and Convertible models! Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corporation.

THERE'S "SOMETHING EXTRA" ABOUT OWNING AN OLDS!

F-85 *Cutlass*

BETTER THAN EVER IN EVERY WAY

AND EVERY INCH AN **OLDS**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings and other works; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Mayer, 61 E. 82nd St.)

FRANZ KLINE—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Dec. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

KAETHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945)—Sketches, finished drawings, and prints; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

BERNARD LAMOTTE—Paintings and wash drawings; through Dec. 22. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—A fifty-year retrospective of sculptures (predominantly bronze), ranging from early Cubist works to later pieces on mythological, musical, and religious themes; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

PEPPINO MANGRAVITE—Landscapes with figures, gently crepuscular in atmosphere; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

EWALD MATAR—Animal sculptures and graphics; through Dec. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID PARK—A retrospective of the paintings of this California artist, who died last year; through Dec. 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Graphics; through Dec. 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD REDER—A retrospective of drawings, prints, and sculptures; through Jan. 6. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings until 10.)

SIEGFRIED REINHARDT—Symbolic paintings and drawings, disturbingly enigmatic in style; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

LARRY RIVERS—Oils; through Dec. 30. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

PHILIP RUSSELL—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Thursday, Dec. 14. (Area, 80 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

WALTER STUEMPFIG—Landscapes, still-lives, and figure paintings, Italianate in mood; through Dec. 23. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

MURRAY TINKELMAN—Landscapes mostly, done in a broadly Abstract Impressionist manner; through Thursday, Dec. 14. (Artzt, 142 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 4.)

JACK YOUNGERMAN—Large, high-keyed abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTURES—Three constructivist sculptors—Robert Adams, Costa Coultianos, and Carel Visser; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

CHRISTMAS CARTOON SHOW—Over three hundred original cartoons and drawings from this magazine, *Punch*, and other publications, by Alan Dunn, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, and Al Hirschfeld (to mention a few); through Dec. 23. (Price, 3 E. 63rd St. Weekdays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the TERRAIN, 20 W. 16th St.: Nell Blaine, Charles Cajori, and Richard Stankiewicz are among the participants in a showing of paintings and sculptures called "Art As Gaiety;" through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 6; Thursday evenings, 8 to 11.)... **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: Miles Forst, John Grillo, and four other painters; through Dec. 23.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: "The Romantic Temperament," a showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Leon Bakst, Arthur G. Dove, and Gustave Moreau; through Dec. 30.... **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Abstract paintings and sculptures—Arp to Xceron; through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: "Contemporary Trends," an exhibit of paintings by, among others, Pollock, de Kooning, Appel, and Tàpies; through Saturday, Dec. 16.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: The annual exhibition of drawings, water colors, and pastels by modern masters, including Cassatt, Hassam, and Seurat; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Emile Bernard, Alberto Pisa, and others, plus

GIFTS FROM THE SEA

karat gold. Earrings of sea urchins

nestled on coral, five hundred forty five

dollars. Pin of sea urchins, accented with dia-

mond sea drops on a branch of coral,

one thousand two hundred seventy

five dollars. Sea urchin pin with star-

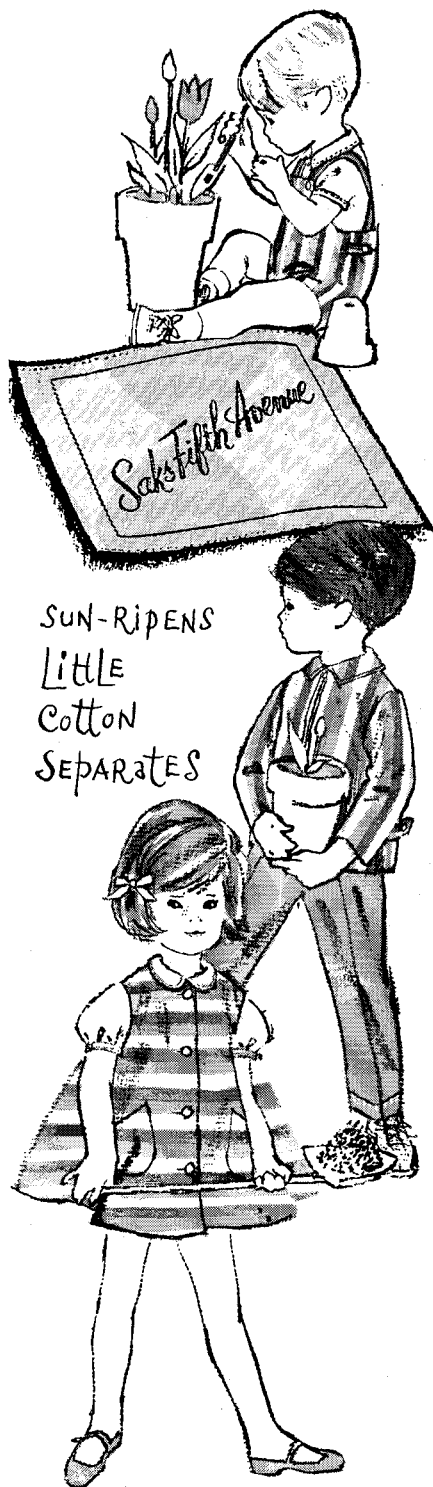
fish of diamonds, six hundred

seventy five dollars.

Prices include federal tax.

TIFFANY & Co.

NEW YORK



SUN-RIPENS
LITTLE
COTTON
SEPARATES

Picked for Christmas, north or south—our cotton duck playclothes in green/royal or orange/wheat stripes. Above: toddler's bib short, 5.00. White broadcloth blouse, 4.00. Both in 2-3-4 sizes. Center: little boy's reversible jacket, 10.00. Overall in royal, green, orange or wheat, 5.50. In 3-6 sizes. (Not shown: white shirt, 4.00, cap, wheat or royal; s, m, l sizes, 3.50.) Below: little girl's topperall, 7.00. White blouse, 4.00. Both in 3-6x sizes. Children's Shops, Second Floor. Mail or phone.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

New York • White Plains • Springfield
Chicago • Skokie • Detroit
St. Louis • Beverly Hills • Miami Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Rembrandt, "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer," is now being shown in the Great Hall. . . . ¶ "101 Masterpieces of American Primitive Painting from the Collection of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch," an exhibition of portraits, historical subjects, sporting scenes, landscapes, and so on dating from the early eighteenth through the nineteenth century, half of them by anonymous artists; through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twelve stained-glass windows (depicting the twelve tribes of Israel), along with preliminary sketches for them, designed and executed by Marc Chagall for the synagogue in the new Hadassah-Hebrew University Medical Center, near Jerusalem; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Three nineteenth-century symbolists: Odilon Redon (paintings, drawings, and prints), Gustave Moreau (paintings), and Rodolphe Bresdin (prints and drawings); through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Studies by the late Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco for a series of murals that he was commissioned in 1932 to do for the Dartmouth College library; through Jan. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Nude in American Painting," a survey of eighteenth- to twentieth-century pictures, on loan from museums and private collections, by artists ranging from James Peale and Samuel Morse to Jack Levine and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through Sunday, Dec. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.: A loan exhibition of sculptures produced by the Khmers (whose present-day descendants are termed Cambodians) in the centuries (eighth to fifteenth) that gave rise to the temples of Angkor Wat; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A showing of some fifty paintings by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, Francesco Guardi, Sebastiano Ricci, and other eighteenth-century Venetian artists; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Jackson Pollock, Alfred Leslie, Sam Francis, and others are on view in the show, "American Abstract Expressionists and Imagists, 1961;" through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings and sculptures by Chryssa, a young Greek-American artist; through Dec. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Expressionist paintings, drawings, multiple panels, revolving discs, and an animated film by Irving Kriesberg; through Dec. 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"The Christmas Story," an exhibition of miniatures from medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, portraying such scenes as the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, and the Adoration of the Magi; through Jan. 6. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—More than a hundred portraits (paintings and drawings) from the Museum's Theatre and Music Collection. There are likenesses of, among others, Isadora Duncan, Edwin Booth, and Helen Hayes, by John Singer Sargent, Marcel Vertès, and others. Through April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Fabrics International," a display of fabrics from twenty-one countries, including Belgium, India, Peru, South Vietnam, and Ghana; through Jan. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Selections from the collections of René

d'Harnoncourt and Gertrud A. Mellon—masks, sculptures, ritual vessels, fetishes, and weapons (from such diverse regions as Africa, the Americas, and Oceania); through Feb. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-first annual of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Morris Kantor, William Kienbusch, and Rhys Caparn are three of the exhibitors. After Sunday, Dec. 10, the Museum will be closed until Sunday, Dec. 17, when there will be a new exhibition. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The thirtieth anniversary of the opening of the Museum is being celebrated by an exhibition and the publication of a book, both called "American Art of Our Century." The exhibition contains paintings, sculptures, and drawings (by Hopper, Marsh, Marin, de Kooning, and others) from the Museum's collection, arranged in chronological order from 1900 to 1960. Through Sunday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ The 1961 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting; starting Wednesday, Dec. 13. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 11-12, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Laurel Hurley, Rosalind Elias, Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, and George London. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Aida," with Galina Vishnevskaya, Irene Dalis, Sandor Konya, Anselmo Colzani, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Thelma Votipka, Richard Tucker, Lorenzo Testi, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Ingrid Bjoner, Irene Dalis, Hans Hopf, Norman Mittelmann, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Margaret Harshaw, Sandor Konya, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Eileen Farrell, Helen Vanni, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Sandor Konya, Anselmo Colzani, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Così fan Tutte" (in English), with Teresa Stich-Randall, Rosalind Elias, Roberta Peters, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, Lorenzo Testi, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:30: "Das Rheingold," with Irene Dalis, Heidi Krall, Jean Madeira, Karl Liebl, George London, and Paul Kuen. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. (A benefit for Hartman-Homcrest.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall, Josef Krips conducting—Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 8, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 3 (all with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin); and Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 15, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3 (all with Felicia Montealegre, narrator; Wilma Lipp, soprano; Shirley Verrett-Carter, mezzo-soprano; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Norman Farrow, baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano, (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Ernest Ansermet conducting. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8:30, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; and Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:15, no soloists. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 La-



In the half hour she has to relax she's achieving a silken skin!

And looks pretty in the process. That's the wonder of Special Formula Emollient. At any available time or overnight, it coo- dles, softens the driest skin. Without any apparent oiliness. A rich, highly absorbable lubricating cream, Special Formula Emollient works quickly. Its source of beauty-power? A most unique formula of three rare oil groups acting magically as one. Awakens the dry skin to pliant freshness ... a satiny textured,

smoother, younger look. \$5, \$9, \$15; plus tax. For this superb cream . . . and a complimentary, personal analysis of your skin-care and make-up needs, see the skilled Charles of the Ritz consultant at our beauty bar in favored department and specialty stores.



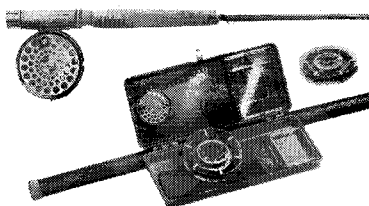
Charles of the Ritz

A&F

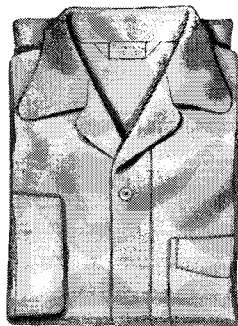


Bright Ideas

Helpful as always, A&F offers gift suggestions for the man who responds to advance design in sports equipment and luxury in leisurewear.



Banty® Fly Rod Outfit. Compact and light-weight—2-pc. glass rod weighs a single ounce! Complete with Flyweight Hardy reel, Banty fly line, tackle box and rod case. **49.95**



Men's Viyella Pajamas. The most luxurious sleepwear! Lamb's wool and cotton—washable without shrinking. Blue, yellow, bright fireman's scarlet **29.50**

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

360 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
SARASOTA PALM BEACH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30; no soloists.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Michael Rabin, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

MUSIC FORGOTTEN AND REMEMBERED—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Joseph Fuchs, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Howard Shanet conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Judas Maccabaeus," with Irene Jordan, soprano; Jan Pearce, tenor; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and the Choral Art Society. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

ORCHESTRA SAN PIETRO OF NAPLES—Renato Ruotolo conducting, with Mira Jozelle, soprano, and Franco Gulli, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

DOCTORS' ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Norman Masonson conducting, with Eugenie Adamec, thirteen-year-old pianist. (Stuyvesant High School, First Ave. and 15th St. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

MUSICA AETERNA—Frederic Waldman conducting an orchestra, with Erica Morini, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

"THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK"—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of the Robert Kurka-Lewis Allan opera (done with a few sets and costumes), by an orchestra made up of members of the Symphony of the Air; a chorus; Norman Kelley and David Atkinson, tenors; and other soloists. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Alfred M. Greenfield directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

HUNTER COLLEGE CHOIR AND WEST POINT CADET GLEE CLUB—A joint concert, with Anders Emile and William H. Schempf directing, and with Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ, and a chamber orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:15. For tickets, call TR 9-2100, Ext. 325.)

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Ruth Douglass directing a Christmas concert. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

YEHUDI AND HEPHIZBAH MENUHIN—Violin and piano. A benefit for the American Committee for Shaare Zedek Hospital, in Jerusalem. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

GERARD SOUZAY—Baritone, with a chamber ensemble. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

LEONID HAMBRO AND STANLEY DRUCKER—Piano and clarinet. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 5:30.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—Piano, in a Liszt-Schumann program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

ARTISTS' CHOICE CONCERT—Bethany Beardslee, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano, in the last two in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 8; and Sunday, Dec. 10, an all-Chopin program; both at 8:40.)

GUIOMAR NOVAES—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of early Tudor music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall,

Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

IDA PRESTI AND ALEXANDRE LAGOA—Guitars. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:40.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—The third in a series of four all-Haydn concerts, this one performed by Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano, and a quartet consisting of Alexander Schneider and Felix Galimir, violins; Walter Trampler, viola; and Charles McCracken, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 3 and 9.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8:30, the third in a series of five all-Mozart programs, with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30, the fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

WILLIAM CLAUSON—Balladeer-guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

AMADEUS QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

THE WEAVERS—Folk singers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Philadelphia vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Syracuse. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 7.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Gotham Bowl: Utah State vs. Baylor. (Polo Grounds. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 1:30.) . . . Liberty Bowl: Miami vs. Syracuse. (Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 1.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Titans vs. Houston Oilers. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2.)

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 9.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 7.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 16. . . . Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 17. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman conducting, with John Mehegan, jazz pianist, and John Parella, narrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . **BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY**: "Hansel and Gretel." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:30.) . . . **BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET**: With Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 3. Children under eight not admitted; adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **AMERICAN THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "The Inside Out Adventure." (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **CAVAP PRODUCTIONS**: "The Witch That Wasn't." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **F-K COMPANY**: "The Magic Weave." (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 12:30. For tickets, call WA 4-3290.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES**: "The Firebird." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 11.) . . . "Peter and the Wolf." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St.

OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)...
MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)...
PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.)...
PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Midas and the Golden Touch." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:30.)...
"A Christmas Carnival." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 11.)...
THEATRE OF THE LITTLE HAND: "Punch and Judy" and "The Magic Box." Sponsored by the Parents League of New York. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 11. For tickets, call PL 3-3610.)...
GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE: "Puss in Boots." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)...
Paintings by children of Turkey; through Sunday, Dec. 17. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MODEL-TRAIN EXHIBIT—Six electric trains chuffing in and out of an elaborate scenic display. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "In the Still of the Night," views the Christmas skies as they appeared at the time of the Nativity and as they look today. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...
Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...
Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—W. H. Auden reading from the works of John Skelton; also early Tudor music by the New York Pro Musica. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Christmas Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 13, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesday, Dec. 13, from 10 to noon; and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Dec. 7, at 1:45: Chinese jades and other semiprecious-mineral carvings, porcelains, and antique Chinese rugs; from the estate of Maude Stager Eells and from other sources...
Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9, at 1:45: Early American and English furniture, glass, pottery, paperweights, and American and English paintings and drawings; the property of Mrs. E. Hope Norton and others...
Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 1:45: Historical and literary manuscripts and first editions and other books from several collectors, among them the late Forest H. Sweet...
Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, by such artists as Degas, Monet, Soutine, and Epstein; owned by George Friedland and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 9.



OUR GIFTWARE DEPARTMENT offers you a comprehensive selection of interesting, unusual, practical gifts

*English Letter Tray of Lacquered Wood with Colorful
Decorative Sailing or Hunting Scenes, \$10*

*Laminated English Place Mats with Colorful Hunting
Scenes. Felt Base. Set of 6, \$12.50*

4 ft. Brass Coaching Horns from England, \$20

English Decorated, Lacquered Wooden Tray, 25" x 11", \$13.50

*Attractive English Pewter Items. 30 oz. Pitcher, \$12.50;
20 oz. Mug with Glass Bottom, \$10.50; 40 oz. Pitcher with
Hinged Cover, \$27.50; 2 oz. Jigger, \$4.50*

*Brass Bearing Compass, 10½" high, Formerly used on English
Ships, \$45*

Brass Reproduction of French Horn, 14" diameter, \$13.50

*Peal & Co. Tan Leather Drawstring Sponge Bag for Travel,
with Moisture Resistant Lining, \$8* and \$10**

Exclusive Brown Leather English Ice Bucket, \$37.50

*Brooks English Attache Case of Tan Leather, \$55**

*plus 10% Federal Tax

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.

BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S—A silly affair, slickly photographed. Audrey Hepburn makes us excuse it many of its sins, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, and Martin Balsam are other mitigating factors. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Dec. 7.... Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Dec. 12.)

BREATHLESS—The most glittering and memorable example of the French New Wave films follows the last few hours in the life of a cool, self-destructive Parisian car thief, and succeeds, by the style of its camera and the intelligence of its script, in conveying all the compelling modern delusions that govern him. Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this undoubted masterwork, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg distinguish themselves as the hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

THE DEVIL'S EYE—After being obliged to seduce the same woman over and over for a couple of centuries in Hell, Don Juan is dispatched to earth to practice his wiles on a fresh target. Though Ingmar Bergman devises any number of paradoxes to adorn this theme, the result isn't quite as witty as it should be. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Dec. 12.)

LA DOLCE VITA—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is beautiful and exciting from start almost to finish. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970; through Dec. 9. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.... New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Dec. 13.)

FROM A ROMAN BALCONY—An artless-seeming and therefore highly artful survey of the hard lot of the poor young people of Rome. Jean Sorel is the handsomest of impoverished lovers, and his victims are all grateful. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 13, tentative.)

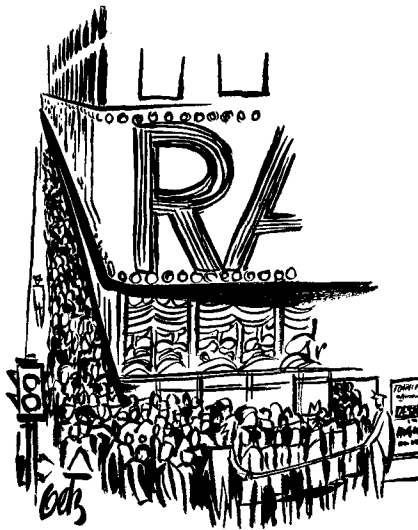
THE GREEN MARE—A French bedroom-and-barnyard comedy about making love, though love has practically nothing to do with it. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Dec. 12.)

THE HUSTLER—Though not a success as a whole, this picture provides some of the best scenes you are likely to see all season. Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason are utterly convincing as the world's two greatest pool sharks, and George C. Scott is superb as the gangster-gambler who profits from both. Also on hand are Piper Laurie and Myron McCormick. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 13, tentative.)

THE MARK—An unsparing account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a fearful crime against a child. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture is heartening as well as grim, thanks in part to superior performances by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

PARIS BLUES—Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Diahann Carroll, and Sidney Poitier meet and quarrel and make up against the enchanting backdrop of a cold, gray Paris and to the sound of the loudest possible trumpets and trombones. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

PURPLE NOON—The French have notions about Americans that are as rum as American notions about the French, and in this thriller we are given their concept of some rich young Yankee playboys on the loose in Italy. One is a murderer and two others are murderesses. Tagging along after them is a delightful girl, who suffers. Alain Delon and Maurice Ronet are the leading men, and Marie Laforet is



la jeune fille souffrante. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Dec. 11, last showing at about 4.)

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING—In his first leading role, Albert Finney is very promising as a rambunctious young Englishman who is determined not to let his job in a factory or his dreary surroundings outside of it get him down. The cast includes, among other good actors, Norman Rossington, Rachel Roberts, and Hylda Baker. Alan Sillitoe has adapted his own lively novel for the screen. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 13.)

A SUMMER TO REMEMBER—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. An altogether successful work of art, especially recommended for children. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

TOWN WITHOUT PITY—Four drunken G.I.s stationed in a small town in Germany rape a pretty girl and face the death penalty in a public court-martial. In essence, still another courtroom drama, but the superlative acting of Kirk Douglas, Christine Kaufmann, and Hans Nielsen gives it unexpected power. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Dec. 12.... R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Dec. 10-12.)

TWO WOMEN—The happy scenes in this movie are set in a mountain village in Italy, the unhappy ones in Rome and on the road to Rome. Vittorio De Sica directed it from a script by Cesare Zavattini, which, in turn, is from a novel by Alberto Moravia. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are the principal actors, and everyone concerned is in absolutely top form. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 13, tentative.)

WEST SIDE STORY—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 40th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

ZAZIE—A bold, funny, and sometimes nightmarish kook's tour of Paris, in which an eleven-year-old girl shows us impossible sights and burns our ears with comments of an unprintable particularity. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

AT THE CIRCUS (1939)—Disappointing, since it's a Marx Brothers affair, and for the loyal

only. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 13.)

THE BIG DEAL (1960)—From Italy comes this takeoff on the "Riffi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 7.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Dec. 12-13.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 12, tentative.)

W. C. FIELDS SHORTS (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 12.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Dec. 9.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Dec. 12-13.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS (1944)—Sally Benson's stories of children in the golden Middle West. With Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 12, tentative.)

THE MISFITS (1961)—Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable as a lonely young divorcee and an aging cowhand in this Western parable written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Dec. 8-12.)

PATHS OF GLORY (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Dec. 9.)

SAPPHIRE (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 13, tentative.)

THE SEVENTH SEAL (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 8-11.)

SINK THE BISMARCK! (1960)—A re-creation of the May days of 1941, when the British Navy tracked down the Nazi battleship. Kenneth More and Dana Wynter. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Dec. 13.)

TUNES OF GLORY (1960)—A peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. Alec Guinness and John Mills are the adversaries. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 7.... Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 10-12.)

WE ARE ALL MURDERERS (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Dec. 10-11.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Dec. 9: "Jubilo" (1919), with Will Rogers.... Starting Dec. 10: "Queen Kelly" (1930), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Gloria Swanson. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
PARIS BLUES.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Bachelor in Paradise." Bob Hope, Lana Turner.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Devil at 4 O'Clock." Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra.

DE MILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Summer and Smoke." Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

HENRY MILLER, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
Through Dec. 9: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian).
From Dec. 10: Theatre temporarily closed.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Dec. 13: "Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Dec. 12: "The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.
From Dec. 13: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Goliath and the Barbarians," revival, Steve Reeves; and "Goliath and the Dragon," revival, Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-0400)
"The Comancheros," John Wayne, Stuart Whitman.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna, (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0340)
"Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Dec. 10: "Susan Slade," Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens.
From Dec. 11: Theatre temporarily closed.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 13 (tentative): **FROM A ROMAN BALCONY** (in Italian).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 12: "The Pit and the Pendulum," Vincent Price, John Kerr; and "Portrait of a Sinner," Nancy Tiller, William Bendix.
From Dec. 13: **SINK THE BISMARCK!**, revival; and "Journey to the Center of the Earth," revival, Pat Boone, James Mason.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 12 (tentative): "The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.
From Dec. 13 (tentative): **SAPPHIRE**, revival; and "Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
A SUMMER TO REMEMBER (in Russian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 9: "The Pit and the Pendulum," Vincent Price, John Kerr; and "Portrait of a Sinner," Nancy Tiller, William Bendix.
Dec. 10-12: **TOWN WITHOUT PITY**; and "Take a Giant Step," Johnny Nash.
From Dec. 13: "The Colossus of Rhodes," Rory Calhoun, Lea Massari; and "A Thunder of Drums," Richard Boone, George Hamilton.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
PARIS BLUES.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Dec. 10: "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.
From Dec. 11: Theatre temporarily closed.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE MARK.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 12: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (in Swedish).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

From Dec. 13: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 13 (tentative): **THE HUSTLER**.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
BREATHLESS (in French); and "The Bridge" (in German).

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 12: "The Pit and the Pendulum," Vincent Price, John Kerr; and "Portrait of a Sinner," Nancy Tiller, William Bendix.
From Dec. 13: **SINK THE BISMARCK!**, revival; and "Journey to the Center of the Earth," revival, Pat Boone, James Mason.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 12: **TOWN WITHOUT PITY**; and "Take a Giant Step," Johnny Nash.
From Dec. 13: "The Colossus of Rhodes," Rory Calhoun, Lea Massari; and "A Thunder of Drums," Richard Boone, George Hamilton.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Dec. 9: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival.
Dec. 10-11: **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.
Dec. 12-13: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 9: "The Risk," Tony Britton, Virginia Maskell; and "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), revival, Martine Carol, Dany Robin.
Dec. 10-12: **TUNES OF GLORY**, revival; and "Left, Right and Centre," revival, Ian Carmichael, Alastair Sim.
From Dec. 13: **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**; and "The Cheaters" (in French), Jacques Charrier, Pascale Petit.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 12 (tentative): **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival; and **MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS**, revival.
From Dec. 13 (tentative): **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian); and "The League of Gentle-

men," revival, Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Throne of Blood" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 12: **TOWN WITHOUT PITY**; and "Take a Giant Step," Johnny Nash.
From Dec. 13: "The Colossus of Rhodes," Rory Calhoun, Lea Massari; and "A Thunder of Drums," Richard Boone, George Hamilton.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 12: "Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee; and "Wild Love" (in Italian), Antonella Laudì.
From Dec. 13: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Double Bunk," Ian Carmichael, Janette Scott.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 12: **THE GREEN MARE** (in French).
From Dec. 13: "The Five Day Lover" (in French), Jean Seberg, Jean-Pierre Cassel.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Dec. 11 (last showing at about 4): **PURPLE NOON** (in French).
From Dec. 11, at 8:30: "No Love for Johnnie," Peter Finch, Stanley Holloway. (Opening night by invitation only.)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Dec. 9: "Neapolitan Carousel" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Paolo Stoppa.
From Dec. 10: "Invasion Quartet," Bill Travers.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
ZAZIE (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 12: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**; and "Man-Trap," Jeffrey Hunter, David Janssen.
From Dec. 13: "The Colossus of Rhodes," Rory Calhoun, Lea Massari; and "A Thunder of Drums," Richard Boone, George Hamilton.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 13: **AT THE CIRCUS**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 12: "The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.
From Dec. 13: "The Doctor's Dilemma," revival, Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde; and "The Scapegoat," revival, Alec Guinness, Bette Davis.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 7: **TUNES OF GLORY**, revival; and **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival.
Dec. 8-11: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.
From Dec. 12: **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revivals; and "Le Plaisir" (in French; also known as "House of Pleasure"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.

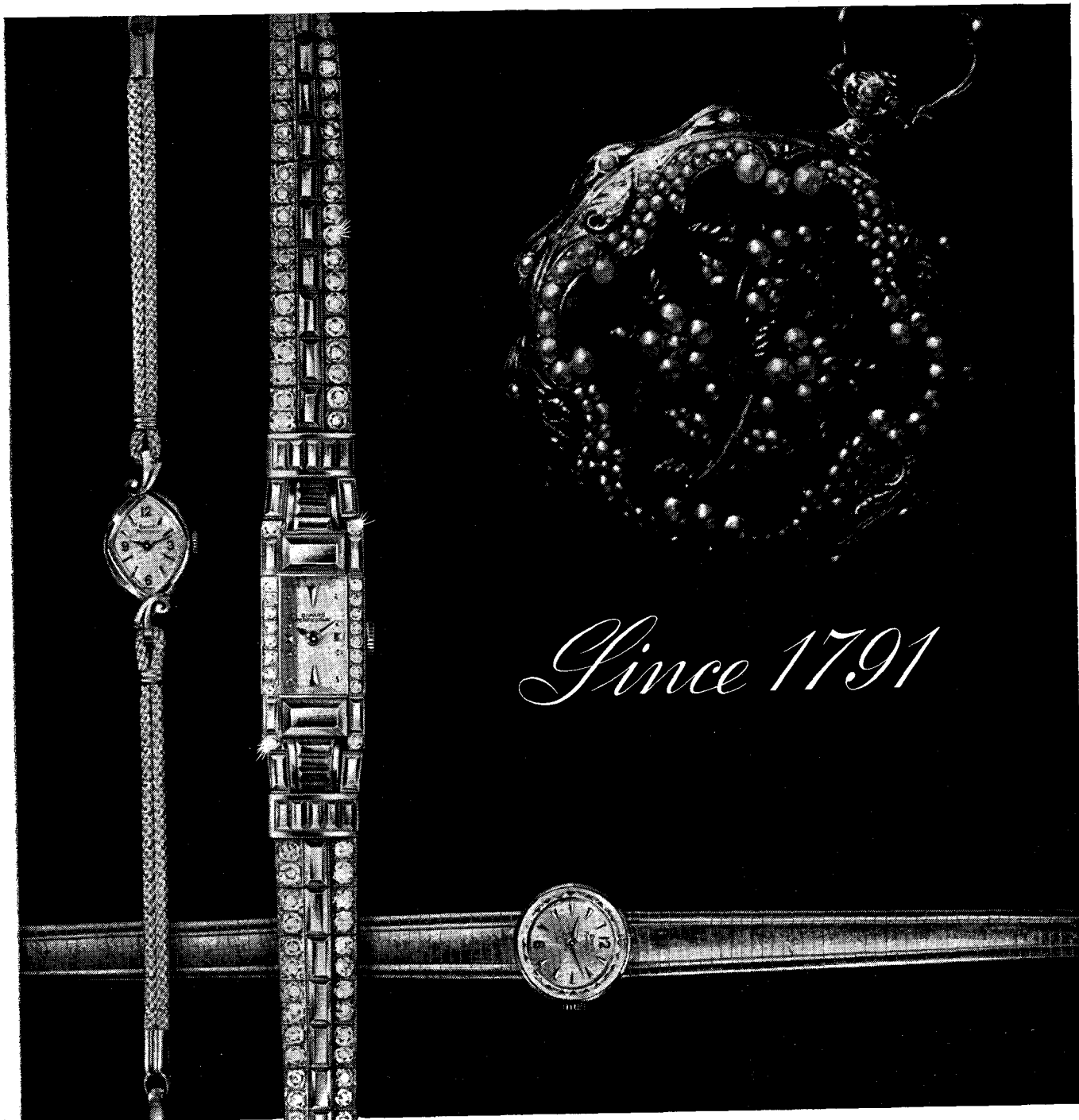
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"The Pit and the Pendulum," Vincent Price, John Kerr; and "Portrait of a Sinner," Nancy Tiller, William Bendix.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 12: "Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.
From Dec. 13: "The Bridge" (in German); and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (in Russian), revival, Galina Ulanova.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Dec. 7: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**; and "Man-Trap," Jeffrey Hunter, David Janssen.
Dec. 8-12: **THE MISFITS**, revival; and "Alias Jesse James," revival, Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming.
From Dec. 13: "The Colossus of Rhodes," Rory Calhoun, Lea Massari; and "A Thunder of Drums," Richard Boone, George Hamilton.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 12: "The Pit and the Pendulum," Vincent Price, John Kerr; and "Portrait of a Sinner," Nancy Tiller, William Bendix.
From Dec. 13: **SINK THE BISMARCK!**, revival; and "Journey to the Center of the Earth," revival, Pat Boone, James Mason.





HIGHLY ELOQUENT EXPRESSION OF
A MAN'S LOVE AND AFFECTION

For incomparable beauty, for sheer usefulness, for pride of ownership and for a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness, Girard Perregaux is The Watch: perfect union of modern design and Old-World craftsmanship.

Left to right: newest shape in watch fashion, 14 K gold, \$ 95; (enlarged) 172 glorious diamonds adorn this lavish platinum bracelet watch, \$ 3900.-; (enlarged) dainty tailored bracelet watch in 14 K Florentine gold with faceted synthetic sapphire crystal, \$ 275.

All Girard Perregaux watches for men and women shock-protected, from \$ 47.50. Prices include Fed. tax.



FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL BOOKLET AND NEAREST DEALER, WRITE GP, DEPT. 6 N, 610 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 20, N. Y.



THE QUINTESSENCE OF QUALITY IN SHEETS AND TOWELS FOR 116 YEARS... *Wamsutta®*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG © WAMSUTTA MILLS, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Men on the move wear Manhattan shirts

The perfect Christmas gift for every man on the move . . . Delcot® shirts. They keep a man looking relaxed, well-groomed, smooth. Because they dry smooth, *stay* smooth. Three collar choices: Pinareed® English round eyelet collar; Grip-Tab short point collar with snap-close tab; Blake™ short point medium-spread collar. In white and softones. About \$6.00. Also in short sleeves, \$5.00. At fine stores everywhere.

The easy care and smooth wear of this Delcot fabric—50% Kodel® polyester, 50% cotton—are woven in. It is a Wellington Sears Masterblend*. . . developed by the best research facilities, woven by the most modern equipment, and backed by a century of textile experience. For dependable quality and performance, always put your confidence in fabrics from Wellington Sears, 111 West 40th Street, New York 18.

*T.M. appd.

WELLINGTON SEARS



SALES SUBSIDIARY OF WEST POINT MFG. CO., MAKERS OF FABRICS FOR APPAREL, HOME AND INDUSTRY • MARTEX TOWELS • FAIRFAX TOWELS AND TOWELING

THE COSTLIEST IN THE WORLD



JEAN PATOU



this is a Gahahahaho...a Gameeheeheehee...this is ohohaheeha...Stop!

This is a Gamin. Sober and staid at first sight, it has the most ticklish little midsection since the bikini. (hahee...don't...please...) It's the newest suit shoe look, and we wear it properly belted. Grained caviar calf, 21.95 (haha—no more!) At Andrew Geller stores. **GAMINS®**

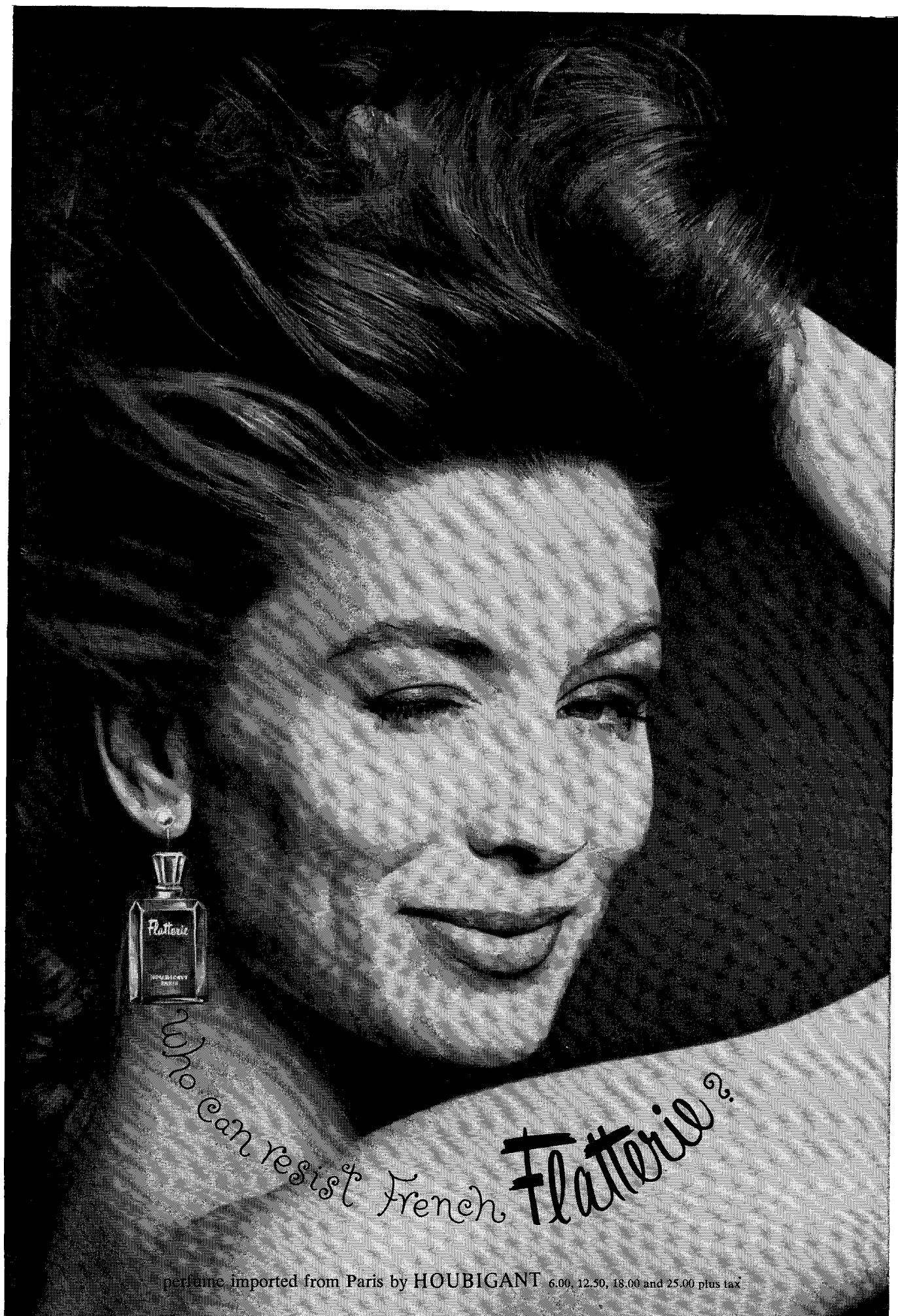


***“Whaddaya mean, stop nagging
or I won’t get any tinted stockings for Christmas?”***

How dare you threaten such cruel and unusual punishment! Deprive me of my tinted stockings, Monsieur de Sade, and you break my spirit. Can I fulfill myself without a different pair for every outfit? Surely not! Can I withstand the slings and arrows, etc., without Du Pont Nylon? Inconceivable! You are a man of the world. Sensitive. *Au courant*. Surely you understand—

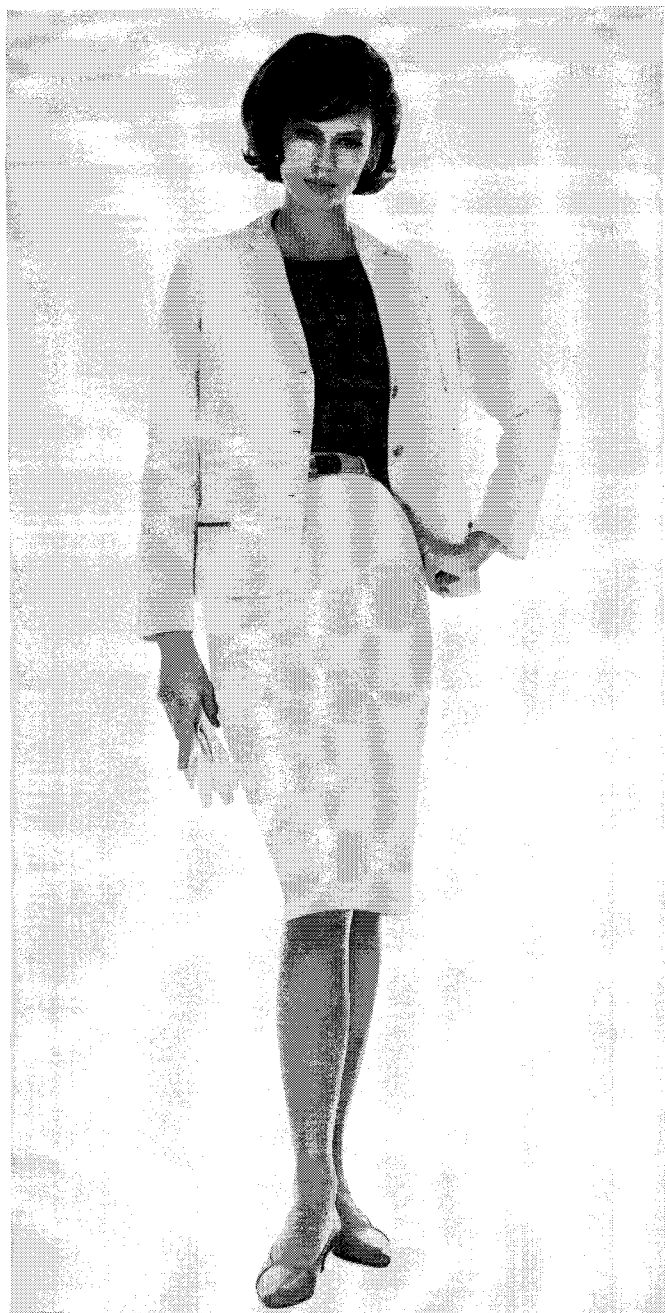
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY





who can resist French **Flatterie**?

perfume imported from Paris by HOUBIGANT 6.00, 12.50, 18.00 and 25.00 plus tax



**This Florence Walsh has a lot to say
—right now.**

“Go native.

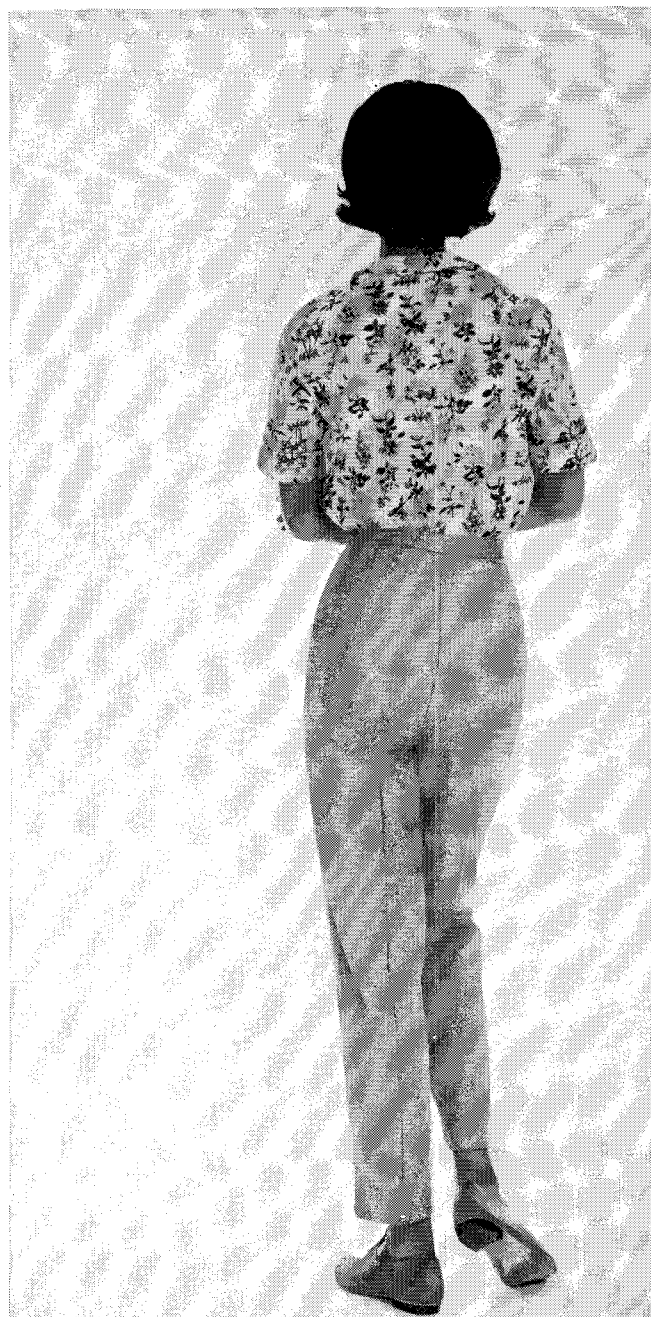
Straw baskets in Jamaica. Mahogany bowls in Haiti. Free port liquor. Perfume. Bargain china. Bargain bargains. Spend a fortune. Your husband can see you're saving money.

I look island-born in authentic natural cotton Grainsacking, pocket-bound with washable leather. Blazer jacket, about \$18. Skirt, about \$10. Extra native effect: my sleeveless shift in imported Aztec or Persian cotton batik print, about \$8. Sizes 8 to 16.

If you can't go native now, go native this Spring. On the greatest isle of all. Manhattan.”

J. P. Allen & Co., Atlanta; Hahne & Co., Newark; Henry Harris, Cinn.; Scot's, Boulder, Colorado or write Florence Walsh, 1384 Broadway, New York 18.

Florence Walsh



**This Florence Walsh has a lot to say
—later.**

the man who shaved the mink

Once upon a time there was a furrier. Oh, he was not exactly a *furrier's* furrier! He was a little unnerving as furriers go! His grandfather was a furrier in Paris and won all sorts of medals showing furs in exhibitions. His father did la même chose. In fact, they already had so many medals that this Frenchman was not at all sure he wanted to follow in their footsteps!

Instead, he marched away to St. Cyr where they make good officers, but *not* furriers. So he went to the Sorbonne, where they make wonderful philosophers, but definitely *not* furriers. Then one day when he was wandering through the fields of his studies, he heard the call of the beasts.

And in a whirl of creative activity he went to New York and began to design all kinds of almost-mythological mad hair for fashionable women. Forgotten furs like guanaco, Mongolian lamb and American lynx cat reappeared like magic to make American women lovelier. It became so that the whole fur world began to wonder: "What will he do next?"

One fateful day, a mad, irreverent idea crossed his mind as he was shaving in the Salon d'Or. He thought, "How amusing it would be to shave the minks too!" And with that lack of inhibition that characterizes him, he shaved the mink right down to the satiny soft creamy protected under-fur!

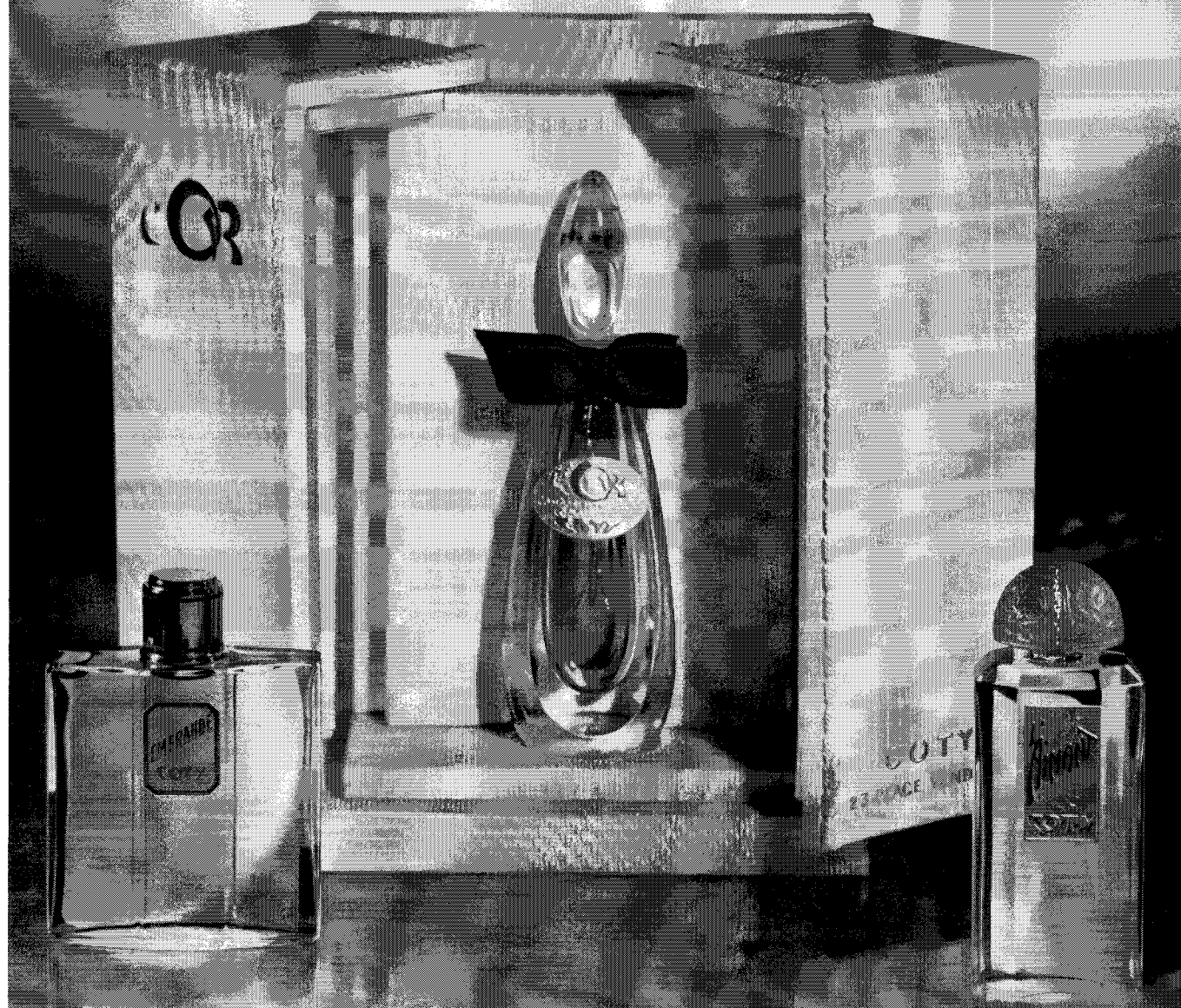
There is a Happy Moral to this tale: if you are curious to see the newest fashion rage in the whole wide world, Jacques Kaplan will be delighted to show his Sheared Mink coats in the salon of his father

**Georges
Kaplan**

the French Couturier in fur

**at 730 fifth avenue in the arcade at fifty-seventh street
telephone circle six, three, four, one, six**

For more than fifty Christmases...
Coty perfumes have been cherished as gifts!



choose hers from these three great fragrances!

EMERAUDE... vivid and adventurous. For the woman who dares to be different. \$3.50 to \$100*

L'OR... the world's most modern, most luxurious perfume. Crystal by Baccarat. \$60 the ounce*

L'AIMANT... brilliant modern fragrance. Nothing makes a woman so feminine, so attractive. \$3.50 to \$100*

Available in coordinated fragrance accessories to please every woman.

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

© 1961 COTY, INC. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA



ACCURACY FULLY AUTOMIZED

This is Centenaire «61», climaxing a century of achievement by Eterna-Matic. This most advanced self-winding watch of the world is a masterpiece of technical superiority and fabulous looks — thin profile, hidden crown and automatic date indicator — and its Eterna-Matic accuracy is beyond compare.

ETERNA :: MATIC

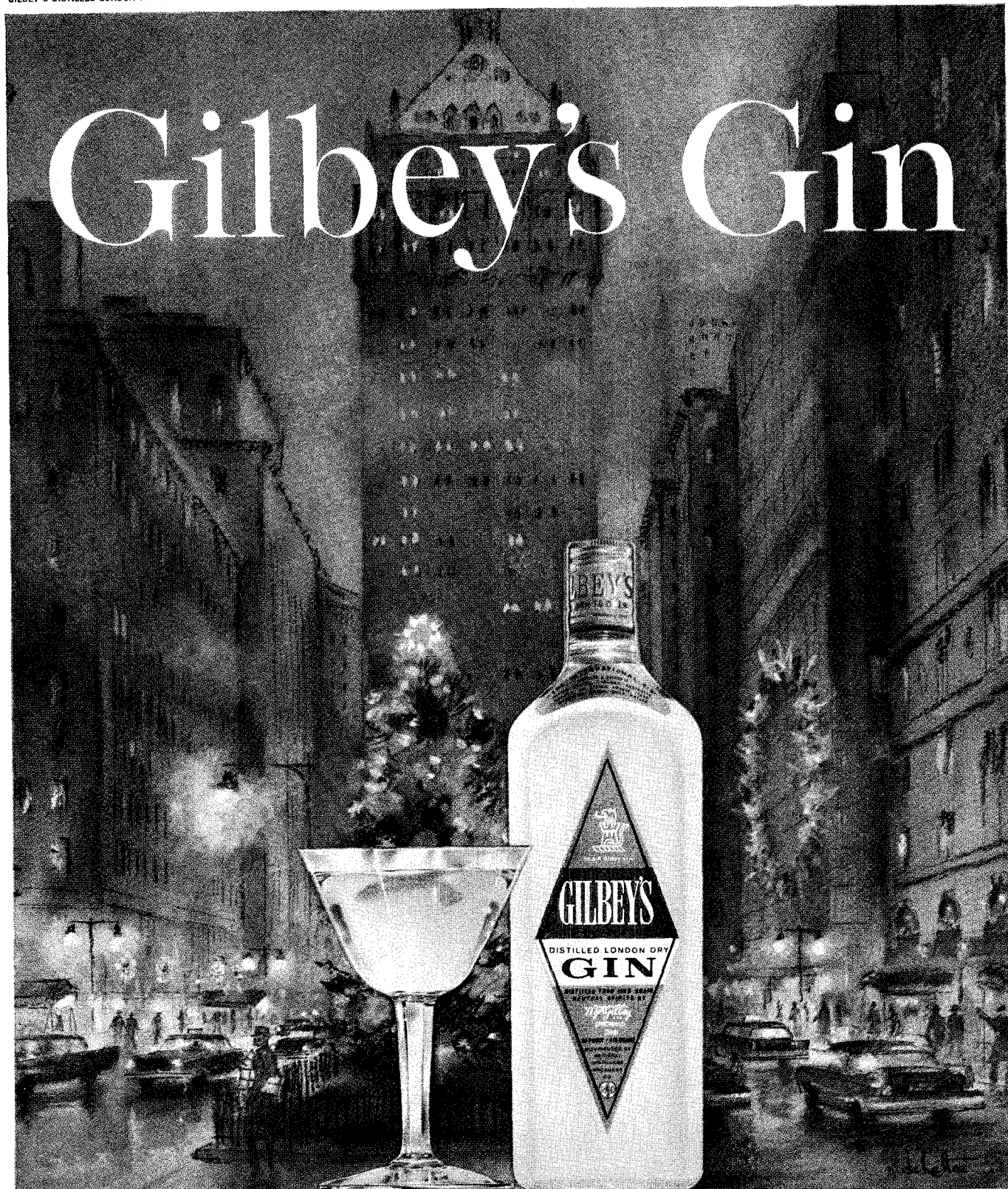
Centenaire "61"



Centenaire «61» Date
automatic waterproof
(providing case, crown,
crystal intact),
14 k gold \$ 275
steel, 14 k gold top \$ 180
stainless steel \$ 125

For jeweler's name, write Eterna Watch Co. of America Inc., Dept. 8, 404 Park Ave. So., N.Y. 16., N.Y.

GILBEY'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 90 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINCINNATI, O., DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODS. CO.



New York City's famous Park Avenue at the holiday season as interpreted by Georgette de Lattre

For holiday cheer...“the world agrees on ‘Gilbey’s, please!’” A quality symbol of holiday hospitality—dry, smooth, flavorful Gilbey’s in the famous frosty bottle is a generations-old tradition in the most popular holiday drinks. Give, serve, enjoy Gilbey’s Gin...and don’t forget Gilbey’s Vodka to make holiday pleasure complete.



See how easy the birdies drop on sun-spangled Lauderdale greens

Breaking par on Fort Lauderdale courses isn't a snap. It's simply the day-in and day-out fine weather for play that helps put you and your game in the groove.

Reaching any one of a half-dozen Lauderdale links is easy. You can get in 18 holes of a morning before the rest of the family gets back from the beach. This artful arrangement leaves you free from complaints.

Of course when wives golf, too, this isn't a problem. But do be concerned about scheduling time from shooting

birdies for the many more joys of a Lauderdale holiday.

Set aside at least one sun-spangled day to explore the city's 165 miles of sub-tropical waterways. A singular attraction to be seen no other place, save perhaps Venice.

Spend a day trolling the blue sea for trophy-size sailfish, marlin, and dolphin. Your charter boat captain not only furnishes tackle and bait, he knows where the *big ones* run.

Afternoon horse racing needn't interfere with your a.m. golf. Nor will

watching the Yankees play exhibition baseball at their new Fort Lauderdale home. In fact it could well be that just such relaxing diversions as these are exactly what your game and the inner man need. Right? Then do plan to warm up your swing and your spirits soon. Come visit . . .

FORT LAUDERDALE
FLORIDA

for the fun of it!

For FREE color booklet describing a Lauderdale holiday, write: City Information Dept., P. O. Box 1181-N14, Fort Lauderdale, Florida

PHILIP O. STEARNS

*When you
have
Nothing
to wear...*

*Try
on
Je Reviens
(JEH RUH-V-YEN)
Perfume*

You'll scarcely need anything more. Je Reviens perfume is a unique concentration of the world's finest scented oils, blended with the care of the original House of Worth (circa 1859). Your wardrobe can contain Perfume, Cologne, Calc, Bath Oil, Soap and Powder, all made and sealed in France.

From \$40. to \$3.50 plus tax. At stores of distinction.

PARFUMS

WORTH
PARIS

© 1961 Parfums Worth, 5 East 57th St., New York



**FOUR OF THE WORLD'S GREAT RACING STABLES ARE IN THE UNITED STATES
THEIR OWNERS* WEAR CAVANAGH HATS**

Cavanagh presents the Cortina—a superbly casual hat of rich nap, downy soft velour finish, with proportioned brim and feathered ornament. \$20. Other styles to \$100 at the Cavanagh Shop, Park Avenue at 47th Street, and at America's finest stores for men, where dedicated hatters personally attend to your fitting.

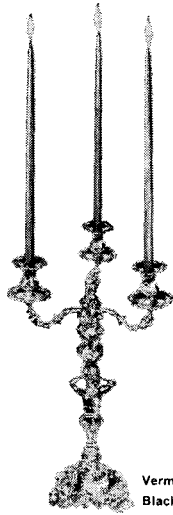


PRICES MAY BE SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE FAR WEST

CAVANAGH IS A DIVISION OF HAT CORPORATION OF AMERICA

*NAMES FROM ACTUAL CUSTOMER LISTS OF CAVANAGH HAT SHOPS

THE GOOD LIFE



Vermeil Candelabra from
Black Starr & Gorham

AMY VANDERBILT'S COMPLETE COOKBOOK

Menus, cooking information, personal hints on entertaining for the modern woman. Doubleday. \$5.50; thumb-indexed \$6. **Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette.** \$5.50; thumb-indexed \$6.

BETTY CROCKER'S NEW PICTURE COOKBOOK

New ed. of the famous cookbook which has sold over 5 million copies. 2,000 easy-to-follow recipes, color how-to pictures, menus for all occasions, McGraw-Hill. Ring-bound \$5.95; Std. \$4.95

THE GOURMET COOKBOOK. Vols. I and II

2400 different world-famous recipes in each. Lavishly illus. Color photos, sketches. Luxury, gift-worthy binding in burgundy & gold. Ea. 780 pps. Set, with slip-case \$25.; single vol. \$12.50

PLEASURE AND TREASURE SERIES

For hobbyists. 6 new vols., 8 x 8½", ea. with 32 color plates, 70-80 black & white illus., ea. slip-cased: **Shells; French 18th Century Furniture; Clocks; Tartans; Silver; French Porcelain.** Putnam. Ea. \$3.95

BOUQUET DE FRANCE, ITALIAN BOUQUET

Samuel Chamberlain. Gourmets' guides to beautiful sights, food of France, Italy. Hundreds of restaurants, regional recipes. Photos, etchings, sketches. Gourmet. Set in slip-case \$25. Ea. \$12.50

BREAKFASTS AND BRUNCHES; COOKING WITH A FOREIGN ACCENT; COOKING WITH CASSEROLES

Hundreds of Sunset-tested recipes for every occasion. Handsome washable plastic bindings. **Sunset.** Ea. \$2.95. Any 2 for \$4.95. All 3 for \$6.95

AMERICA'S HANDYMAN BOOK

Staff of *The Family Handyman*. Basic, comprehensive, easy-to-use. Everything to know about the maintenance and repair of a house. Over 2,100 photos, diagrams, step-by-step help. Scribner's. After Christmas \$8.95. Now \$7.95

HOW TO KNOW FRENCH ANTIQUES

Ruth T. Costantino. Lavishly illus. guide for beginners and collectors. Major periods, styles, cabinet makers of world's elegant furniture, decoration. 210 photos, hundreds of illus. Clarkson N. Potter. \$15.

CONTEMPORARY HOUSES: Evaluated by Their Owners

Thomas Creighton. Owners of 36 custom houses tell what they like—and don't like—about their new homes; analyses of comments by a top architect. 209 photos, plans, Reinhold. \$10.95

MORE GOLD IN YOUR ATTIC

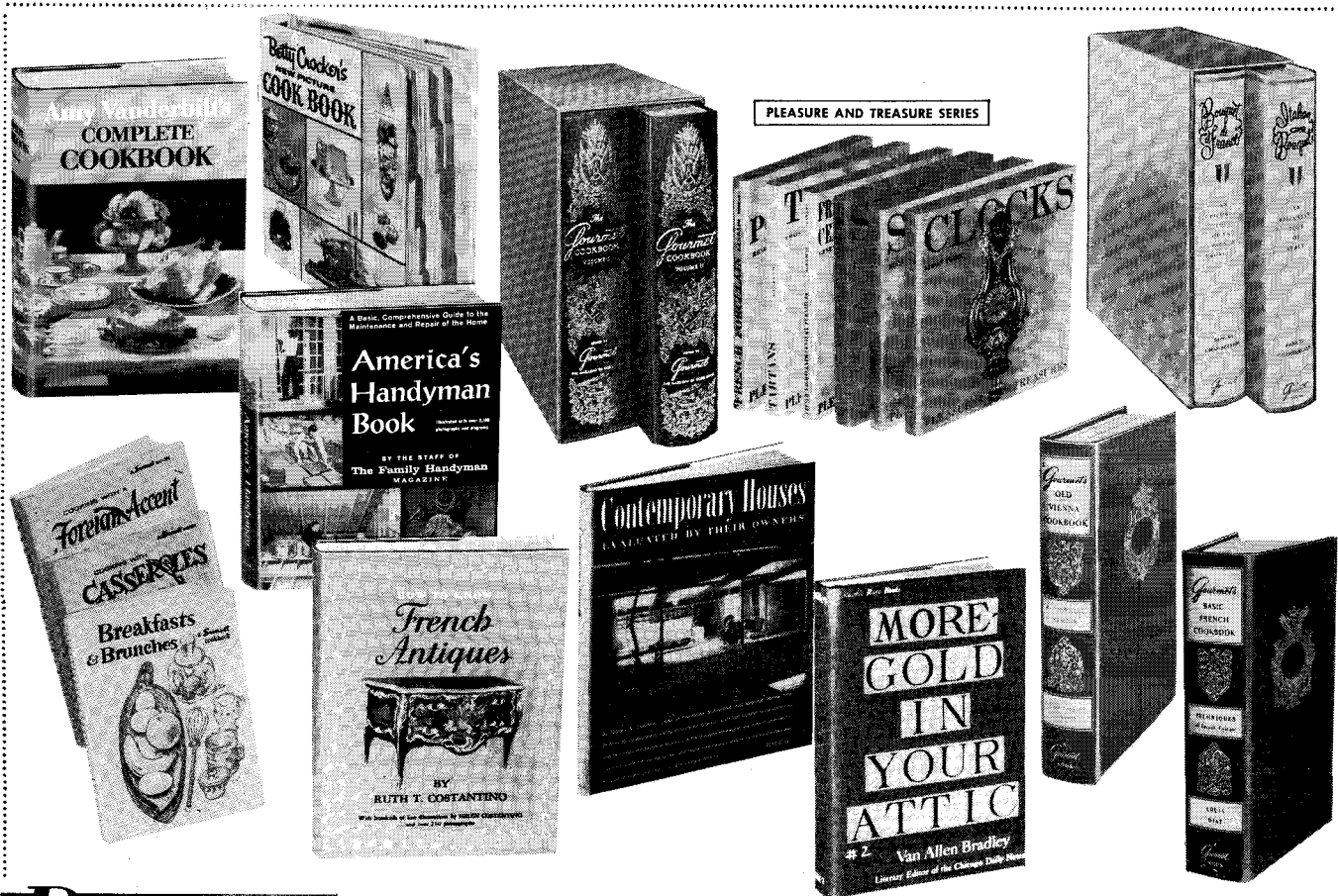
Van Allen Bradley. All new guide to 2,500 rare and valuable American books by a foremost authority. Title page illus. For giving . . . for your own reference. Fleet. \$5.95

GOURMET'S OLD VIENNA COOKBOOK

Lillian Langseth-Christensen. For the first time, the cuisine of imperial Vienna, now in a comprehensive, de luxe, copiously illus. volume. 1,200 recipes. 624 pps. Gourmet. \$12.50

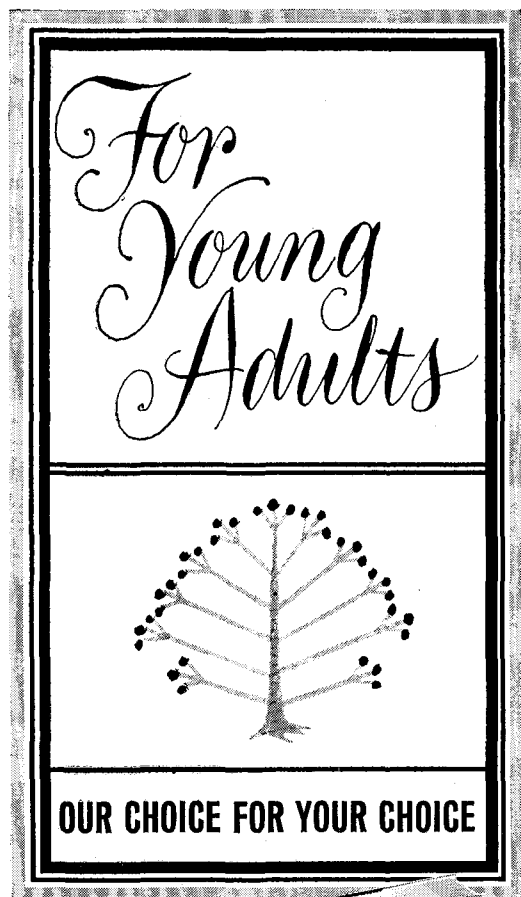
GOURMET'S BASIC FRENCH COOKBOOK

Louis Diat. World-famous chef reveals the techniques, tricks and trade secrets of fine cooking. Recipes, hints, instructions. Lavishly illus. Color photos, sketches. Luxury binding. 672 pps. Gourmet. \$12.50



Doubleday

America's Most Complete Book and Record Shops • Where Artistic Interests Meet.



Order now! Prices subject to change without notice!

Doubleday

New York • Manhasset • Garden City • Westchester • West Hartford • Bala-Cynwyd • Hanover, Pa. • Baltimore • Detroit • Grosse Pointe

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF THE CIVIL WAR

Magnificent adaptation for young readers, 12 up, of the best-selling *American Heritage Picture History* published at \$19.95. Full-color illus., maps, battle sketches. Golden. \$4.95

BOYS' LIFE OF JOHN F. KENNEDY

Bruce Lee. Action-packed biography of our President by a *Newsweek* editor. JFK as courier in Berlin, at Harvard, as PT-Boat skipper, in politics. 32 pps. photos. Age 10 up. Bold Face/Sterling. \$2.95

TEEN-AGE TREASURY OF OUR SCIENCE WORLD

Ed.: Seon Manley & Gogo Lewis. For the young who will unlock tomorrow's science secrets . . . 50 selections, awe-inspiring to amusing . . . by Verne, de Kruij, Franklin, Einstein, Shulman, others. Funk & Wagnalls. \$4.95

THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY

Irving Werstein. Gripping minute-by-minute story of the death-struggle between Japanese and American navies of Midway atoll, June 4-7, 1942. Diagrams, map. Age 10 up. Crowell. \$2.95

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF BIOLOGY: A Child's Intro. to the Science of Life

Superb full-color pictures on every page . . . the story of earth's plants and animals . . . how they keep alive and grow. Age 8 up. 10 x 12 3/4". Golden. \$3.95

PICTURE HISTORY OF AMERICA

Alexander Van Rensselaer. Reference & picture book in one! Chronological facts, 1774 to 1961. Illus., fact-finder index to over 1500 names, places, events. Hundreds of color illus. Up to 14 years. Doubleday. \$4.95

LAND OF THE FREE

Enid La Monte Meadowcroft. Warm, lively history of our nation, from its discovery to the wars which were fought to keep freedom alive in the world. Illus. Ages 7-10. Crowell. \$3.50

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

16 vols. in magnificent full color on virtually every subject covered in grade school and junior high school. De luxe binding. Golden. The set complete \$39.95

THUDDING HOOPS

Blanche Cheney Perrin. When Dirck's precious palomino is injured, the boy's courage and patience help him to train the most dangerous horse of his father's racing stable. Illus. Ages 8-12. St. Martin's. \$2.95

LINCOLN'S AMERICA

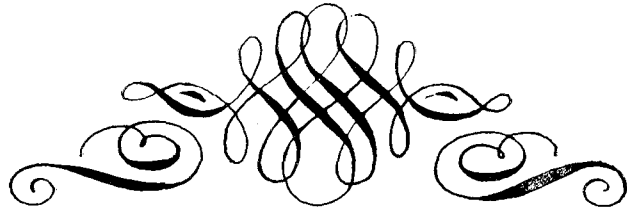
Lincoln's life and times recaptured with an even balance of picture and story. Many rare photos, contemporary illus. Also: *Washington's America*. Age 10 up. Grosset & Dunlap. Ea. \$2.50

FOREIGN LANGUAGES FOR THE FAMILY

Each set incl. 3-12" 33 1/3 rpm records, 3 manuals, 4 song-sheets, 1,000 word "talking dictionary". Conversaphone. Choose: **French; Spanish; German; Italian**. Also Avail.: **Elementary Spanish, Advanced Spanish**. Ea. set complete \$9.95

OUR FIFTY STATES

Earl Schenck Miers. Biography of our nation, as seen through the history and development of each state. With colorful "map portraits". Interesting, educational for ages 10-16. Grosset & Dunlap. \$5.95



THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Great Religions of Modern Man: JUDAISM, CATHOLICISM, PROTESTANTISM, HINDUISM, BUDDHISM, ISLAM

A comprehensive home library, edited by authorities, presenting the major religions of the modern world. Each volume contains the most important writings of the religious tradition, organized, with the editor's introduction and interpretations, to form a meaningful account of the religion from the viewpoint of its own testimony on its beliefs and practices. Braziller. Ea. \$4.00. After Christmas, boxed set \$24.00. Now \$19.95

CHRISTMAS: An American Annual of Christmas Literature & Art. Vol. 31
Ed.: R. E. Haugan. Between rich, full-color covers . . . beautiful art, literature, poetry, music of the season. 10 1/2 x 13 3/4". Augsburg. Gift paper ed. in envelope \$1.50. Cloth Ed. \$3.50

IN THE SPIRIT OF WONDER

Ed.: M. L. Shradly. Fascinating anthology of Christmas poems, stories, essays. From the works of Mann, Pasternak and Eliot to selections from the Scriptures and the mystic Angelus Silesius. Pantheon. \$5.

THE TOUGH-MINDED OPTIMIST

Norman Vincent Peale. Dr. Peale adds new dimension to positive thinking with a dynamic approach to solving everyday problems and using them as building blocks for successful tomorrows. Prentice-Hall. \$3.95

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Charles Dickens. Illus.: Ronald Searle. 34 breathtaking Searle illus., many in color, capture the spirit of Dickens' classic with incomparable charm. True holiday delight. World. \$4.95

CHRISTMAS IS A TIME OF GIVING

Joan Walsh Anglund. Enchanting, gentle little book conveys the spirit of the season. By the author of *Love is a Special Way of Feeling* and *A Friend is Someone Who Likes You*. All ages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$1.75

EARLY ENGLISH CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Ed.: Rossell Hope Robbins. For singing . . . words and music presented simply, authentically, so that even a choir unaccustomed to medieval music may sing, enjoy them. Brief intros. Illus. Columbia Univ. Press. \$5.

THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE New Testament

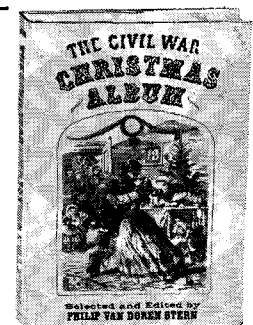
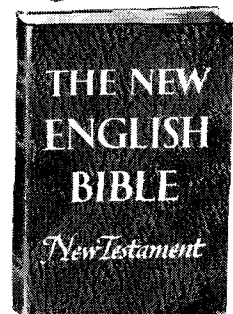
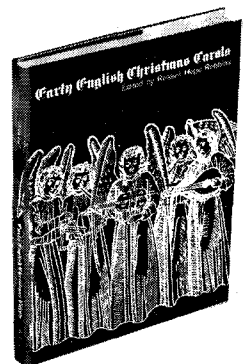
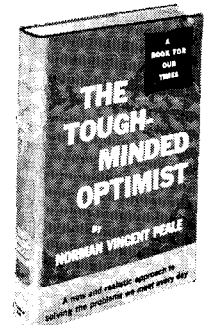
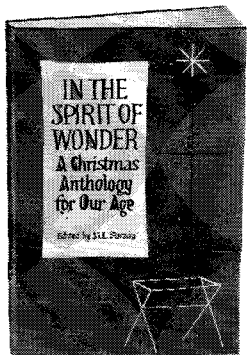
Using the best Greek texts, scholars worked 13 years to produce this all new translation in vivid, current English, to give the full meaning of the scriptures. 460 pps. Oxford University-Cambridge University. \$4.95

THE CIVIL WAR CHRISTMAS ALBUM

Ed.: Philip Van Doren Stern. Superb collection of stories, poems, reminiscences, letters, diaries of the Blue and the Grey at Christmas, home and on the front. 50 rare illus. Hawthorn. \$4.95



Great Religions of Modern Man



Doubleday Book Shops, Customer Service Dept. MUrray Hill 8-5300
724 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me the following:

Quant.	Item	Price

Attach paper for additional items

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Shipped free anywhere in U.S. On purchases under \$4.95 add 25¢ mailing charge. Add 3% tax for N.Y.C. delivery.

Please send the following, direct as gifts from me:

Quant.	Item	Price

Send to: _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Enclose card signed _____

☐ charge my account ☐ gift-wrap FREE
☐ check enclosed ☐ Diners' Club # _____

Birmingham, Mich. • Toledo • St. Louis • Clayton, Mo. • Miami Beach • Palm Beach • New Orleans • Boston: The Old Corner Book Store • Washington: Ballantyne's Book Store



Out where the bumps begin, Valiant really begins to shine.

Most compacts, you see, ride smoothly enough on a nice, new superhighway. It's when the road starts to roll and wriggle that you appreciate a superior suspension like Torsion-Aire.

Torsion-Aire is our name for Valiant's coalition of torsion bars, Oriflow shocks and asymmetrical (try that at your next spelling bee) rear leaf springs.

The point is that Valiant rides like a much bigger car. Yet it handles like a sports car. That's a combination mighty hard to find. (Impossible to find in other compacts at Valiant's low price, to be blunt.)

Now, let's get back to that nice, new superhighway. Don't think Valiant doesn't excel here, too. Thanks to

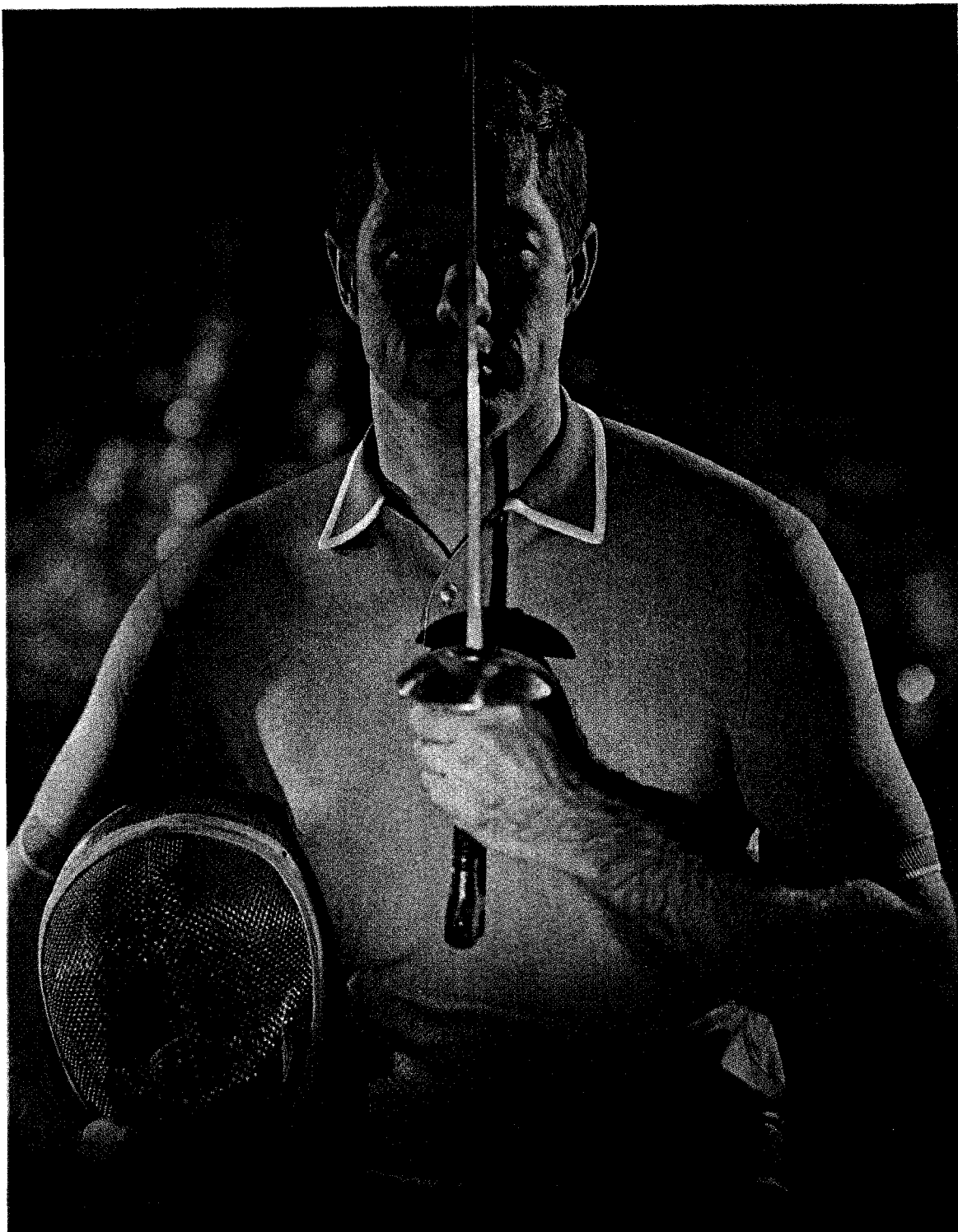
its zippy 101-hp engine, Valiant will scamper all day without getting bushed or bushing you.

We could go on and on—like Valiant—about Valiant's nifty economy features this year. Or about that pretty medal we got from the Society of Illustrators (they like our styling!). But that wouldn't leave much for the salesman to tell you when you drop by your Plymouth-Valiant dealer's this week.

At least, we hope you drop by and take a Valiant out for a spin. There must be a road in your neighborhood that needs paving.

Nobody beats VALIANT for value!

Quality-engineered by Chrysler Corporation



ANTRON[®] NYLON

New "Antron" nylon gives new life, new luster, new luxury to knit sportswear

You'll like the luxury look, touch and comfort of "Antron"* nylon, the gleaming colors it makes possible. You'll like its robust talents, too: shape retention, shrink and stretch resistance, automatic wash 'n' wear, easy care. In short, you'll like knit sportswear of 100% "Antron"! Want a special sweater shirt this season? Get the one that's made of "Antron"!

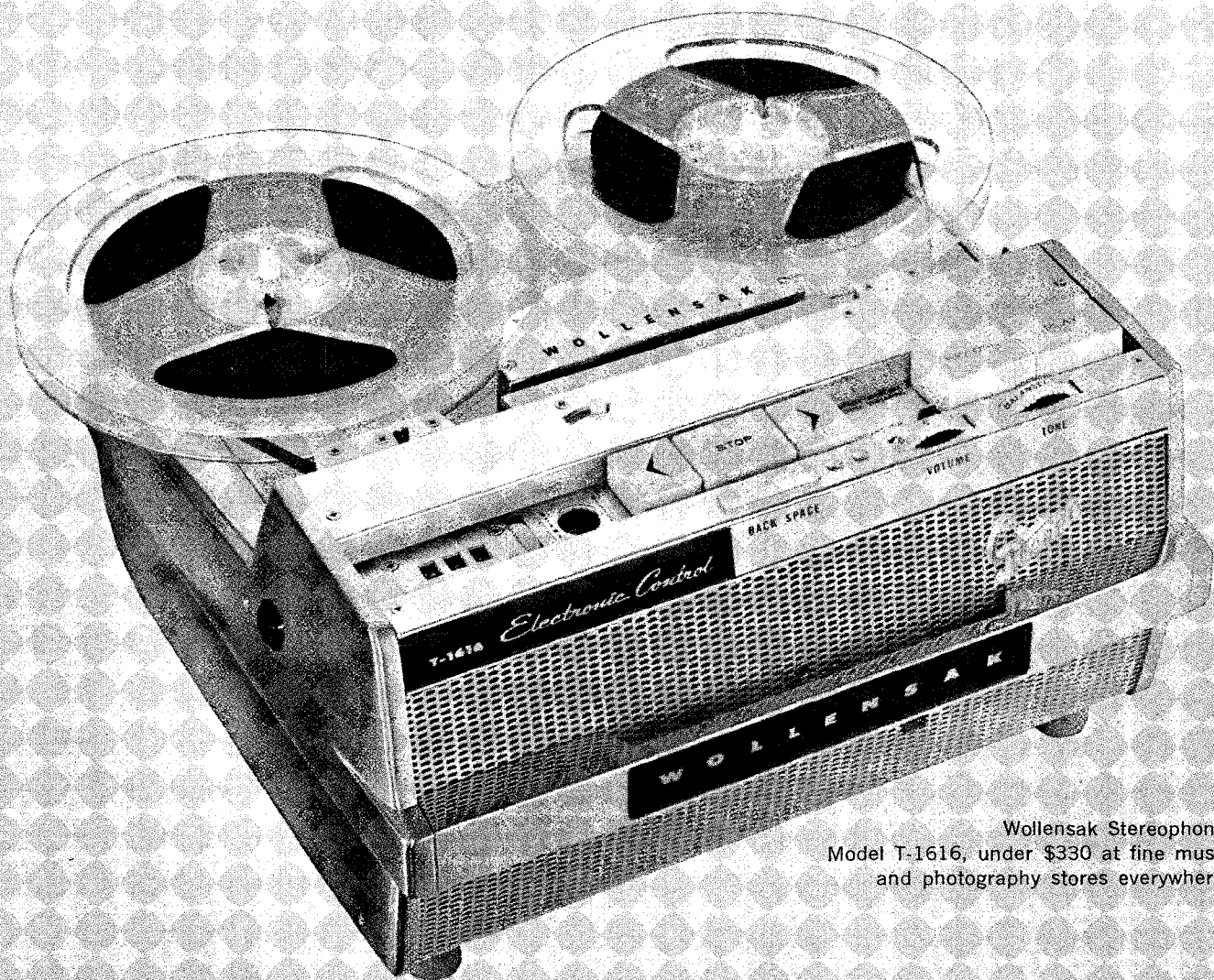
*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS TRILOBAL MULTIFILAMENT NYLON YARN. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT FABRICS OR CLOTHES SHOWN.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

features this shirt in Roma blue, desert green, palm tan, madder red, burnished gold, canyon grey, jet black, white. S, M, L, XL. \$12.50 at Rockefeller Plaza; White Plains; Springfield, N. J.; Chicago; Old Orchard at Skokie; Detroit; Beverly Hills.

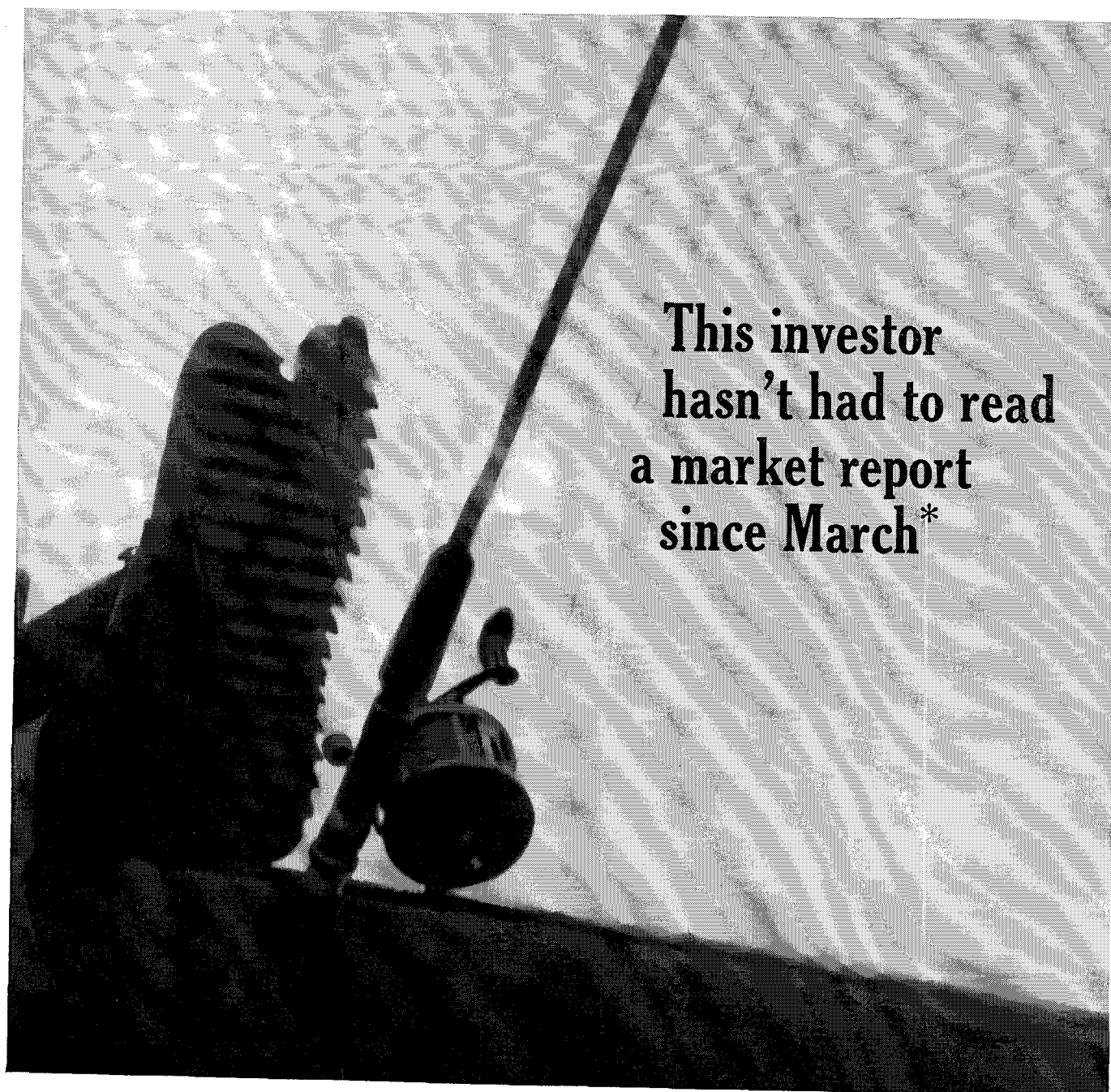


Wollensak Stereophonic
Model T-1616, under \$330 at fine music
and photography stores everywhere.

Wollensak gives precision sound they'll never forget. No matter what sound they like . . . symphonic or third stream, La Scala or Newport, percussion or strings . . . they'll like it even better from this magnificent new Wollensak Stereophonic with Electronic Control. A light touch of the Back Space Bar gives immediate replay of a word, phrase or musical passage. Exclusive automatic re-wind permits continuous playing. Patented "Balanced-Tone" emphasizes the treble and bass with one easy to operate control. Plays 2 and 4 track stereo tapes. Records and plays up to 8 hours single track. Simple drop-in loading. **Give them the sound they'll never forget . . . give the new Wollensak Stereophonic. See it, hear it now!**

Wollensak
AN AFFILIATE OF **3M**
COMPANY





**This investor
hasn't had to read
a market report
since March***

***That's when he found
Investment Growth with Peace of Mind**

Some folks almost make a sport out of managing their own investments. Fine.

But the man in the picture, like so many others, prefers less exacting hobbies. He sticks to fishing and lets experienced professionals manage his investments. In short, the investment officers at Chemical New York.

Why Chemical New York?

He turned over his portfolio to Chemical New York because he wanted his investments to be in the hands of experts who keep constantly abreast of the fast-changing economy, and act with swiftness on their knowledge.

Worry? About filling the walls of his trophy room, maybe, but not about investments. He knows our financial experts pursue the twin goals of opportunity and safety. We call it Growth with Peace of Mind.

A big order? Sure, but we try to fill it by never letting

your investment portfolio get dusty. By gathering financial information from exclusive sources. By studying trends and changing conditions. By combing the globe for sound, growth-potential investments. And then by acting on the accumulated knowledge, backed by years of experience.

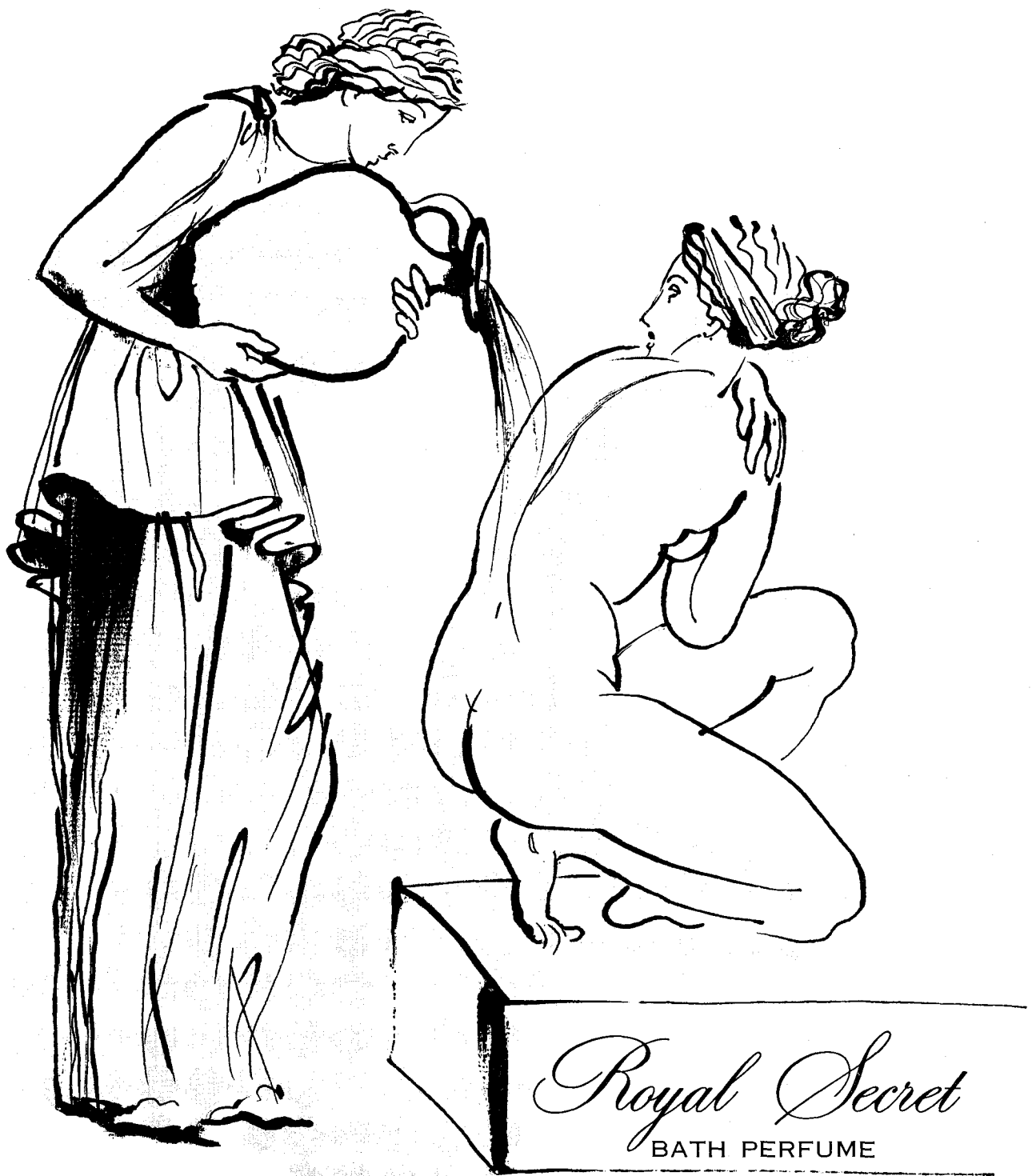
All yours for the asking

This man and his attorney also asked our Trust Department for suggestions in drawing up his will, and we helped in setting up a family trust. Now he has more time for fishing.

If you too would like complete investment management, or investment advice, telephone us for an appointment. CORTlandt 7-3600.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Chemical Bank Founded
1824
New York Trust Company
The New York Bank with the hometown touch



FOR THAT FEELING OF UTTER LUXURY

Start your day or evening with a bath that leaves your skin soft and sweetly scented. A few drops in your tub or on your skin perfume your bath — and you — with a fresh and heartlifting fragrance that clings for hours with sweet persistence.

Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE believe that Adrian Metcalfe's temper got the better of him when, according to the newspapers, he replied to a scholarship offer from the University of Arizona with a letter in which he claims he said, "I am at a university which was founded when [your] ancestors were in trees." Young Metcalfe, at present at Oxford, can run a quarter mile in three-quarters of a minute, which is how the whole thing came up. At the risk of appearing chauvinistic, we must insist that in the twelfth century, when Oxford was founded, the ancestors of the coaching staff of the University of Arizona were certainly doing much the sort of thing Adrian Metcalfe's ancestors were doing—clipping sheep, at a guess. In the days of British protective rule, the Asians used to point out that they were debating theology when the Britons were daubing themselves with purple paint, but just because some people now consider Britain an American protectorate, the taunt cannot be automatically transferred. Anthropology indicates that we have all been out of the trees for a good long time; let's hope it's a good long time before we go back into them.

Horticultural Chat

WE used the New York Botanical Garden's annual chrysanthemum show as an excuse to revisit Thomas H. Everett, the Garden's assistant director (horticulture) and senior curator of education, and a man with whom we've had many a brisk, horticulturally educational chat.

"Very good show," he said, in his sunny office. "Three hundred and twenty-five varieties, including some fine Japanese hybrids. You know, the cultivation of chrysanthemums has changed immensely since I was a young man; they used to be fall flowers, requiring a long night for blooms, but now, by controlling the light, you can have them any

day of the year. If you want them in the summertime, you cover the plants with black satin cloth at five in the afternoon, producing, in effect, a long night. You're fooling them into thinking their season has come. Light is a big factor with all plants, of course. The Riker's Island penitentiary people asked me to advise them about their poinsettia greenhouses a few years ago, because the flowers were doing so badly, and I said, 'Look at those strong lights along the roads shining right into the greenhouses. You'll have to get rid of them.' 'Oh, everyone will escape!' I was told, but now they do darken the greenhouses at night, and the poinsettias are thriving."

A dark, husky man, smoking a dark, husky cigar, entered the room, and Mr. Everett introduced him as Louis P. Politi, the Garden's horticulturist and the man responsible for the mum show. "Louis was born within a few miles of the Garden," he said. "He worked on a private estate near Washington, D.C., before coming to us."

"I was the fifty-second assistant gardener for a lady who owns the Allies Inn there," Mr. Politi said. "My parents are Italian, and are very close to the soil. In 1941, I went to a school for gardeners that the Garden used to run; it disappeared during the war, and so did I—into the Army."

"Mr. Politi came back, but the school didn't," Mr. Everett said. "We hope to revive it. I got my training at the Royal Botanic Gardens in Kew—I'd been raised just outside Liverpool—and came here in 1927, when I was twenty-four, to work for Samuel Untermyer, in Yonkers. He was a character. He had over sixty gardeners on his place, twenty-four of them in the greenhouses. He was a bit unpredictable, and when he came through, everybody hid. Mr. Politi grows all the plants and helps me in our educational program—we had nearly three hundred sessions last year, many of them in the evening—which

covers botany as well as horticulture. He teaches a class in trees and shrubs, and one in house plants."

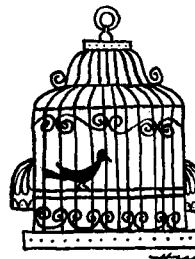
"We'll have a house-plant show in January," Mr. Politi said, and his chief whiskered us off, by car, for a visit to the greenhouses. After driving awhile, he stopped abruptly and called our attention to an American plane tree. "Leaves on their way out," he said, and shot forward to a London plane. "Leaves still on," he said. He spurted ahead to another tree. "Turkey oak," he said. "Just as green as green can be!" Two minutes later, we disembarked at the conservatory, where orchids were on display behind a glass partition near the entrance.

"Close to people, but not fingerable," Mr. E. said, and went on to the mums, amid which he pointed out types called threads, spiders, incurves, and cascades. "There used to be a tremendous trio of mum raisers: William Turner, in England; Thomas Pockett, in Australia; and Charles Totty, in Madison, New Jersey, who was Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly's gardener before he started his own place," he

said. "All three flourished before the Second World War; all are dead now. Mums have been named after all of them. I was trained for the British tropical agricultural service, and Kew offered me a job in Victoria, in the British Cameroons, but I turned it down, because my girl didn't want to go there. Then Mr. Untermyer sent to Kew for a gardener, and I accepted."

"Your girl go to Yonkers?" we asked.

"Sammy was a caution," Mr. Everett said. "He once had a new chauffeur drive him from Yonkers to his New York place, and when the man asked him where the chauffeur's room was, he told him to sleep in the park. The chauffeur got out of the car and left. This is the biggest castor-oil plant I've ever seen. *Ricinus communis*, from tropical





"My Mummy always said my eyes were my best feature, too."

Africa. Fifteen feet high. The oil from its seeds is used to lubricate airplanes and machinery. The seeds are poisonous. We watch it carefully."

We were now in the Cool Economic House, where we inspected lemon, guava, cork-oak, orange, grapefruit, lime, fig, rosemary, and olive trees and shrubs. Next, in the Tropical Economic House, we noted banana, rubber, chicle, ginger, sugar-cane, coca, sisal-hemp, coffee, and panama-hat trees and shrubs. "The sap of the chicle tree—*Sapota achras*—is boiled to make chewing gum," our guide said. "Vanilla comes from the seed pod of an orchid. Cocaine is derived from coca leaves; the Indians chew them with lime to stifle the pangs of hunger. How about some lunch?"

OVERHEARD outside Hammacher Schlemmer's, one laden shopper to another: "Oh, but Emmy always sends her thank-you letters special delivery."

Third-Stream Music

THAT admirable nonagon, the Renaissance man, is by no means extinct. This intelligence was confirmed for us the other day when we talked with

Gunther Schuller, a thirty-six-year-old Castiglione, who is, among other things, composer and chief prophet of "third-stream" music, a brand-new form that lies somewhere between classical music and jazz (six compositions); composer of atonal classical works (over thirty of them, including orchestral, chamber, and vocal compositions); French-horn player (two years with the Cincinnati Symphony, fourteen with the Metropolitan Opera, eventually as its first horn); teacher (horn and composition, for both classical and jazz students); editor (M.J.Q. Music, Inc., a music-publishing firm); music critic (jazz, classical music); lecturer; conductor; author ("Horn Technique," a book on the art of playing the French horn, to be published in January, and an untitled analytical history of jazz, to be finished within the next year); and music commentator on radio (a weekly program on WBAI-FM). We had arranged to meet Mr. Schuller at his apartment, on West Ninetieth Street, and when we arrived we were greeted by our host, who is tall and slightly stooped, and resembles a kindly, unself-conscious John Barrymore. He said that he was finishing a session with a student, and showed us into the living room, which was filled with music manuscripts, records, rolls

of tape, books, heaps of papers, music stands, musical instruments, and a couple of barn-door-size loudspeakers. When the student, a pretty Negro girl horn player, had left, Schuller, who looked somewhat haggard and was dressed in a bright checked shirt, olive-drab corduroy trousers, and moccasins (no socks), sat down and leaned intently forward, and we asked him how he managed his nonagonal existence.

"Oh, it's hell in terms of my private life," he said, and laughed. "I used to teach twenty-five hours a week, and now I've cut down to ten. I have just four horn students left, but jazz musicians come to me a good deal for advanced training and I seldom have the guts to turn them down. There aren't many teachers who know both jazz and advanced techniques of classical music. I've just come back from a three-week trip to Europe, and, God, it was marvellous! Seven countries! A new piece of mine, 'Contrasts,' was given its world première at the Donaueschingen Festival, in West

Germany. The whole German music scene is outrageously chauvinistic and outrageously avant-garde, and I guess I'm the first American ever commissioned by Donaueschingen. I also lined up outlets for M.J.Q. Music and hunted all over for European jazz musicians for the International Jazz Festival, which is being sponsored by the President's Music Committee in Washington in the spring. I didn't get into Poland, where a big festival was going on, and where Friedrich Gulda, the classical pianist, was appearing as a jazz baritone saxophonist. But I found a superb Yugoslavian trumpeter in the Dixieland tradition and a good Miles Davis-type Swedish trumpeter." Schuller leaned back and laughed again.

"What about the third stream?" we asked.

"I coined the term as an *adjective*, not a noun, some three or four years ago," he replied, hunching forward excitedly. "I never thought it would become a slogan, a catchword. I hit upon the term simply as a handle, and it has achieved a kind of pompousness and finality that are totally inaccurate. This music is only *beginning*. I conceive of it as the result of two tributaries—one from the stream of classical music and one from the other stream, jazz—that

have recently flowed out toward each other in the space between the two main streams. The two main streams are left undisturbed, or mostly so. I'm often criticized for trying to *force* classical music and jazz together. But this is nonsense. There will always be jazz musicians who have absolutely no knowledge of classical music, and classical musicians and composers who abhor jazz. But if a person has been exposed to both streams honestly and thoroughly, it's bound to show up in his creative products, and those of us who see this possible alignment have the great privilege of working toward it. I conceive that sooner or later the musical public will have more awareness of this situation. I see it beginning everywhere. Kids in universities where I speak think nothing of playing a Charlie Parker record right after 'Eine Kleine Nachtmusik.' Third-stream music is a stylistic question more than anything else. The main differences between jazz and non-jazz are the improvisation and the naturally based and intuitive inflections of jazz. The new music is, in part, a process of joining jazz inflections and phrasing to the more set phrases and techniques of non-jazz. The point is, though, to have the two approaches occur *simultaneously*. Up to now, they have usually been linked *alternately*. There are many other problems. The improviser has to fit himself to the composer, and the composer to the improviser. When Ornette Coleman performed my 'Abstraction'—a piece for solo alto saxophone, guitar, string quartet, two basses, and percussion—he already knew my non-jazz music, and I had listened closely to him. He had given me a wonderful sense of freedom, because his horizons are so wide. I hope that classical music will get from jazz a spontaneity and naturalness of phrasing that it no longer has. Of course, contemporary classical music is becoming more improvisational. It's different from the kind of improvisation you get in jazz, though—less melodic, and more concentrated on ensemble tex-

tures and the like. But then ninety-eight per cent of the classical musicians simply don't have the sense of timing that jazz musicians have. All those ragged ensembles and sloppy notes! When I write a run of eighth notes for a violin section, I generally get back in performance about a tenth of what I've written. Centuries of abuse have brought this about. I'm convinced that in baroque music the performers had good timing. They had to have it."

We asked Mr. Schuller, whose eloquence had left him momentarily limp, to tell us how his career had got started.

"My father has been a violinist with the New York Philharmonic for thirty-eight years," he said, working up a new head of steam. "I heard music from the day I came out of the hospital. I absorbed a fantastic amount of music. I remember sitting in the bathtub with my brother when I was only six and the two of us singing the whole 'Tannhäuser' Overture together and imitating all the instruments. I started school in Germany, and when I came back, at eleven, I had a good boy soprano's voice, and was sent to the St. Thomas Church Choir School. They discovered there that I could sight-read like a whiz.

When I started studying music, it was a process not of learning the cold and new but of recognizing things that I had known subconsciously all along. My first instrument was the flute, which I took up in my early teens. My father, who never pushed me, said whatever you do, don't play the violin. Violinists were starving to death in New York then. One of his friends in the orchestra suggested he try me on the French horn. Wind players—particularly American ones—were still terribly scarce. So I studied horn for two years, and at sixteen I quit school and got a job with the Ballet Theatre Orchestra, at a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. I never went back to school, and have no diploma of any kind. I joined the Cincinnati Symphony the next year, and made my *début* as a soloist and a composer with my Concerto for Horn and Orchestra. I was nineteen. I was hired by the Met in 1945 and left in 1959. I got interested in jazz in Cincinnati, when I first heard Duke Ellington. It was a stunning experience. I made entire scores of Ellington recordings—things that had never been completely annotated before. If I could work full time on my book on jazz, I'd

finish it by Christmas, instead of next February; as it is, I turn down quite a few commissions for composing. We know all about *who* made jazz but not *how* and *why*. My first chapter is an investigation of what happened here in the nineteenth century, and I hope it will blast things wide open. I studied A. M. Jones's extraordinary two-volume work on African music, and I've used his findings—he's made complete scores of pieces that go on for hours—in examining, say, the slave songs first published in America in 1863. The results are quite astonishing. African music is the most complex and sophisticated music in the world, and jazz is—or was, in its primitive stages—a simplification of its polyrhythmic structure. Jazz is now heading back toward this complexity. I've gone through the Folk-



"My dear woman, I'm too old to be told what to do and what not to do. I am not a child!"

ways Records catalogue and found things like three girls down South singing a strange little song that is practically identical with one recorded about ten years ago in equatorial Africa. I'm on the track of the origin of the blues, which may have started in India and travelled through the Arab countries, and then to Spain and/or to Africa and on to the Caribbean and New Orleans. I've got masses of material all ready to put on the page, but the time—where is the time?"

Folksy Solon

A WASHINGTON friend of ours who is close to the New Frontier informs us that his three-year-old daughter is convinced that Senator Claus will be looking in on her on Christmas Eve.

Cold

THE southeast corner of Seventh Avenue and Thirty-third Street has always been one of the coldest spots in New York, and when we found ourself freezing there last Wednesday, we headed into the lobby of the Statler Hilton to warm up. We were at once engulfed by a crowd of men wearing white name tags, one of whom told us that they were some of the five thousand mechanical engineers attending the annual winter meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and that at least fifteen papers were being read at that very moment in various parts of the hotel. Thinking of self-improvement, we took a program he offered us, and found that we had missed a joint meeting of the Fuels and Furnace Performance Factors Divisions that morning but that it wasn't too late to get to the afternoon Heat Transfer session, and that although the Properties of Steam session had already been held, it would be possible to attend the Solar Energy session the next day. It was good to see that some of the mechanical engineers were considering the Role of Life Sciences in Engineering Education, at the Human Factors session, while others visited the Newark brewery of Anheuser-Busch or heard about the discovery of "an unknown system of dynamics" based on Experiments with Swimming Fish and Dolphins. Before we could decide which session appealed to us most, we noticed an announcement of a panel discussion of the Rapid Growth of Cryogenics, the science of phenomena occurring at very low temperatures, and left the hotel.

Soon we were freezing outside the Coliseum, where the Twenty-eighth Exposition of the Chemical Industries was in progress, and decided to get warm again there. Once inside, we were still obsessed with the weather, so we thought we'd see what the American Hydrotherm Corporation, up on the fourth floor, had to say about snow-melting equipment. On our way, we stopped to watch a Mix-Muller, capable of continuous intensive mix-mulling; a Brink Mist Eliminator, able to remove oil mist, knock out troublesome mist, control obnoxious mist, and recover precious metals from suspension in gases; and some white rats, who were demonstrating the non-toxicity of ANSAR cacodylic acid. (It had been added to their food.) It turned out that the American Hydrotherm Corporation was reluctant to predict the application of its snow-melting process to anything except airport runways, though Mr. J. S. Pullman, one of the demonstrators, was willing to discuss his interest in a ski concession in Fahnestock, New York, "just sixty miles from New York City," where the snow is man-made and no one wants it melted.

This reminded us that the National Winter Sports Show had moved into the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, at Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue, and we headed back downtown. After noting that Maine is a Winter Wonderland, that New York State is the best place to go for winter sports ("Skiing is greater than ever in New York State," Mr. Pullman would be happy to hear), and that the Original Loden Coat has been made in Austria since 1585, we settled into one of a group of chairs arranged around the Ski-Dek, a white conveyor belt that moves uphill at a speed appropriate to the ability of the skier, who moves in the opposite direction. A number of people dressed as though they were about to hit the Ski-Dek any minute were sitting inside a roped-off area watching a man who looked like a tired Errol Flynn ski aimlessly back and forth. A ski show featuring Europe's, Canada's, and America's famous skiers was scheduled to go on in five minutes, but there were only three people in the audience, and the lone skier had removed his skis. A band dressed in sweaters and stocking caps (except for the accordionist, who wore a large white fur hat) began to play live-

ly Tyrolian music. Two girls sitting in front of us got up and walked off, leaving an audience of one (us). "No action here," one of them said. Some people at the foot of the Ski-Dek looked as though they were about to put on skis, the music became wilder, and a master of ceremonies appeared. The band played a fanfare, the two girls returned, the Ski-Dek kept on rolling uphill, the skiers moved about and whispered to each other, and the master of ceremonies announced cheerfully, "Winter is late this year," and, in an aside, "We're having trouble with the tape." The band played on and on, eventually abandoning genre tunes for "Everything's Coming Up Roses." When we left, a few minutes later, not one famous skier had put his skis on, and we hadn't found out what tape they were having trouble with. Outside, it was still cold.

GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: On the menu of the Attica Hotel, in Attica, Indiana, is the notation "Sandwiches on Bread 5¢ extra."

Chagall Windows

IS the growing democratization of art a cause for unbridled congratulation? Last Saturday, having recovered from our recent contemplation of the crowds contemplating Rembrandt's "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer" in the Metropolitan Museum, we approached its sister repository, the Museum of Modern Art, in order to contemplate its current cynosure—twelve stained-glass windows, each eleven feet by eight and symbolizing one of the twelve tribes of Israel, that Marc Chagall designed for a synagogue in the new Hadassah-Hebrew University Medical Center, in Jerusalem. This got us into a preliminary and very leisurely contemplation of the southern façade of St. Thomas Church, on our right, and, on our left, the Zenith Public Display Salon, the Cromwell Pharmacy, the Radio Center Stationery Company, the Business Furniture Company, and the Meyer Brothers' parking garage, all in the gleaming Tishman Building, for the slow-moving line of would-be museum viewers stretched to Fifth Avenue. Once inside, we contemplated waitees (who, we learned later, numbered five thousand that day) and Burns Detective Agency agents as, roped in, we inched up the stairway to the third floor and the exhibit, which, indoors in two windowless (except for the windows) galleries, proved, to our regret, to be illuminated by electricity



rather than the daylight for which it is intended. The visiting *vitraux* cost their commissioner—Hadassah, the Women's Zionist Organization of America—much less than Aristotle cost the Met, yet they take up a lot more room, boast a great many more colors (some fifty shades of red, blue, yellow, and green), and offer a good deal more in the way of animals, fish, flowers, and trees. No people, though, and no busts, in obedience to the injunction of Orthodox Judaism against the depiction of human images.

Away with such niggling comparisons, however, and on to an all-French encounter we subsequently had with Charles Marq and his wife, Brigitte, a young, all-French couple—both dark, intense, bright-eyed, and *petit/petite*—who are responsible for translating Chagall's designs into glass and for the manufacture of the windows. These were blown, stained, and rolled in the Saint-Just-sur-Loire glassworks, near Saint-Etienne, a factory selected by the atelier of Jacques Simon, in Reims, where they were leaded and cut. Jacques Simon, now retired, is Mme. Marq's father, and the atelier has been operated by her family since 1630, which was twenty-two years before Rembrandt began to contemplate Aristotle.

"We'd worked with Chagall before, on windows he designed for the Cathedral of Metz," M. Marq said. "We met him through the architect in charge of the restoration of that church. For the Jerusalem windows, Chagall first painted maquettes, in gouache, of the designs, from which, after mixing the colors, we had preliminary *vitraux* made. He then painted, etched, and scratched the black and gray designs on these, and in some cases changed or intensified the color tones—we have some dark blues, some *very* dark blues, some gray-blues, and some ink blues, for example—after which the glass was again fired, this time in its final form. He's a marvellous collaborator—very exacting and very fascinating. Brigitte and I are both painters ourselves, and we like to work with painters. We've done stained-glass windows for Jacques Villon and Roger Bissière, and Braque wants us to do something for him."

"Charles took four sample panels of



"And give me a ring sometime. My number is 2125739268."

glass to Israel to study the effects of the light on them," Mme. Marq said.

We asked what Israeli light is like.

"Very easily diffused," M. Marq said. "A little like the south of Italy, but more glaring. There's no humidity in the air; the light is not as intimate as Paris light. *Les contours sont nets*. In the *paysage* around Jerusalem, at fifty metres and at five hundred *un petit bonhomme qui se promène dans les collines* is equally visible."

Mme. Marq told us that her family's firm, which employs a staff of seven, is one of about ten such in France, but that only two of the others work with modern painters. "We are occupied mostly with churches," she said. "We're now doing another Chagall window at Metz. Chagall is very prompt. He starts work at eight in the morning."

"Stained glass is not just a decorative art," her husband said. "It is *un art de lumière*—not reflected but direct. The Chagall windows were exhibited in Paris in daylight, where they showed to better advantage than here, but I was told that the autumn days here are too short for this. It took us near-

ly two years to make the windows."

We asked him how he found the *lumière* in New York.

"Hard. Metallic," he said. "Your sky and the crowds beneath are fantastic. The impression of architectural mass is breathtaking. Detail does not seize you, as in Europe. The architecture is not *voulu*, as in Versailles; everything grows with no plan, as in a virgin forest. *C'est puissant. C'est beau.*"

"We're going home next week," Brigitte said. "I miss our children; Benoît is ten and Charlotte is seven. They write us letters asking about America and they send us little drawings. But I have not abandoned them. They are at Reims, with a nice young girl, and they have enough to eat."

Unclaimed

A BOSTONIAN reports that among some specimens of Americana in Goodspeed's Book Shop, on Beacon Hill, he noted a bright new dime, and told a Goodspeed clerk about it. "Oh, yes, it's been there for weeks," the clerk observed. "Nobody knows whose it is."

THE DÜRER AND THE DRAGONFLY

NOW and then when the wind is right—blowing across from Gansevoort Street, say, or up from Gouverneur Lane—I waken to the smell of coffee roasting, and because I caught a whiff of it one Saturday last month, I found myself in a brief, one-sided, and silent argument with some people I didn't know. They had been congregating in my head for a while—a nonagenarian lady, a retired Italian basso, a former spy, and others—all of them recently deemed newsworthy by the papers, all confronted with the same question: If you had your life to live over again, would you want it to be the same? And every last one of them had said yes. Loved every minute of it. Wouldn't change a thing. Well, maybe, but it sounded crazy to me, and I paused long enough to tell them so before going where I always go at once, in recollection, when I smell roasting coffee. I go back to the age of sixteen and to Chicago, and if I could do just that in fact, I said, I would change plenty.

I would be walking past old coffee warehouses early on a light morning with whitecaps showing on Lake Michigan down the street. I would be on my way to a summer job, and—this time—my worldliness would be vast. I would awe green youths. I would stun girls. These alone would be gratifying changes. I should say that when I contemplate such junkets, I hang on to what I have learned, though I do revert in appearance so as not to make old friends jump. Points of departure are always handy. If I taste licorice, I wheel unerringly toward fourth grade, where I could get a decent mark in arithmetic now—a solid change for the better. And as a rule, when I am off at some spot in the past, fixing it up, I think I would also like to fool with what has happened since—to work my way from there to here again across remembered ground, winning bets right and left, and judiciously amending things in general. How could you lose?

Of course (it occurred to me when I was in the shower), you would have to consider how you would *feel* when—the next thing to a preadamite—you got back to yourself at the age of nine or sixteen. How would it seem as a whole? Would I, when I was done adding and subtracting, enjoy giggling and whispering with my colleagues in fourth grade? Would I—sixteenth summer over, girls fully stunned—really want to run a mile every night with Gilly Jones? Gilly was an illustrious football player, my age, who lived in my block. He ran a mile at night, out of season, and he let me run it with him. All that sixteenth winter, we ran through snow and on ice along suburban sidewalks. He said that I would be good in track, but I never wanted to run for running's sake. I only wanted to get in shape for football. At the end, home again, he would roll on the ground or the snow, like a player warming up before thousands. I never did it. I didn't think I had the right. I was always too light for football. But I did run with Gilly, and, crunching along in the cold dark, side by side with him, I felt that I had got in on what I longed for—on

some of it; on as much as I could. And though I doubted, in the shower, that it would appeal to me now, I knew that Gilly would think it strange if I went back there and stayed home nights—and it would *be* strange, too, in a way. So you would have to be careful where you did go, back there. Things could be out of joint in some of the places.

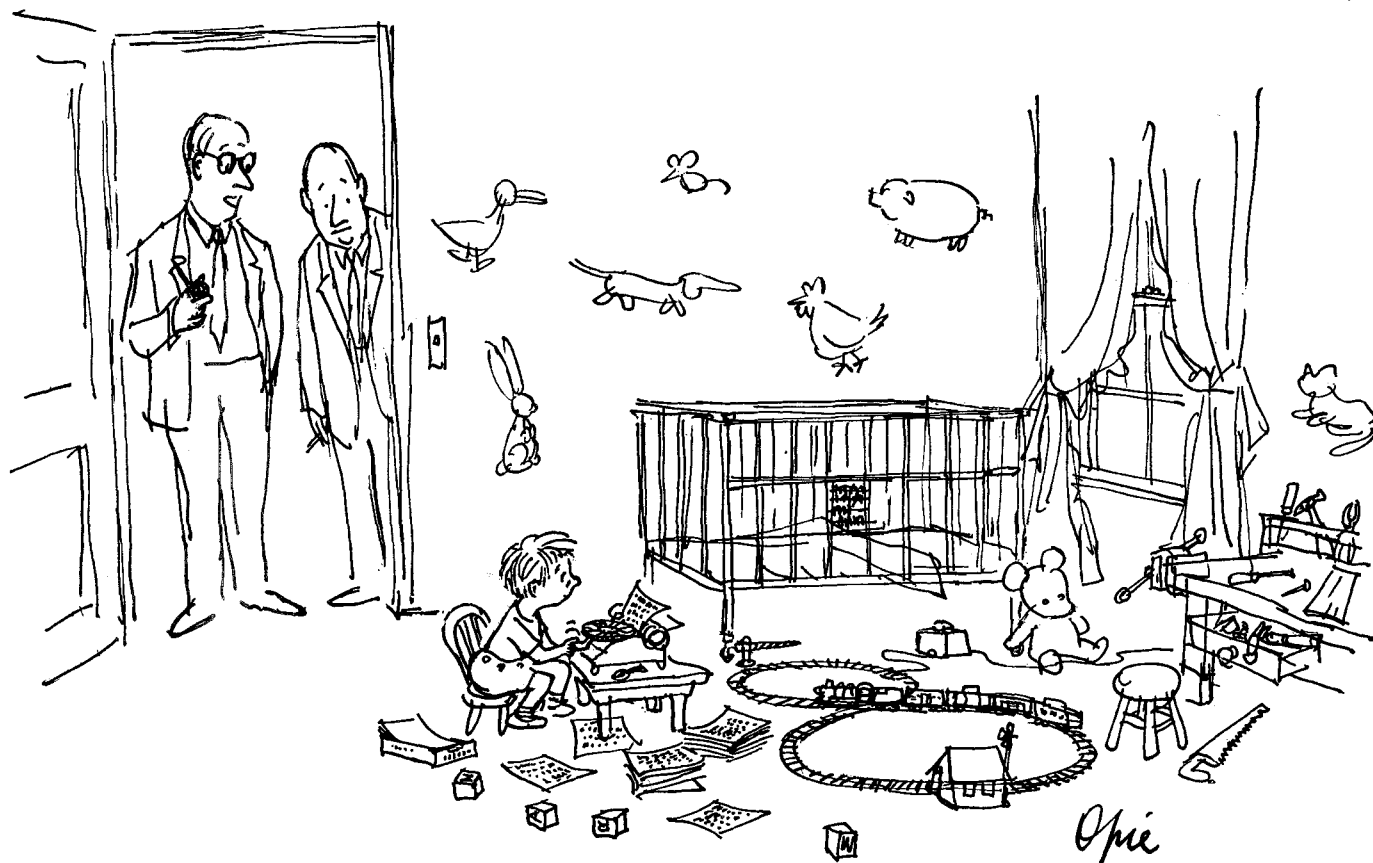
There are also other hitches, I began to see. After breakfast that Saturday, my wife and I set out to rearrange our living room. The job was to have been done by early October, but mid-November had got here. It was now or never. Thanksgiving and Christmas would come, next year would come, and the place would still be all set up for summer. We began noncommittally, leaving the furniture—the big decisions—for later. My wife took down some curtains. I said I would fool with the pictures, and—wondering how it would be to go back to my first glimpse of that room; bare, full of sunlit motes, an alien green on the walls—I reached for a small engraving of a man in a helmet, and was off instead to a leaky shack in Wisconsin, years ago.

I was there with a cousin of mine and a boy we had known in college—an unfettered soul by the name of Henry

Corey. It was a night in August. We were wet. A storm was bellowing. I was wrapping the rolled engraving in the only raincoat we had. I had borrowed the shack, my cousin had joined me, and Henry had thumbed his way four hundred miles just to surprise us. He had brought along the engraving, which he said was a genuine Dürer, as a house gift. He told us he had got it by luck in a job lot of etchings in Basel after working his way to Europe on a cattle boat. It seemed quite like him, *quite* like him. So, staggered but public-spirited (I believe I intended the Dürer as the core of a small museum), I wrapped it to keep it from leaks and damp, and we built a smoky fire, all three of us rejoicing in Henry's luck and the sweep of his gesture. We had a fine night.



"Have I time for a facial?"



"He has amazing insights, but his syntax is still a little wobbly."

But if I were to go back to it now, I would have to know that the Dürer wasn't a Dürer, and that would change things. It does look quite like one. It is truly old. I am fond of it, and I keep on calling it "the Dürer" out of habit and a fondness for Henry. He noticed it some years later on my wall. I don't recall, myself, where he said he had got it, that time, but it wasn't in Basel, and he had no idea who had done it, and neither have I. Still, I would hate to go back to that night when it was a Dürer and have it *not* be one. The toasts we proposed to Henry and it, and my museum, wouldn't ring right. I would be wondering if he had even been in Europe, let alone on a cattle boat. And, as much as anything else, I would hate to have Henry guess that I knew it wasn't a Dürer, he took such absolute pleasure in having made it one.

APPARENTLY you could know too much for your own good, back there, I reflected. Not only might you turn into a downright misfit, but gifts could shrink and occasions dwindle. Well, but (I thought, laying the engraving down for a while, moving a charcoal seascape from one wall to another) surely there would *be* advantages. At least you could spare yourself trouble—a bump or a blush foreseen in time, a scare. For instance, if I had

dawdled a bit, one day eighteen years ago in England, I wouldn't have had to fly in an airplane with Warrant Officer Howes.

He was a by-product hazard of war, not one of the standing dangers. He was about thirty, with a ragged mustache. He had been a test pilot, but his eyes were no longer good enough, so he had been made a flying instructor at an R.A.F. school where I was sent to learn British procedures. I also had to learn to fly, in a simple way, so W.O. Howes and I flew, with dual controls, in a low-wing cabin monoplane—a model that, legend had it, could not be pulled out of a stall. It was winter, the overcast was always thick, and as a rule we flew in it. We would get up a thousand feet and, still climbing, he would let go his stick without waiting for me to seize mine. "You've got it," he would say, and then slump in his seat and stare at the instruments, or fidget, looking behind and all around us. When he took control again, he would whip his stick sideways and say "I've got it," and we would go into a violent bank. I always believed he had somehow managed to sight Germans in the cloud, though they would have had more sense than to be out flying in it. Sometimes we got lost. Once we flew into a balloon barrage ("Oh, bleddy balloons," he said. "I've got it."), and once we broke out of cloud well over

the Strait of Dover. ("Oh, bleddy France.") But the thing that I was remembering as I was hanging the seascape—remembering and thinking how I could at least have contrived to miss *that*—was the trip we often took at the end of the day's lesson, just before dark. We would fly to the ostrich pen of the London Zoo, which had been moved out into the country, and—W.O. Howes at the stick—we would buzz the ostriches. The pen was long and narrow, and he would dive at one end of it, sending the ostriches stampeding in wild undulations to the other. When they got there, he would have swung high up in a figure eight and be coming at them at that end. He would make a number of these passes, leaning out of the cabin window between times to toss the V sign at girls below in the wet dusk. When he was done, he would put the machine into a steep, stall-inviting climb between some telegraph wires and a steeple, let go of the stick, slide down in his seat, and say, "You've got it."

Now, there were other instructors—men who guided students through decorous level rectangles below the overcast, taught them all they needed to know, and brought them back gracefully in time for tea. I always missed tea, with W.O. Howes, and I could have missed *him* by waiting two minutes

BASEBALL AND WRITING

(AFTER LISTENING TO POST-GAME BROADCASTS)

Fanaticism? No. Writing is exciting
and baseball is like writing.

You can never tell with either
how it will go
or what you will do;
generating excitement—
a fever in the victim—
pitcher, catcher, fielder, batter.

Victim in what category?
*Owl*man watching from the press box?
To whom does it apply?
Who is excited? Might it be I?

It's a pitcher's battle all the way—a duel—
a catcher's, as, with cruel
puma paw, Elston Howard lumbers lightly
back to plate. (His spring
de-winged a bat swing.)
They have that killer instinct;
yet Elston—whose catching
arm has hurt them all with the bat—
when questioned, says, unenviously,
"I'm very satisfied. We won."
Shorn of the batting crown, says, "We;"
robbed by a technicality.

When three players on a side play three positions
and modify conditions,
the massive-run need not be everything.
"Going, going . . ." Is
it? Roger Maris
has it, running fast. You will
never see a finer catch. Well . . .
"Mickey, leaping like a—" deer ("devil"
is not so complimentary),
snares what was speeding to its treetop nest—
one-handing the souvenir-to-be
meant to be caught by you or me.

Assign Yogi Berra to Cape Canaveral;
he could handle any missile.
He is no feather. "Strike! . . . Strike *two*!"
Fouled back. A blur.
It's gone. You would infer
that the bat had eyes.
He put the wood to that one.

Praised, Skowron says, "Thanks, Mel.
I think I helped a *little* bit."
All business, each, and modesty.
Blanchard, Richardson, Kubek, Boyer.
Who in that galaxy
of nine won the pennant? Each. It was he.

Those two magnificent saves from the knee—throws
by Boyer, finesses in twos—
like Whitey's three kinds of pitch and pre-
diagnosis
with pick-off psychosis.
Pitching is a large subject.
Your arm, too true at first, can learn to
catch the corners—even trouble
Mickey Mantle. ("Grazed a Yankee!
My baby pitcher, Montejo!
With some pedagogy,
you'll be tough, premature prodigy.")

They crowd him and curve him and aim for the knees. Trying
indeed! The secret implying:
"I can stand here, bat held steady."
One may suit him;
none has hit him.
Imponderables smite him.
Muscle kinks, infections, spike wounds
require *food*, rest, respite from ruffians. (Drat it!
Celebrity costs privacy!)
Cow's milk, "tiger's milk", soy milk, carrot juice,
brewer's yeast (high-potency)—
concentrates promote victory

sped by Luis Arroyo, Hector Lopez—
deadly in a pinch. And "Yes,
it's work; I want you to bear down,
but enjoy it
while you're doing it."
Mr. Houk and Mr. Sain,
if you have a rummage sale,
don't sell Roland Sheldon or Tom Tresh.
Studded with stars in belt and crown,
the Stadium is an adastrum.
Oh, flashing Orion,
your stars are muscled like the lion.

—MARIANNE MOORE

when we signed up for flight instruction.
But I was anxious to prosecute the war,
I sprang into line when bidden, and
W.O. Howes just happened to be the
first instructor.

Yes, but when the old heroes sit at
the fire and it comes my turn, what
could I say if I had spared myself W.O.
Howes and other hazards? Oh, you
could change things, all right, if you
could get back there, and much for the
better, no doubt. Howes aged me when
I was young. Still, that winter would
be paler without him, and so—maybe
more to the point—would the ones be-
tween, and this one. I feel that I imitate

him—and the ostriches, too—rather
well, when the subject comes up, and
I have been bringing it up for eighteen
years. Without him, I would be look-
ing back—if I remembered at all, if I
cared to—at straight and level flight in
rectangles, and tea at the same time ev-
ery day.

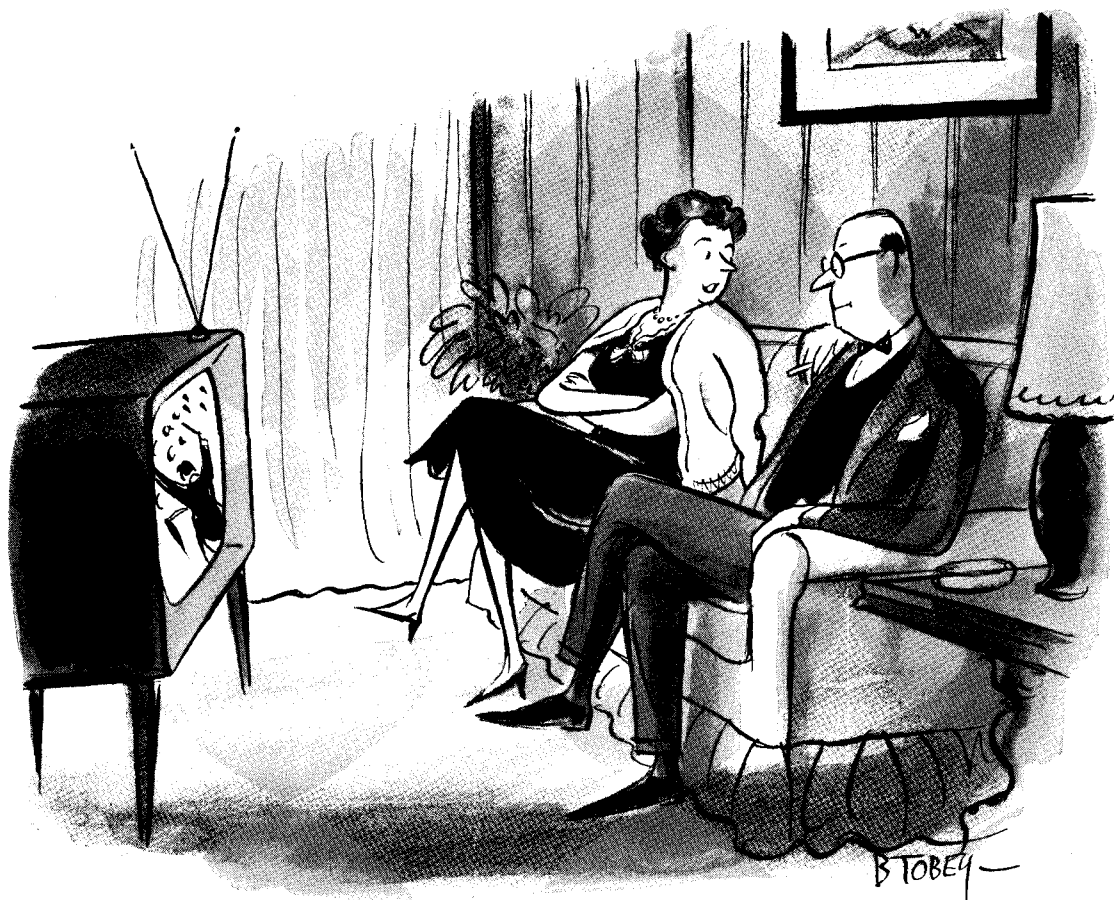
OF course, if you fool with the past
(it occurred to me, as I tried a
water color of violet trees on the north
wall) you fool with the present. Change
the least thing back there and you may
very well change yourself. I thought of
a man I know who could go back twen-

ty years, stay away just once from a
miniature golf course, and so remake
his life. At that time, he was a student
of eighteenth-century English literature
who considered golf a sop for the feeble-
minded. One evening, just to scoff, he
went with friends to a miniature course,
watched, played, took up the larger
game the next morning, ranged the
fairways furiously all summer, and in
early September was hit on the head by
a golf ball. He spent ten days in the
hospital, read "Mont-Saint-Michel and
Chartres," adopted the "Chanson de
Roland" and Gothic architecture as
hobbies, and, a year later, switched to

medieval history, which he is still contentedly teaching, playing golf three times a week in all weathers and sometimes engaging in tournaments.

And, as I hung the Dürer above a bookcase, I wondered what had become of a girl I knew a year or so after I got it, for she, too, had been in on a change of course; she once saw a soap bubble at Waverly Place and Macdougall Street and so kept a man from going to the war in Spain. Her name was Evelyn. She was young and new to the city. She left the Jumble Shop on an evening in early summer, and, as she reached the corner, the bubble drifted toward her from nowhere, glinting in the red sun, and then a dragonfly hovered above it, punctured it, and flew on. Elated by beauty and transience (as she later reported), and above all by the feeling that she had done supremely right to leave Ohio and come to New York, she went to a party that she had intended to miss, where—her fair hair rumpled, her eyes and skin glowing—she couldn't seem to stop talking about beauty and transience. I was there. So was a dark little man named Lambert Hunter, who had decided to go to Spain. He lived in a world of fierce colloquy, where everyone was on his right or left and closing in, and nobody brought up beauty. He had seldom seen anyone like Evelyn. As he looked at and listened to her, his fierceness began to wilt, and it went right on wilting thereafter. He grew silent, and they fell in love—she was sure he was deep; in fact, he was only in shock—and by the time they wandered apart, the war in Spain was over. But things would have been different for them—then and always, I supposed, lining up a final picture—without that light encounter on Macdougall Street.

IT was time to start moving the furniture. I tugged the sofa away from the window where it had looked over summer back yards, noticing that the room was already becoming a new room—a room slipping into next year. But it was the past that I was worrying about, and now it seemed risky to go there. I pushed a leather armchair



"If you ask me, Leonard Bernstein wants his hair to do that."

into a corner where it looked sodden, then into another where it looked aggressively cozy. My wife came in. The room was in modest chaos, but soon we began to put it in better order. We found a place for the armchair, which I read in. We angled the sofa toward the fireplace, ready for meandering private talk or the revelations of friends on frosty nights. I put a record on the phonograph to egg us on—some Mozart, I think it was. The November sun blinked on the glass of the Dürer. Outside the window was a maple tree with a few orange leaves still on it, and the city of New York, where beauty and transience abound. Get an inch out of line, I thought, the second time around and you might easily change too much.

Fixing the future was simple enough. We were doing it right then. Nobody knows what it will be, and you prepare it out of sight—in the present, in a place of safety. And of course, when you come down to it, we *can* rearrange the past a bit, and we do. I fix it up when I smell coffee roasting; all the mornings of that summer become bright. I refurbish Gilly considerably; in my mind he is tall, graceful, and the soul of friendship, though he was rather a lumpy boy and

bored with me. I tell the story of Warrant Officer Howes with—I trust—a wry affection; I loathed him. The way to rearrange the past is Henry's way, though I grant he carries it to extremes. You fix it to suit the occasion and your needs, and you do *that* in a place of comparative safety, too.

NOT that the present is all Mozart and sunlight and friends. Certainly not. Rain falls; transience keeps busy. But at least I did somehow arrive at it, I reflected—I have landed here, not in Arabia, not in Scarsdale. I can read in my armchair—*this* armchair—and I want to. I can sit in it and remember my old days as athlete or aviator. Who knows what I might have been if I had fooled with the past? Who knows what sort of chair I would be reading in? I can look up from my own chair at the violet trees, which, in the new arrangement, will be facing it. I used to look up at the Dürer. Changes. We shifted a table and moved a lamp, making a new room out of the old room, making the future room, and I wondered just what would have gone on—in it and elsewhere—if we had let it be, and what was going to happen in it now.

—ROBERT HENDERSON

THE TRAVELLER

WE are born between two states of consciousness; we spend our lives between the darkness and the light, and to climb in the mountains of another country, phrase our thoughts in another language, or admire the color of another sky draws us deeper into the mystery of our condition. Travel has lost the attributes of privilege and fashion. We are no longer dealing with mid-night sailings on three-stacked liners, twelve-day crossings, Vuitton trunks, and the glittering lobbies of Grand Hotels. The travellers who board the jet at Orly carry paper bags and sleeping babies, and might be going home from a hard day's work at the mill. We can have supper in Paris and, God willing, breakfast at home, and here is a whole new creation of self-knowledge, new images for love and death and the insubstantiality and the importance of our affairs. Most of us travel to improve on the knowledge we have of ourselves, but none of this was true for Cousin Honora. She went to Europe to bring her two irresponsible young cousins—all that remained of her family—home for Christmas. They had not answered her written invitations but she felt sure that, face to face, she could persuade them that home was where they belonged.

She was an old woman, and she left the rooms of her house and the confines of her Massachusetts village with reluctance. She had developed, over the years, a conviction that St. Botolph's was the fairest creation on the face of the earth. Oh, it was not magnificent, she well knew; it was nothing like the postcards of Karnak and Athens that her Uncle Lorenzo had sent her when she was a child. But she had no taste for magnificence. Where else in the world were there such stands of lilac, such lambent winds and brilliant skies, such fresh fish? She had lived out her life there, and each act was a variation on some other act, each sensation she experienced was linked to a similar sensation, reaching in a chain back through the years of her long life to when she had been a fair and intractable child, unlacing her skates, long after dark, at the edge of Parson's Pond, when all the other skaters had gone home and the barking of Peter Howland's collies sounded menacing and clear as the bitter cold gave to the dark sky the acoustics of a shell. The fragrant smoke from her fire mingled with the smoke from all the fires of her life. Some of the roses she

pruned had been planted before she was born. Her dear uncle had lectured her on the ties that bound her world to Renaissance Europe, but she had always disbelieved him. What person who had seen the cataracts in the New Hampshire mountains could care about the waterworks of kings? What person who had smelled the rich brew of the North Atlantic could care about the dirty Bay of Naples? She did not want to leave her home and move on into an element where her sensations would seem rootless, where roses and the smell of smoke would only remind her of the horrible distances that stood between herself and her own garden. But it was her duty to go, and she brought to the concept of duty the clear and obedient gaze of a child. There was no choice. It never crossed her mind.

She went alone to New York on a train, slept restlessly in a hotel bedroom, and one morning she boarded a ship for Europe. In her cabin she found that the St. Botolph's Sewing Circle had sent her an orchid. She detested orchids, and she detested improvidence, and the gaudy flower was both. Her first impulse was to fire it out of the porthole, but the porthole wouldn't open, and on second thought it seemed to her that perhaps a flower was a necessary part of a traveller's costume, a sign of parting, a proof that one was leaving friends behind. There was loud laughter, and talk, and the noise of drinking. Only she, it seemed, was alone.



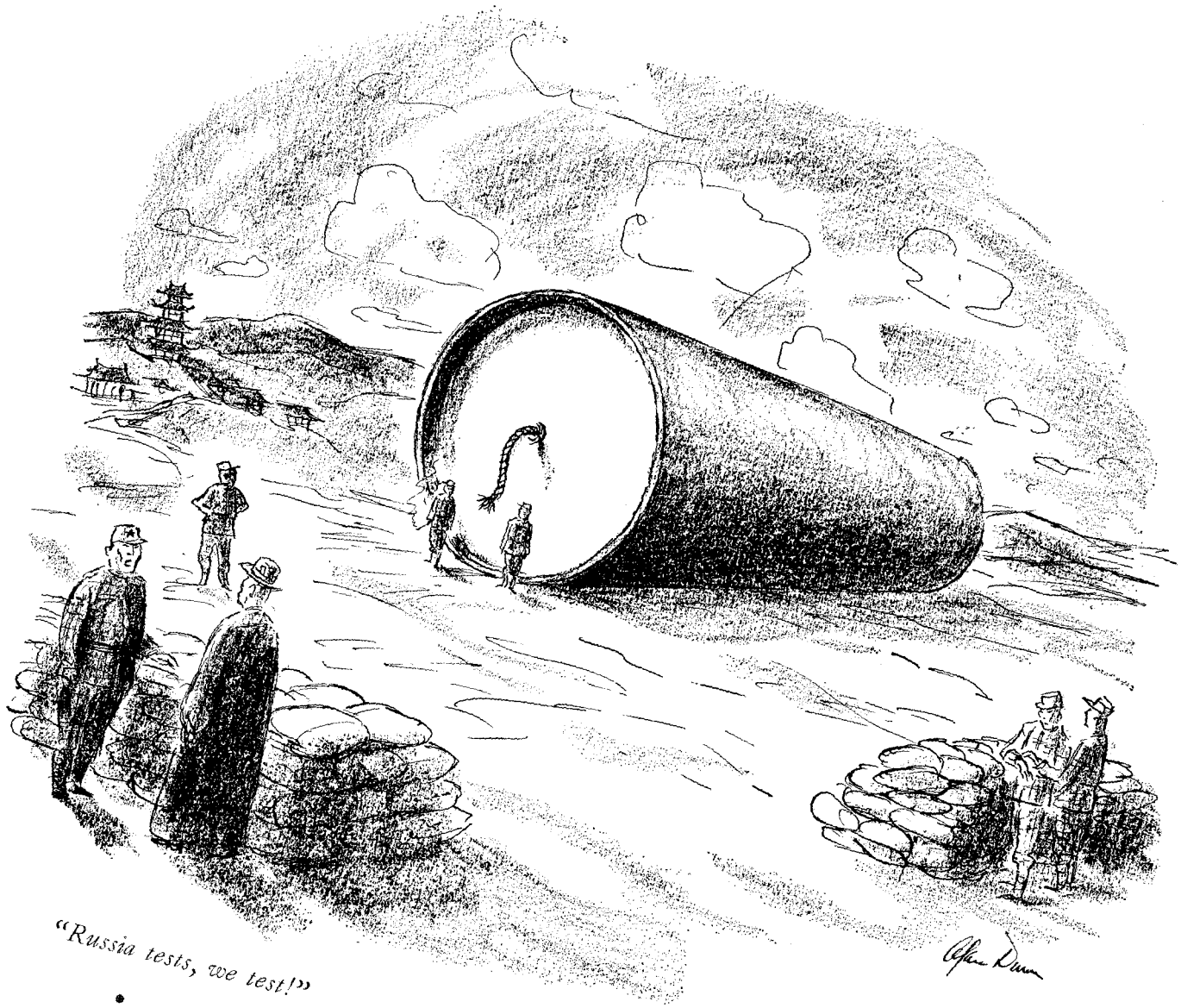
Removed from the scrutiny of the world, she could seem a little foolish—she spent some time trying to find a place to hide the canvas money belt in which she kept her cash and documents. Under the sofa? Behind the picture? In the empty flower vase or the medicine cabinet? A corner of the carpet was loose and she hid her money belt there. Then she stepped out into the corridor. She was in her late seventies. She wore black clothes and a tricorne hat, and looked a little as George Washington might have looked had he lived to be so old.

The festivities in the crowded state-rooms had moved out into the corridor, where men and women stood drinking and talking. She couldn't deny that it would have been pleasanter if a few friends had come down to put a social blessing on her departure. Without the orchid on her shoulder, how could these strangers guess that in her own home she was a celebrated woman, known to

everyone, and famous for her good works? Mightn't they, glancing at her as she passed, mistake her for one of those cursed old women who wander over the face of the earth trying to conceal or palliate that bitter loneliness that is the fitting reward for their contrary and selfish ways? It was her duty to her family that forced her to travel, but mightn't these strangers, marking her aloneness, guess that her family had put her on a ship to get rid of her? She felt painfully disarmed and seemed to have only the fewest proofs of her identity. What she wanted then was some common room, where she could sit down and watch things.

She found a common room, but it was crowded and all the seats were taken. People were drinking and talking and crying, and in one corner a grown man stood saying goodbye to a little girl. His face was wet with tears. Honora had never seen or dreamed of such mortal turmoil. The go-ashore was being sounded, and while many of the farewells were cheerful and lighthearted, many of them were not. The sight of a man parting from his little daughter—it must be his little daughter, separated from him by some evil turn of events—upset Honora terribly. Suddenly the man got to his knees and took the child in his arms. He concealed his face in her thin shoulder, but his back could be seen shaking with sobs, while the public-address system kept repeating that the hour, the moment had come. She felt the tears form in her own eyes, but the only way she could think of to cheer the little girl was to give her the orchid, and by now the corridors were too crowded for Honora to make her way back to her stateroom. She stepped over the high brass sill onto a deck.

The gangways were thronged with visitors leaving the ship. The stir was tremendous. Below her she could see a strip of dirty harbor water, and overhead there were gulls. People were calling to one another over this short distance, this still unaccomplished separation, and now all but one of the gangways were up, and the band began to play what seemed to her to be circus music. The loosening of gigantic hemp lines was followed by the stunning thunder of the whistle, so loud it must ruffle the angels in Heaven. Everyone was calling, everyone was waving—everyone but her. Of all the people standing on the deck, only she had no one to part with, only her going was lonely and meaningless. I have made my parting, she thought. I have made it in St. Botolph's, where I am known to everyone, but how would these stran-



"Russia tests, we test!"

gers ever guess? In simple pride, she took a handkerchief out of her pocket-book and began to wave it to the faces that were so swiftly losing their outline and their appeal. "Goodbye, goodbye, my dear, dear friend," she called to no one. "Thank you. . . . Thank you for everything. . . . Goodbye and thank you. . . . Thank you and goodbye."

At seven o'clock she put on her best clothes and went up to dinner. She shared a table with a Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield, from Rochester, who were going abroad for the second time. They were travelling with orlon wardrobes. During dinner they told Honora about their earlier trip to Europe. They went first to Paris, where they had nice weather—nice drying weather, that is. Each night, they took turns washing their clothes in the bathtub and hanging them out to dry. Going down the Loire they ran into rain and were not able to do any wash for nearly a week, but once they reached the sea the weather was sunny and dry, and they washed everything. They flew to Munich on a sunny day and did their wash in the Regina-Palast, but in the middle of the night there was a thunderstorm and all their clothing, hung out on a balcony, got soaked. They had to pack their ward-robcs wet for the trip to Innsbruck, but they reached Innsbruck on a clear and dry again. There was another thunderstorm in Innsbruck, and they had to spend a day in their hotel room, waiting for their clothes to dry. Venice was a wonderful place for laundry. They had their little trouble in Italy, and during their Papal audience Mrs. Sheffield convinced herself that the Pope's vestments were made of orlon. They remembered Geneva for its rainy weather, and London was very disappointing. They had theatre tickets, but nothing would dry, and they had to spend two days in their room. Edinburgh was even worse, but in Skye the clouds lifted and the sun shone, and they took a plane home from Prestwick with everything clean and dry. The sum of their experience was to warn Honora against planning to do much wash in Bavaria, Austria, Switzerland, and the British Isles.

Toward the end of this account, Honora's face got very red, and suddenly she leaned across the table and said, "Why don't you stay home and do your wash? Why do you travel halfway around the world, making a spectacle of yourself in front of the waiters and chambermaids of Austria and France? I've never owned a stitch of orlon, or whatever you call it, but I expect I'll find laundries and dry cleaners in Europe just as at home, and I'm sure I'd never travel for the pleasure of hanging out a clothesline."

The Sheffields were shocked and embarrassed. Honora's voice carried, and passengers at the nearby tables had turned to stare at her. She tried to



"Whoops! The old clock on the wall says it's time for you to pack up your troubles and shove along."

extricate herself by calling a waiter. "Check," she called. "Check. Will you please bring me my check?"

"There is no check, Madam," the waiter said.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I forgot," and limped out of the room.

She was too angry at the Sheffields to be remorseful, but she was faced again with the fact that her short temper was one of her worst qualities. She wandered around the decks to cool off, admiring the yellowish shroud lights and thinking how like a second set of stars they were. She was standing on the stern deck, watching the wake, when a young man in a pin-striped suit joined her. They had a pleasant conversation about the stars, and then she went to bed and slept soundly.

In the morning, after a hearty breakfast, Honora arranged for a deck chair on the leeward side. She then settled herself with a novel ("Middlemarch") and prepared to relax and enjoy the healthfulness of the sea air. Nine quiet days would conserve her strength and perhaps even lengthen her life. It was the first time that she had ever planned a rest. Sometimes after lunch on a hot day she would shut her eyes for five minutes but never for longer. In the mountain hotels where she went for a change of air she had always been an early riser, a marathon chair rocker, and a tireless bridge player. Up until now there had always been things to do, there had always been demands on her time, but now her old heart was weary

and she should rest. She pressed her head against the chair cushion and drew the blanket over her legs. She had seen thousands of travel advertisements in which people her age stretched out in deck chairs, watching the sea. She had always wondered what pleasant reveries passed through their minds. Now she waited for this enviable tranquillity to steal over her. She shut her eyes, but she shut them emphatically; she drummed her fingers on the wooden armrest and wriggled her feet. She counselled herself to wait, to wait, to wait for repose to overtake her. She waited perhaps ten minutes before she sat up impatiently and angrily. She had never learned to sit still, and, as with so much else in life, it seemed too late now for her to learn.

Her sense of life was a sense of motion and embroilments, and even if to move gave her a keen pain in the heart, she had no choice but to move. To be stretched out in a deck chair that early in the day made her feel idle, immoral, worthless, and—what was most painful of all—like a ghost, neither living nor dead; like some bitterly unwilling bystander. To tramp around the decks might tire her, but to be stretched out under a blanket like a corpse was a hundred times worse. Life seemed like a chain of brilliant reflections on water, unrelated perhaps to the motion of the water itself but completely absorbing in their color and shine. Might she kill herself with her love of things? Were the forces of life and death identical?

And would the thrill of rising and walking on a fine day be the violence that ruptured the vessels of her heart? The need to move, to talk, to make friends and enemies, to involve herself was irresistible, and she struggled to get to her feet, but her lameness, her heaviness, the age of her body, and the shape of the deck chair made this impossible. She was stuck. She grasped the armrests and struggled to raise herself, but she fell back helplessly. Again she struggled to get up. She fell back again. There was a sudden sharp pain in her heart, and her face was flushed. Then she thought that she would die in another few minutes—die on her first day at sea, be sewn into an American flag and dropped overboard, her soul descending into Hell.

But why should she go to Hell? She knew well enough. It was because she had been all her life a food thief. As a child, she had waited and watched until the kitchen was empty and had then opened the massive icebox doors, grabbed a drumstick off the cold chicken, and dipped her fingers into the hard sauce. Left alone in the house, she had climbed to the top pantry shelf on an arrangement of chairs and stools and eaten all the lump sugar in the silver bowl. She had stolen candy from the highboy, where it was saved for Sunday. She had, when the cook's back was turned, ripped a piece of skin off the Thanksgiving turkey before grace was said. She had stolen cold roast potatoes, doughnuts set out to cool, beef bones, lobster claws, and wedges of pie. Her vice had not been cured by her maturity, and when, as a young woman, she invited the altar guild to tea, she ate half the sandwiches before they arrived. Even as an old woman leaning on a stick, she had gone down to the pantry in the middle of the night and stuffed herself with cheese and apples. Now the time had come to answer for her gluttony. She turned desperately to the man in the deck chair on her left. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but I wonder if . . ." He seemed to be asleep. The deck chair on her right was empty. She shut her eyes and called on the angels. A second later, the moment after her prayers had gone up, a young officer stopped to wish her good morning and to extend an invitation from the captain to join him on the

bridge. He pulled her out of her chair.

On the bridge she shot the sun with a hand sextant and reminisced. "When I was nine years old, my Uncle Lorenzo bought me a twelve-foot sloop," she said, "and for the next three years there wasn't a fisherman at Travertine I couldn't outsail." The captain asked her for cocktails. At lunch the steward seated her with a twelve-year-old Italian boy who spoke no English. They got along by smiling at one another and making signs. In the afternoon she played cards until it was time to go down and get ready for the captain's cocktail party. She went to her stateroom and took out of her suitcase a rusty curling iron that had served her faithfully for thirty-five years or more. She plugged this into an outlet in the bathroom. All the lights in the cabin went off, and she yanked out the plug.

A moment later, there were sounds of running in the corridors, and people called confusedly to one another in Italian and English. She hid her curling iron in the bottom of her suitcase and drank a glass of port. She was an honest woman, but she was too stunned, at the moment, to confess to the captain that she had blown a fuse.

She seemed to have done much more. Opening the door to her stateroom, she found the corridor dark. A steward ran by, carrying a lamp. She closed the door again and looked out of her porthole. Slowly, slowly, the ship was losing way. The high white crest at the bow slacked off.

In the corridors and on the decks there were more calls and sounds of running. Honora sat miserably on the edge of her berth, having, through her own clumsiness, her own stupidity, halted this great ship in its passage across the sea. What would they do next? Take to the boats and row to some deserted island, rationing their biscuits and water? It was all her fault. The children would suffer. She would give them her

water ration and share her biscuits, but she did not think she had the strength to confess. They might put her in the brig or drop her overboard.

The sea was calm. The ship drifted with the swell, and had begun to roll a little. The voices of men, women, and children echoed off the corridors and over the water. "It's the generators," she heard someone say. "Both generators have blown." She began to cry.

She dried her tears and stood by the porthole, watching the sunset. She could hear the orchestra playing in the ballroom, and she wondered if people were dancing in the dark. Way below her, in the crew's quarters, someone had put out a fishing line. They must be fishing for cod. She wished she had a line herself, but she didn't dare ask for one, because they might then discover that she had stopped the ship.

A few minutes before dark, all the lights went on, there was a cheer from the deck, and the ship took up its course. Honora watched the white crest at the

bow form and rise as they headed once more for Europe. She didn't dare go up to the dining room, and made a supper of Saltines and port wine. Later she took a turn around the decks, and the young man in the pin-striped suit asked if he could join her. She was happy to have his company and the support of his arm. He said that he was travelling to get away from things, and she guessed that he was a successful young businessman who wanted, quite naturally, to see the world before he settled down with a wife and children. She wished, fleetingly, that she had a daughter he could marry. Then she could find him a nice position in St. Botolph's, and they could live in one of the new houses in the east end of the village and come and visit her, with their children, on Sundays. When she tired, she was quite lame. He helped her down to her cabin and said goodnight. He had excellent manners.

She looked for him in the dining room the next day, and she wondered if he was travelling in some other class, or belonged to the fast set that didn't come down for lunch but instead ate sandwiches in the bar. He joined her on deck at dusk that night, when she was waiting for the dinner chimes to ring.

"I don't see you in the dining room," she said.

"I spend most of my time in my cabin," he said.

"But you shouldn't be so unsociable," she said. "You ought to make friends—an attractive young man like you."

"I don't think you'd like me," he said, "if you knew the truth."

"Well, I don't know what you're talking about," she said. "If you're a member of the working class or something like that, it wouldn't make any difference to me. I went up to Jaffrey last summer for a rest, you know, and I met this very nice lady and befriended her, and she said the same thing to me. 'I don't think



"O.K., wise guy, you fold it!"

COMING TO WINTER

Deeper into the frozen wood.
 In the clearings, never resting,
 Aching, in armor ever rusting,
 Under sparse branches, where the guttural thrush
 Spills from cold throat reluctant evensong,
 He goes;
 The shadows from their embryos grow long,
 Netting the snowfall, black on white like lead.
 The hedgehog in the hollybush
 Lies curled and dead.
 Under the jigsawed ice the rude
 Swift water flows
 Deeper into the frozen wood.

Long gone the wharf, the waving favors
 After the warm-thighed homeland kisses
 And the white sparkle in the wine.
 Long gone the red cheeks of the eglantine;
 Far behind the sunburned quince,
 Far, far behind his happy saviors
 Walking in their tents of tresses,
 And the firm handshake of the prince.
 The crow's-feet chill to metal in the mud.
 Deeper into the frozen wood.

The stillness and the columns and the failing
 Eye of the sun, the sudden clatter
 And dead echo of hoof on casual flint.
 Sliding from branches with a hollow mutter,
 Great sheep of snow come tumbling; his cheek stings
 In burning zero of wind that rives the blood.
 Over and gone the softsea sailing
 Across a hardly rippled past
 Where fishes flew in rainbows and their wings
 Were sunbeams; gone the marigold glint
 Of high dayspring on the brassed

Pooprail and his own starred chest.
 Deeper into the frozen wood.

Deeper into the frozen hour
 Inexorably driven, the flower,
 Brittle upon a stem of ice,
 Tinkles like a child's device
 Brushed by the hoary fetlocks' featherings.
 Gone, gone the landing on the brumal shore,
 The vacant strand, the search, the roar
 Of rollers on the stove-in hull.
 The one lone gull
 That followed him inland, on frost-chopped wings
 Long dropped to ground; the wave
 Farewells in vain to deaf and travelled far,
 Though still the slowly clotting flood
 Edges his path to the lip of its own grave
 Deeper into the frozen wood.

Now the long sidling upward creeps and all
 The ground grows dim, though still the topmost spray
 Of tallest tree clutches a feather of day.
 The last black stream-blood stiffens in the fall.
 The air sets thick. Only the painful keen
 Of iron hinges follows him on his way
 Upon a silent horse no longer seen.
 The walls of glass close in, where his old eye
 Meets his own hardening arteries with the sigh
 Of frosted love. Then with a clang
 The night bolts to. We only guess,
 Lounging beside that silver sea
 By which the burnished quinces hang,
 How in that utter dereliction he
 Goes steady as he should,
 Questing into his whole life's wilderness,
 Though never to return with No or Yes.
 Deeper into the frozen wood.

—HILARY CORKE

you'd like me,' she said, 'if you knew who I was.' So then I asked her who she was, and she said she was a cook. Well, she was a very nice woman, and I continued to play cards with her, and it didn't make any difference to me that she was a cook. I'm not stuckup. Mr. Haworth, the ashman, is one of my best friends, and often comes into the house for a cup of tea."

"I'm a stowaway," the young man said.

She took a deep breath of sea air. The news was a blow. Oh, why should life appear to be a series of mysteries? Oh, why, in these the last years of her life, couldn't things be what they seemed to be? She had imagined him to be prosperous and successful, and he was merely a lawless outcast. "Where do you sleep?" she asked. "Where do you eat?"

"I sleep mostly in the heads," he said. "I haven't eaten for two days."

"But you must eat."

"I know," he said wistfully. "I know. You see, what I thought I might

do is to confide in someone—a passenger—and then, if they were friendly, they could order dinner in their stateroom and I could share it."

For a second she was wary. He seemed importunate. He had moved too swiftly. Then his stomach gave a loud rumble, and the thought of the hunger pangs he must be suffering annihilated her suspicions. "What's your name?" she asked.

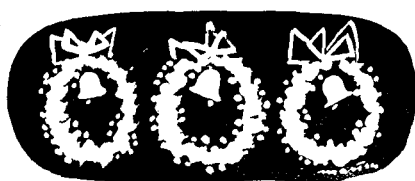
"Gus."

"Well, I'm in Cabin 12 on B Deck," she said. "You come down there in a few minutes, and I'll see that you get some supper."

When she got to her cabin, she rang for the waiter and ordered a six-course meal. The young man arrived and hid in the bathroom. When the table was

set with covered dishes, he came out of hiding, and it did her heart good to see him eat.

When he had finished his dinner, he took out a package of cigarettes and offered it to her as if she were not an old lady but a dear friend and companion. She wondered if, under the beneficial influence of the sea air, her appearance had grown more youthful. She accepted a cigarette and blew out four matches trying to get it lighted. When it was finally ignited, the smoke cut her throat like a rusty razor. She had a paroxysm of coughing, and scattered embers down the front of her dress. He did not seem to notice this loss of dignity—he was telling her the story of his life—and she held the cigarette elegantly between her fingers until the fire died. Smoking a cigarette definitely made her feel younger. He was married, he told her. He had two little children—Heidi and Peter—but his wife ran away with a sailor and took the children to Canada. He didn't know where they were. He worked as a file





"And the irritating thing is that they'll lose themselves without a trace on Fifth Avenue."

clerk for an insurance office and led a life that was so lonely and empty that he had boarded the ship one day during his lunch hour and stayed aboard when she sailed. What was there to lose? He would at least see a little of the world, even if he was sent home in the brig. "I miss the kiddies," he said. "That's the main thing. You know what I did last Christmas? I bought one of those little trees you get in the five-and-ten, and I decorated it, in this room where I live, and I bought presents for the kiddies, and then on Christmas Day I just pretended that they came to see me. Of course, it was all make-believe, but I opened the presents and everything, just as if they were there."

After dinner Honora taught him to play backgammon. He picked up the game very quickly, she thought, and was a remarkably intelligent young man. It seemed a great shame to her that he should waste his youth and his intelligence in loneliness, sorrow, and boredom. He was not handsome; his face was too changeable, and his grin

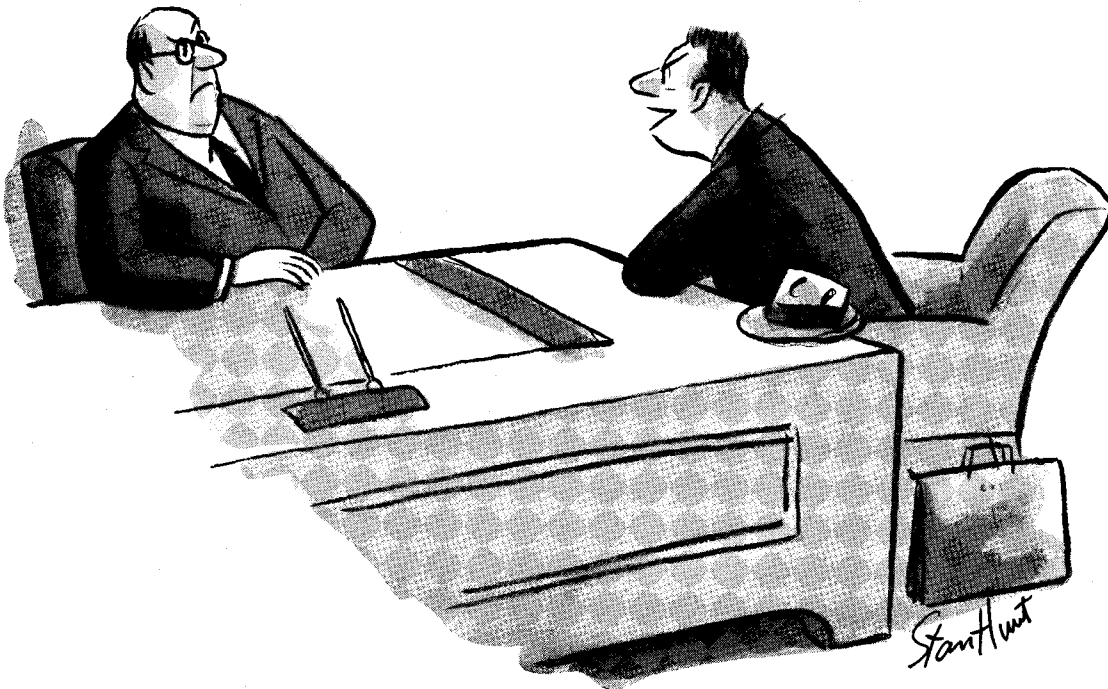
was a little foolish. But he was really just a boy, she thought, and with experience and kindness his face would change. They played backgammon until eleven, and, to tell the truth, she had not felt so happy, or at least at ease, since she had begun her travels. When they said good night, he lingered at the door, and seemed, with his inward and foolish—*or was it sly?*—grin, to be implying that she might let him sleep in the spare berth in her cabin. Enough was enough, and she closed the door in his face.

He did not appear the next day, and she wondered where in the great ship he was hidden, hungry and alone. The bouillon and sandwiches that were passed on the promenade deck only reminded her of the cruel inequalities of life, and she did not enjoy her lunch. She spent most of the afternoon in her cabin, in case he should need her help. Just before the dinner chimes rang, there was a soft knock at the door, and he came in. After dinner she got out the backgammon board, but he seemed

restless, and she won every game. She pointed out that he needed a haircut, and when he said that he didn't have any money, she gave him five dollars. He said good night at ten, and she invited him to return the next evening for his dinner.

He didn't come. When the dinner chimes rang at seven, she called a waiter and ordered dinner so that it would be ready for him, but he didn't come. She was sure then that he had been caught and thrown into the brig, and she thought of going to the captain, as the young man's advocate, and explaining the loneliness and the emptiness of his life. She decided, however, not to act until morning, and she went to bed. In the morning, as she was admiring the ocean, she saw him on the main deck, laughing and talking with Mrs. Sheffield.

She was indignant. She was jealous, although she tried to rationalize this weakening of her position as a sensible fear that if he confided in Mrs. Sheffield, Mrs. Sheffield would betray



"I've got ideas, Mr. Tressler. Why don't you hire me to feed them to you, and you carry them out?"

him. He saw Honora, clearly enough—he waved to her—but he went on talking gaily with Mrs. Sheffield. Honora was angry. She even seemed to be in pain, stripped as she was of that sense of ease and comfort she had enjoyed while they played backgammon in her cabin, stripped of a sense of her unique usefulness, her indispensability. She went around the bow to the leeward side of the ship, to admire the waves from there. She noticed that, with her feelings unsettled, the massive, agate-colored seas, veined with white, seemed mightier. She heard footsteps on the deck and wondered was it he? Had he come at last, to apologize for talking with Mrs. Sheffield and to thank her for her generosity? She was sure of one thing: Mrs. Sheffield wouldn't take a stowaway into her cabin and give him supper. The footsteps passed, and so did some others, but the intenseness of her anticipation did not. Would he never come? Then someone stopped at her back and said, "Good morning, darling."

"Don't call me 'darling,'" she said, turning around.

"But you are 'darling' to me."

"You haven't got your hair cut."

"I lost your money on the horse races."

"Where were you last night?"

"A nice man in the bar treated me to sandwiches and drinks."

"What were you telling Mrs. Sheffield?"

"I wasn't telling her anything. She

was telling me about her orlon wardrobe, but she's asked me to have drinks with them before lunch."

"Very well, then, they can give you lunch."

"But they don't know I'm a stowaway, darling. You're the only one who knows. I wouldn't trust anyone else."

"Well, if you want some lunch," she said, "I might be in my cabin at noon."

"You'd better make it half past one or two. I don't know when I'll get away from the Sheffields," he said, and walked off.

AT half past twelve, she went down to her cabin to wait for him—for, like many of the old, she travelled with her clocks fifteen or twenty minutes fast, and was a half hour early for all her engagements, sitting empty-handed in waiting rooms and lobbies and corridors, feeling quite clearly that her time was running out. He blew in a little after two, and he refused at first to hide in the bathroom. "If you want me to go to the captain and tell him there's a stowaway aboard, I'll do it," she said. "If that's what you want, I'll do it. There's no point in having the news percolate up to him from the kitchens, and it will if the waiter sees you here." In the end, he hid in the bathroom and she ordered lunch. After lunch he stretched out on the sofa and fell asleep. She sat in a chair, watching him, tapping her foot on the carpet and drumming her nails on the arm of her

chair. He snored. He muttered in his sleep.

She saw then that he was not young. His face was lined and sallow; there was gray in his hair. She saw that his youthfulness was a ruse, an imposture calculated to appeal to some childish old fool like herself, although she was doubtless not the only dupe. Asleep, he looked aged, sinful, and cunning, and she felt that his story of the two children and the lonely Christmas had been a lie. There was no innocence in him beyond the naïveté with which he would count upon preying on the lonely. He seemed a fraud, a shabby fraud, and yet she could not inform on him; she could not even bring herself to wake him. He was like a son. Why, in these the last years of her life, should the sting of her

childlessness strike so deep? Should she have consoled herself with a moldy canary or a milky-eyed cat—some common solace of the old, to which she could have poured out her complaints? Dicky-bird, dickybird, Mummy is sad. The feeling of age and barrenness galled her, and he seemed to be the only person on the boat who could cure it. To have a son was only one of the chances of life—fools proliferated like dandelions—and yet she felt that the pain of death would have been much lighter and easier to bear if there had been some young man to whom she could have explained the possibilities of making one's life decent and admirable. He slept until four, woke, pierced all of her skepticism with one of his most youthful and engaging grins, said that he was late, and went out. The next time she saw him, it was three in the morning and he was taking her money belt out from under the carpet.

He had hit something, made some noise that waked her. She was terrified—not by him but by the possibilities of evil in the world; by the fear that her sense of reality, her saneness, was no more inviolable than the doors and windows that sheltered her. She was too angry to be afraid of him.

She had turned on the light switch nearest to the bed. This lit a single bulb in the ceiling, a feeble and sorry light that made this scene of robbery and treachery in the darkest hour and the vastness of the ocean seem like a nausea fantasy. He turned on her his sliest

grin, his look of a long-lost loving son. "I'm sorry I woke you up, darling," he said.

"You put that money back."

"Now, now, darling," he said.

"You put that money back this instant."

"Now, now, darling, don't get excited."

"That's my money," she said, "and you put it back where you found it." She pulled a wrapper over her shoulders and swung her feet onto the floor.

"Now, listen, darling," he said, "stay where you are. I don't want to hurt you."

"Oh, you don't, do you?" she said, and she picked up a brass lamp and struck him full on the skull.

His eyes rolled upward and his smile faded. He weaved to the left and the right and then fell in a heap, striking his head on the arm of a chair. She seized the money belt and then spoke to him. She shook him by the shoulders. She felt his pulse. He seemed to have none. "He's dead," she said to herself. She didn't know his last name, and since she didn't believe what he had told her about himself, she knew nothing about the man she had killed. His name wasn't on the passenger list, he had no legitimacy. Even the part he played in her life had been an imposture. If she shoved his body out the port-hole into the sea, who would ever know? But this was the wrong thing to do. The right thing was to get the doctor, whatever the consequences, and she went into the bathroom and dressed hastily. Then she stepped into the deserted corridor. The purser's and doctor's offices were locked and dark. She climbed a flight of stairs to the main deck, but the ballroom and the bar and the lounges were all empty. An old man in his pajamas stepped out of the darkness and came toward her. "I can't sleep either, sister," he said. "Gin knits up the ravelled sleeve of care. You know how old I am? I'm seven days younger than Herbert Hoover and one hundred and five days older than Winston Churchill. I don't like young people. They make too much noise. I have three grandchildren and I can stand them for ten minutes. Not a second more. My daughter married a prince. Last year I gave

them fifteen thousand. This year he must have twenty-five. It's the way he asks me for money that burns me up. 'It is very painful for me to ask you for twenty-five thousand,' he says. 'It is very painful and humiliating.' My little grandchildren can't speak English. They call me Nonno. . . . Take a load off your feet, sister. Sit down and talk with me and help to pass the time."

"I'm looking for the doctor," Honora said.

"I have an unfortunate habit of quoting Shakespeare," the old man said, "but I will spare you. I know a lot of Milton, too. Also Gray's 'Elegy' and Arnold's 'The Scholar-Gypsy.' How far away those streams and meadows seem! My conscience is uneasy. I've killed a man."

"You did?" Honora asked.

"Yes. I had a fuel-oil business in

Albany. That's my home. I did a gross business of over two million a year. Fuel oil and maintenance. One night a man called and said his burner was making a funny noise. I told him nothing could be done until morning. I could have got him a serviceman, or I could have gone there myself, but I was drinking with friends, and why should I go out on a cold night? Half an hour later, the house burned down, cause undetermined. . . . It was a man, his wife, and three little children. Five coffins in all. I often think about them."

Honora remembered then that she had left her cabin door open and that the corpse could be seen by anyone who passed. "Sit down. Sit down, sister," the old man said, but she waved him away and limped back down the stairs. Her cabin door stood open, but the corpse was gone. What had happened? Had



someone come and disposed of the body? Were they now searching the ship for her? She listened, but there was no sound of footsteps—nothing but the titanic, respiratory noise of the sea, and somewhere a door banging as the ship heeled a little. She closed and locked her door and poured herself some port. If they were going to come and get her, she wanted to be fully dressed, and anyhow she couldn't sleep.

She stayed in her cabin until noon, when her telephone rang and the purser asked if she would come to his office. He only wanted to know if she wouldn't like to have her bags shipped from Naples to Rome. Having prepared herself for an entirely different set of questions and answers, she seemed very absent-minded. But what had happened? Did she have some accomplice aboard who had pushed the stowaway's body out the porthole? Almost everyone

smiled at her, but how much did they know? Had he picked himself up off the floor of her cabin, and was he now nursing his wounds somewhere? The enormity of the ship and its thousands of doors discouraged her from trying to find him. She looked for him in the bar and the ballroom, and she investigated the broom closet at the end of her corridor. Passing an open cabin door, she thought she heard him laughing, but when she stopped, the laughter stopped, and someone shut the door. She examined the lifeboats—a traditional sanctuary, she knew, for stowaways—but all the lifeboat covers were fast. She would have felt less miserable if she had some familiar work to do, such as raking and burning leaves, and she even thought of asking the stewardess if she couldn't sweep the corridor, but she perceived the impropriety of this.

She did not see the stowaway again

until the day they were to dock in Naples. The sky and the sea were gray. The air was moist and dispiritingly humid. It was one of those timeless days, she thought, so unlike the stunning best of spring and autumn—one of those gloomy days of which the year, after all, is forged. He came swinging down the deck late in the afternoon with a woman on his arm. The woman was not young, and she had a bad complexion, but they were looking into one another's eyes like lovers and laughing. As he passed Honora, he spoke to her. "Excuse me," he said.

This final cheapness infuriated her. She went down to her cabin. Everything was packed—her book and her mending—and she had nothing to distract her. What she then did is hard to explain. She was not an absent-minded or a thoughtless woman, but she had been raised in gaslight and candlelight and had never made her peace with electrical appliances or other kinds of domestic machinery. They seemed to her mysterious and at times capricious, and because she came at them hastily and in total ignorance they often broke, backfired, or exploded in her face. She could never imagine that she was to blame, and felt instead that an obscure veil hung between her and the world of machinery. This indifference to engines, along with her impetuosity and her anger at the stowaway, may have accounted for what she then did. She looked at herself in the mirror, found her appearance lacking, took her old curling iron out of the bottom of the suitcase, and plugged it in again.

THEY drifted into the Bay of Naples without a light showing. Powerless, helpless, they floated stern foremost on the ebb tide. Two tugs came out from the port to tow them in, and a portable generator on the dock was connected to the ship's lines so that there was light enough to disembark. Honora was one of the first to go ashore. The noise of Neapolitan voices sounded to her like a wilderness, and, stepping onto the Old World, she felt in her bones the thrill of that voyage her forefathers had made how many hundreds of years ago, coming forth upon another continent to found a new nation.

—JOHN CHEEVER

WOULD THE LADY who held my watch while I changed her tire please phone WA 7-6522?—Adv. in the Washington Star.

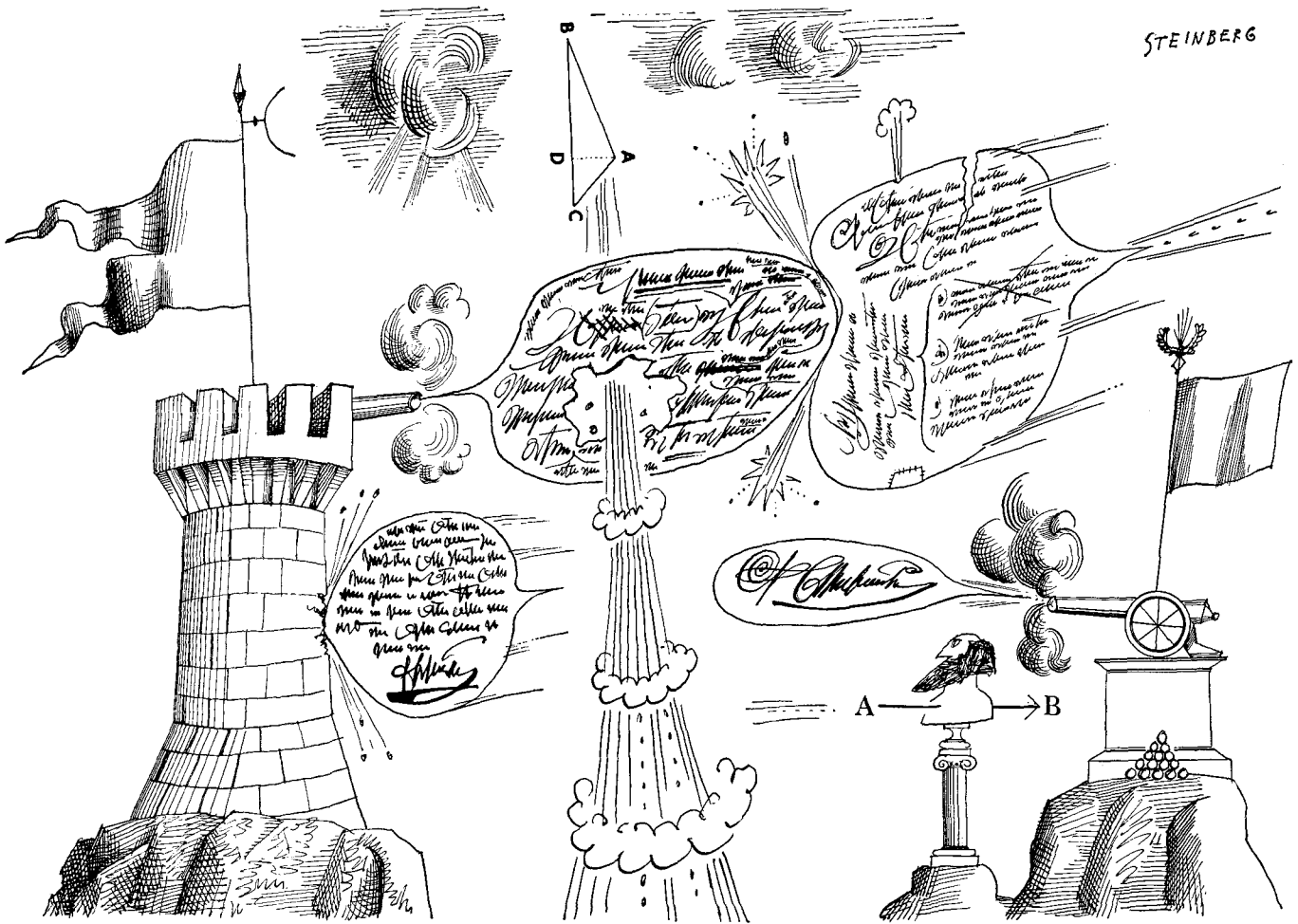
If you just want to know what time it is, it's quarter to three.



"But, Harry, I'm your wife!"

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

A BATTLE AGAINST THE BEWITCHMENT OF OUR INTELLIGENCE



I'VE spent some happy years in Oxford, and to keep in touch with England I read her newspapers. I am most at home with the *Guardian*, but I also like to look at the correspondence columns of the *Times*, where, in an exception to the *Times* tradition of anonymity, the writers are identified by name and speak directly to the reader. I relish a contest of words, and the *Times* page of letters becomes for me a street where I can stroll each morning and see the people of England—lords and commoners—shake hands, spit at each other, and set off verbal barrages. I began taking this engaging daily walk during my undergraduate years at Balliol College, Oxford, and I've kept up the habit, whether I have found myself in Paris, Damascus, New Delhi, or New York. One autumn day in 1959, as I was taking my intellectual promenade, I met Bertrand Russell, under a sign-board reading "Review Refused." "Messrs. Gollancz have recently published a book by Ernest Gellner called 'Words and Things,'" he said as he hailed me. "I read this book before it was published and considered it a careful

and accurate analysis of a certain school of philosophy, an opinion which I expressed in a preface. I now learn that Professor Ryle, the editor of *Mind*, has written to Messrs. Gollancz refusing to have this book reviewed in *Mind*, on the ground that it is abusive and cannot therefore be treated as a contribution to an academic subject. Such a partisan view of the duties of an editor is deeply shocking. The merit of a work of philosophy is always a matter of opinion, and I am not surprised that Professor Ryle disagrees with my estimate of the work, but *Mind* has hitherto, ever since its foundation, offered a forum for the discussion of all serious and competent philosophical work. Mr. Gellner's book is not 'abusive' except in the sense of not agreeing with the opinions which he discusses. If all books that do not endorse Professor Ryle's opinions are to be boycotted in the pages of *Mind*, that hitherto respected periodical will sink to the level of the mutual-admiration organ of a coterie. All who care for the repute of British philosophy will regret this."

I did care for the repute of British philosophy. It is, in a sense, a domi-

nant philosophy, with Existentialism, in the present-day world. I had gone up to Oxford with the idea of studying it—British philosophy has its home there and indeed is known generally as "Oxford philosophy," even though its detractors, taking their cue from its so-considered petty linguistic concerns, insist on calling it linguistic philosophy. However, just reading a few essays on philosophical subjects to my tutor made me realize that the linguistic inquiries then being undertaken at Oxford had little connection with what I understood by philosophy, so I immediately abandoned it and took up history instead. Now I recalled that Gellner was a Reader in Sociology at the London School of Economics, a home for angry intellectual orphans, while Gilbert Ryle was Waynflete Professor of Metaphysical Philosophy at Oxford, from which he edited the extremely influential, eighty-five-year-old philosophical journal *Mind*. The notion of an attack on Oxford thinkers interested me, and I dashed off a letter to Blackwell's, my favorite bookshop, for Gellner's book. While I waited for it to arrive, I impatiently read the subsequent

issues of the *Times*, eager to see Lord Russell's gauntlet taken up, preferably by Ryle. It was. This important spokesman of the philosophical Establishment replied four days after Russell's challenge. His communication was terse, to the point, and full of references for diligent readers: "In the book referred to by Earl Russell . . . about 100 imputations of disingenuousness are made against a number of identifiable teachers of philosophy; about half of these occur on pages 159-192 and 237-265."

The shooting had just begun. An eighty-seven-year-old philosopher (Earl Russell celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday last May), out of humor with "a certain school of philosophy," had clashed with its standard-bearer, and neither of them lacked a retinue. The day after Ryle's note appeared, the *Times* carried a third letter under the heading of the week, "Review Refused," this one written by a correspondent named Conrad Dehn. "If the imputations are justified," Dehn argued, "this could not

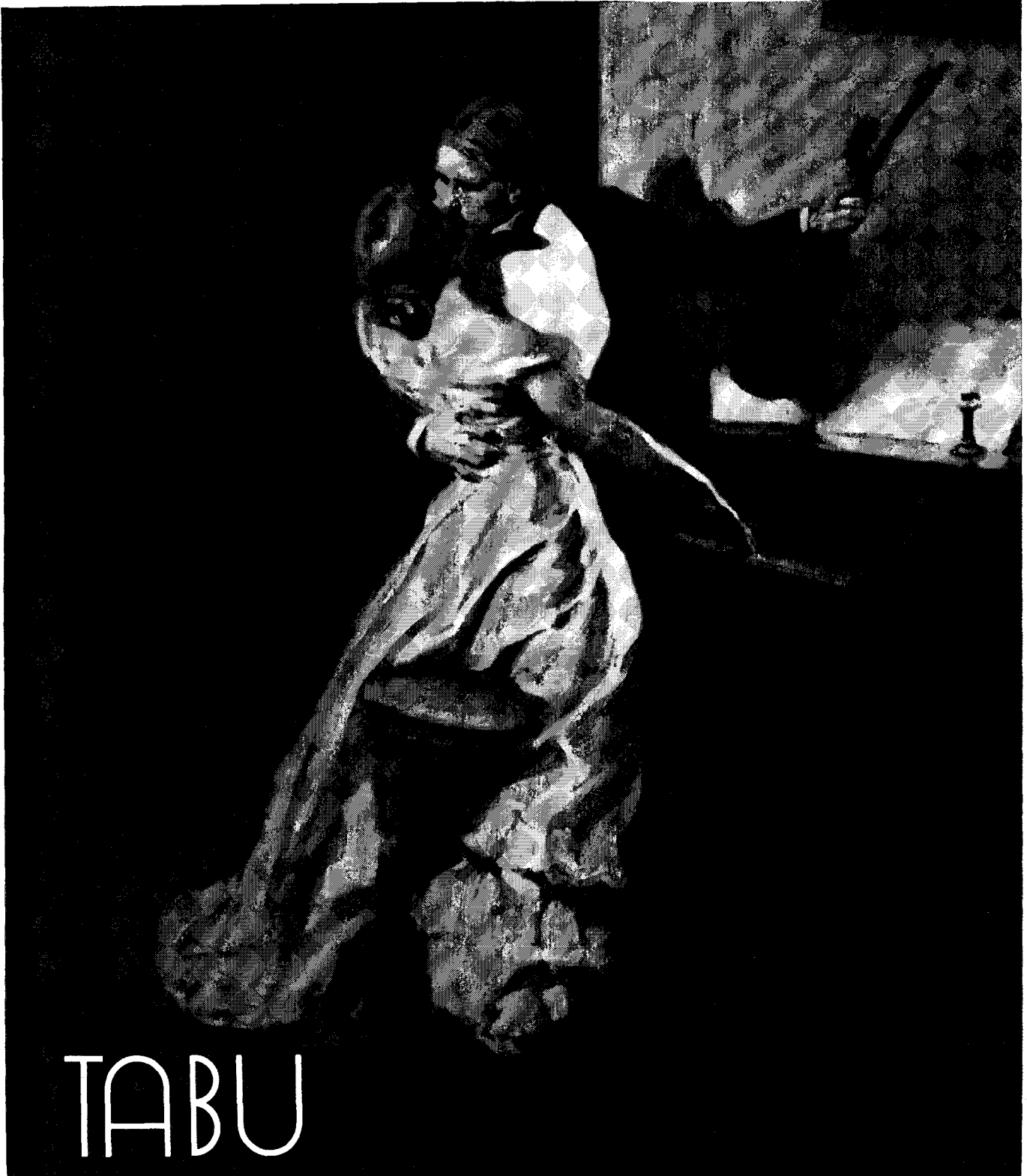
be a good ground [for Ryle's refusal to review Gellner's book], while if they are not I should have thought a review in *Mind* would provide an excellent, even a welcome, opportunity to rebut them." There was also a letter from G. R. G. Mure, the last of the English Hegelians and the Warden of Merton College, Oxford. He, too, was on the side of Russell. "In a tolerably free society," the Warden wrote, "the ban, the boycott, even the too obtrusively cold shoulder, tend to promote the circulation of good books as well as bad. One can scarcely expect that the linguistic Oxford philosophy tutors, long self-immunized to criticism, will now rush to Blackwell's, but I am confident that their pupils will." I was delighted that

Mure had taken this occasion to speak out against any philosophical establishment; while I was at the university, the undergraduates used to say of the Warden that he couldn't declare his mind, because half a century ago Russell demolished Hegel and since then no respectable philosopher had dared acknowledge himself a Hegelian openly.

On the following day, I found a letter from Gellner himself. "My book," the polemicist wrote, replying to Ryle, "does not accuse linguistic philosophers of 'disingenuousness.' . . . This word does not occur in it once, let alone one hundred times. It does attack linguistic doctrines and methods as *inherently* evasive. . . . This claim does not require (though it does not exclude) conscious dishonesty. . . . I am sorry to see Professor Ryle resorting to one further device, the exclusion of criticism as indecorous, and thus evading once again the substantive issue of the merits of linguistic philosophy." Gellner's letter left me baffled. I was still wondering whether Ryle had an excuse for not reviewing the book. My skepticism was not shared by a knighted gentleman, Sir Leslie Farrer, private solicitor to the Queen, who appeared on the same page as Gellner. Sir Leslie defended the author of "Words and Things" with a sharp tongue. "Ridicule," he



"But, gee, Jerry, what if I didn't like you rehabilitated?"



TABU

the 'forbidden' fragrance



Dana

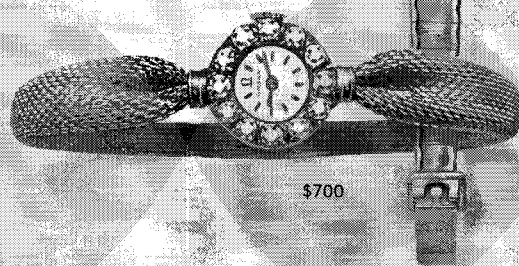
PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE • LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP



MARK OF THE
ULTIMATE
IN ACCURACY

bracelet enchantment

TIMED TO MAKE A WISH COME TRUE



When Omega accuracy is coupled with the artistry of hand-crafted 14K gold bracelets and the fire of brilliant diamonds ... the result is breathtaking. Omega is foremost in continental styling, first in 3 out of 4 observatory awards for wristwatch precision. If you've ever said "Someday I'll own an Omega" perhaps now is the time for you...or an ardent admirer...to make your wish come true. For free style brochure R illustrating watches \$65 to \$10,000, Federal tax included, write Omega, 375 Park Avenue, New York 22.

OMEGA

FOR A LIFETIME OF PROUD POSSESSION

wrote, "is one of the oldest and not the least effective weapons of philosophic warfare, but yet we find Professor Ryle ... speaking no doubt '*ex cathedra* on a matter of faith or morals,' propounding the dogma that making fun of members of the Sacred College of Linguistic Philosophers is mortal sin. True, Ryle's first description of Gellner was the word 'abusive' and his second that he 'made imputations of disingenuousness,' but those who read 'Words and Things' (and I trust they will be many) may agree with me that 'made fun of' is a more accurate description."

Sir Leslie was the sixth disputant in the Gellner controversy. In the first week of "Review Refused," the *Times* must have received many letters on the subject, but of the six that it selected, five took the Gellner-Russell side. The *Times'* five-to-one support of Gellner indicated a confidence in him that, in my opinion, was not completely justified by his letter. Despite encounters with some worldly philosophers while I was an undergraduate, I did not associate public letter-writing with philosophers; I continued to think of them as Olympian sages. Now this bout in the *Times* shattered my view of their serenity. Instead of age and quiet wisdom, they had youth and energy and anger. I pictured in my mind all the philosophers in England racing to the *Times* office with their dispatches now that Gellner's book had given them an occasion for their precious pronouncements. The day after Sir Leslie's letter, the *Times* correspondence page was silent on philosophy, but the Queen's peace was broken the next day by John Wisdom, a Cambridge professor of philosophy, and "Review Refused," already a heap of pelting words, continued to grow. Wisdom's loyalty to Ryle was unquestioning, and resembled that of a cardinal to the Pope. "I do not know whether it was right to refuse a review to Mr. Gellner's book," he asserted. "I have not read it. Lord Russell's letter ... carried the suggestion that Professor Ryle refused the book a review because it is opposed to Ryle's philosophy. That suggestion I believe to be false." Such a letter could hardly do much to advance Ryle's cause. But the next day—a Saturday—the Russell-Gellner brigade's secure position in the *Times* column was for the time being shaken by the charge of B. F. McGuinness, a Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. His philosophical fusillade, though undramatic, was extremely effective. He began impressively, "Newman had to meet the following argument: 'Dr. Newman teaches that truth is no virtue; his denials that he teaches this are not to



world's most

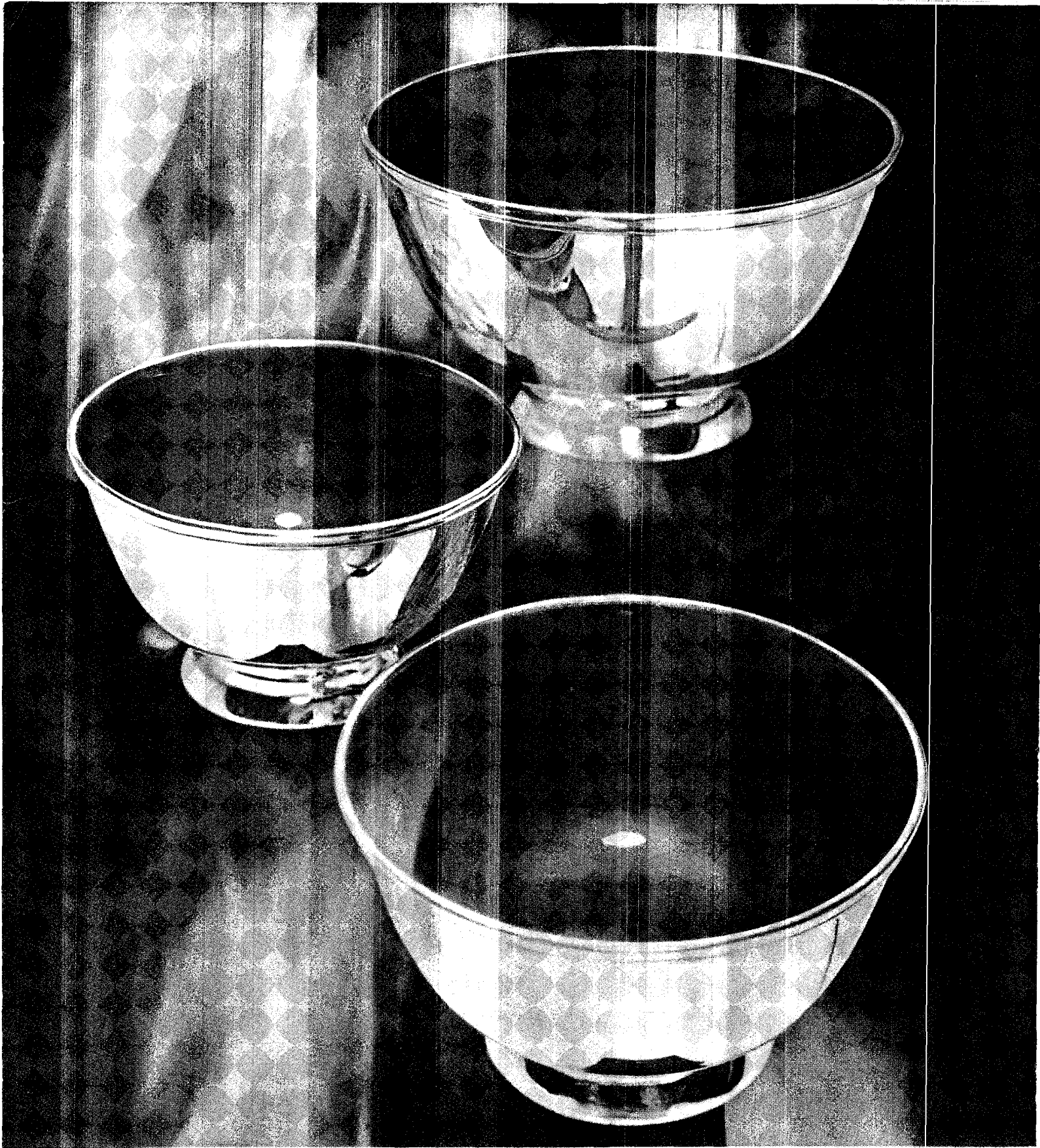
popular vermouth

CINZANO

...with the best

Tonight, try a "Cin-Cin" apéritif—½ Sweet, ½ Dry on-the-rocks

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PROD. CO., N. Y., N. Y. SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS



A new Silverfire Bowl...by Towle

From the Silverfire Collection by Towle comes the classic simplicity of a sculptured silver bowl fired with flaming color. This is the incomparable Silverfire Bowl by Towle. Here, deep, vibrant tones of costly jeweler's enamel are applied by hand to the inner surface of superbly crafted silverplate...then hand-fired to form a permanently bonded enamel finish that remains unmarred for life. Another unique masterpiece created by the proudest silversmiths in America, at Newburyport, Mass. Silverfire Bowls lined in Burgundy Red, Jade Green or Prussian Blue: 5", \$14.95; 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", \$19.95; 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", \$24.95. Fed. Tax Incl.

© TOWLE 1961

TOWLE
SILVERSMITHS

be credited, since they come from a man who teaches that truth is no virtue.' He described it as an attempt to poison the wells. A subtler form of psychological warfare has been discovered. You belabour your opponents for systematic disregard of truth and consistency, but you add later that there is no question of conscious dishonesty. Thus you can safely call them both knaves and fools. If they expostulate with your account of their views and practices, you reply: 'A typical evasion! . . . They would disown their own doctrines when criticized.' If you are charged with being abusive, your answer is: 'I have accused them of nothing but error!' In his letter . . . Mr. Gellner has even managed to use both kinds of riposte at the same time. The following are some of the phrases in his book that seem to me, in their context, tantamount to accusations of dishonesty: 'camouflage' (p. 163), 'evasion' (p. 164), 'pretence' (p. 169), 'spurious modesty' (p. 170), 'invoking rationalizations according to convenience' (p. 171), '[devices] to cow the neophyte into submission' (p. 186), '[refusal to avow an opinion because it] would ruin one's reputation,' 'insinuation' (p. 188), 'trick' (p. 189)." After this letter, I joined up with the minority—Ryle, Wisdom, and McGuinness.

The following Monday, a letter appeared from Kevin Holland, an undergraduate at Worcester College, Oxford. Holland pealed precedents of "imputations of disingenuousness," and he advanced as many facts in support of Gellner's position as McGuinness had advanced in support of Ryle's. "In the 'Philosophy of Leibniz' (1900), for example," he wrote, "Russell accused Leibniz of a kind of intellectual dishonesty. Forty-six years later, this charge was repeated in 'A History of Western Philosophy,' and Aquinas joined Leibniz in the dock. Ten years ago Professor Ryle published a book in which, 'with deliberate abusiveness,' he characterized a belief held by most ordinary people [that man has a soul in his body] as 'the dogma of the Ghost in the Machine.' In spite of their 'abusiveness,' these three books are regarded by many as philosophic classics." I put down the *Times* reconverted by the undergraduate to the Russell-Gellner position that a philosophical work could call names, heap curses on philosophers, and still deserve to be read. It might even turn out to be a classic. For me the battle was over—and the victory, as I now saw it, went to the majority. As for Ryle's indiscretion—the initial injustice—it was more than corrected by the wide discussion in the newspaper. When

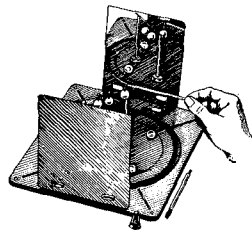
A&F

THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD



"Put on the card, 'Merry Christmas to Mom'."

A&F, of course, could recommend many gifts far more appropriate for Mom, or Dad or anyone on your list. Ask our salesmen. They're just brimming over with excellent suggestions.



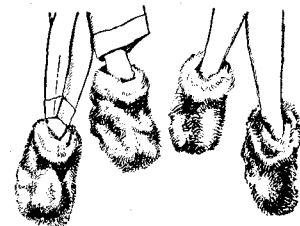
The Tantalizer. New and fascinating game of "reflected confusion". . . a tantalizing test of your manual dexterity. . . **4.95**



A&F's Suede Stretch Cap. You can't miss—one size fits all. Stretch nylon sides flap over ears. Brown or olive suede crown. . . **10.00**



Suede Cardigan Jacket. A smart collarless cardigan of superb imported suede. Rayon-lined. In curry or fruitwood. 10-18. **65.00**



Sheepskin Bootie. Ankle-deep lambskin slippers with soft leather sole. Men's: beige only. **16.00**
Women's: blue, white, beige or pink **15.00**

Order by mail or phone

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

360 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO SARASOTA PALM BEACH SAN FRANCISCO



HERBAL DETAIL OF LATE 15TH CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY, COMMEMORATING LEGEND: THE UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, THE CLOISTERS COLLECTION, GIFT OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR. THE UNICORN IS A MYTHICAL ANIMAL, SOUGHT IN LEGEND FOR HIS DISTINCTIVE HORN WHICH HELD MAGIC POWERS. ONLY A MAIDEN COULD CHARM HIM INTO CAPTIVITY. THE UNICORN HAS COME DOWN TO US IN MODERN TIMES AS A SYMBOL OF THE MAGIC OF LOVE.

Now legendary beauty is yours with Helena Rubinstein's new masterpiece THE HERBESSENCE COLLECTION

From nature's herbs, fabled storehouses of beautifying essences, Helena Rubinstein creates a new promise of dewy, natural radiance. Each HERBESSENCE™ preparation in the Collection plays an essential part in revealing the miracle of beauty...to help replace dryness with bud-like softness...to brighten, smooth...to make another of your beauty dreams come true. And each preparation is accompanied by a complete yet simple guide to the Helena Rubinstein Salon method of application. Your most beautiful years are ahead with her new HERBESSENCE COLLECTION. Highlighted are just three from the Collection:

HERBESSENCE SKIN LIFE® CREAM is a unique combination of rare herbals and other ingredients—with our exclusive bio-natural extracts imported from France—and blended in the United States. Helps smooth and soften while you sleep. 10.00, 17.50. **HERBESSENCE SKIN LIFE EMULSION.** Another remarkable blend of rare herbals and other ingredients. This rich moisturizer is instantly absorbed to help beautify all day and to form a perfect foundation for make-up. 10.00, 17.50. **HERBESSENCE CREAM CLEANSER** gives skin a finer-textured look as it frees it of dust, make-up! 2.50, 4.00.



Helena Rubinstein®

© 1961, HELENA RUBINSTEIN, INC.
PRICES PLUS TAX. 29161

the book arrived from Blackwell's, I would read it and make up my own mind about its worth.

After a few days, when I looked at the *Times* again, there was a ponderous epistle, in dignified diction, from a Queen's Counsel, Sir Thomas Creed: "Socrates knew that a true philosophy thrives on blunt criticism and accusations. No one, however inept, who sat at the feet of the robust Oxford philosophers of 40 years ago was ever allowed to forget the scene when Socrates, taunted by an exasperated Thrasymachus with being 'a thorough quibbler,' with 'asking questions merely for the sake of malice,' with 'needing a nurse to stop his drivelling,' implored his accuser to abandon his proposed departure from the discussion so that a problem might be further examined between them. So far from refusing review Socrates forced further discussion on the recalcitrant Thrasymachus. . . . Is Socrates forgotten in modern Oxford? Is Plato's 'Republic' no longer read? Many will hope that a purchase of Mr. Gellner's book will enable undergraduates to ask those awkward questions and make those accusations and insinuations of 'evasion,' 'camouflage,' 'pretence,' 'bamboozling,' 'trick,' which caused Oxford philosophy tutors of an earlier generation such unfeigned delight, a delight only exceeded by the relish with which they exploded the arguments of their accusers."

Next day, J. W. N. Watkins was in the paper. I knew something about him from the gossip of the undergraduates in my day, and pegged him immediately as Gellner's man Friday. I had thought it was about time for someone to play the peacemaker, and Watkins' letter was a white flag: "Let all parties concede that 'Words and Things' is often impolite. But having conceded this, let us remember that etiquette is not the most important thing in philosophy. The best way for linguistic philosophers to repel Mr. Gellner's attack is to overcome their squeamishness about its indecorousness and get down to the rebuttal of its arguments." A few days later, Alec Kassman, editor of the journal published by the august Aristotelian Society, faced up to some questions that had been bothering me. His analysis proceeded in the measured rhetoric of an intellectual editorial: "The essential issue is not whether or not Mr. Gellner's book is meritorious; nor whether or not it is abusive; nor whether or not, if abusive, it is therefore unfit for review: it is a fundamental one of professional ethics and its gravamen is contained in one protasis in Earl Russell's



may we tell you where to get off?

LAN-CHILE Airlines is not being presumptuous. We only want to pass on to you the benefits of our experience, as **The Airline That Knows South America Best.**

With our current recommendation, you can exchange wintry blasts up North for balmy breezes down South, in Chile's picturesque lake country. Seasons are reversed you know.

HERE IS A POPULAR "WINTER-INTO-SUMMER" TOUR:
Go south to Pucon on Lake Villarrica. The trout fishing's great. No luck needed, just a rod and a reel. • It's only a short hop to Antumalal, a luxurious, restful resort. • Next stop: Osorno, famed for its perfectly shaped volcano. • Puerto Varas is for water sports among magnificent mountain grandeur. • Bariloche evokes wistful memories of quaint Swiss villages. Se habla español aquí.

Some people tell us where to get off. For them, we arrange individual itineraries to fit their needs. For anyone who'd like to be told where to get off in wondrous South America, we can suggest tours galore.

YOUR TRAVEL AGENT HAS FULL DETAILS

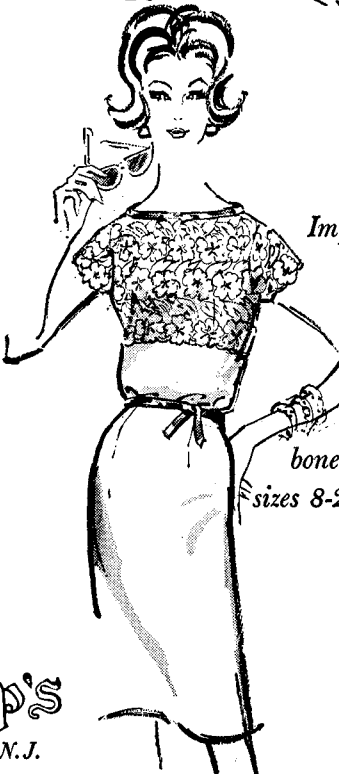
**THE AIRLINE THAT KNOWS
SOUTH AMERICA BEST**

LAN-CHILE

NOW IN ITS 33RD YEAR



NEW YORK: 500 Fifth Ave., CH 4-2644 • CHICAGO: 18 S. Michigan Ave., 332-7123
MIAMI: 10 Biscayne Blvd., FR 7-4763 • LOS ANGELES: 510 W. 6th St., MA 7-4293
Other Offices in **HOUSTON** and **DENVER**



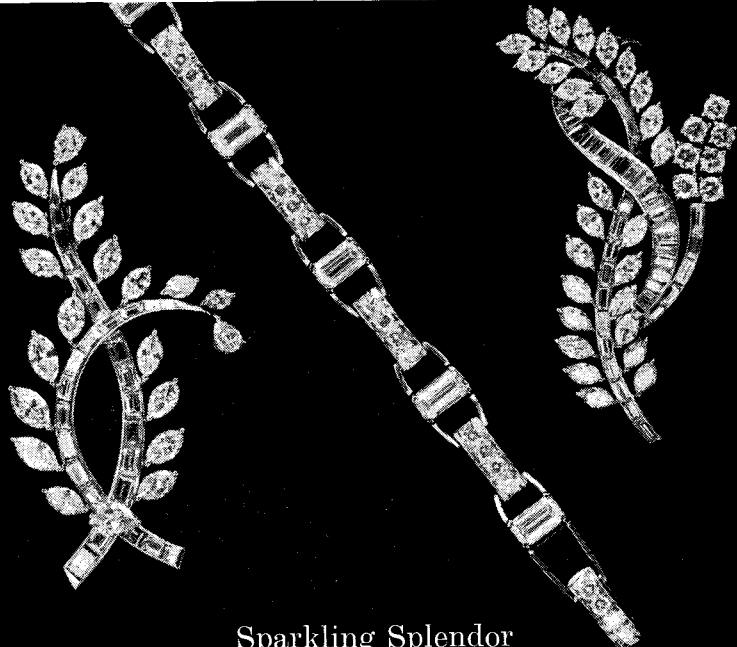
*Imported Irish linen dress
by Rembrandt.
Delicately
embroidered bodice
satin piping and belt,
white with blue or pink
bone with beige
sizes 8-20 55.00*

Doop's
East Orange, N.J.

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio

letter: 'If all books that do not endorse Professor Ryle's opinion are to be boycotted in the pages of *Mind*,' etc. The charge, therefore, is one of dishonorable conduct in that Professor Ryle abuses his editorial powers so as to suppress criticism of his own views. Clearly, the allegation in general terms is rhetorical: it is more than sufficient if a single case be substantiated. The reply is a direct traverse—that the review was declined on the ground that the book was found abusive. Earl Russell flatly denies this: 'It is not "abusive" except in the sense of not agreeing with the opinions which he discusses' (... Professor Ryle's among others). He offers no opinion on the instances indicated by the editor. The moral case has not progressed beyond this stage save that many ... evidently wishing to support Earl Russell, depart from him upon this critical point. They (for example, Sir Thomas Creed ...) seem mostly to claim that the book may well be abusive and no less fit for review on that account. It is quite possible that the editor's claim that an abusive book does not deserve a review in *Mind* is ill-founded or injudicious. That, however, is a side issue, if in fact the view is one which he genuinely held and acted on. The accusation is not that he is unduly sensitive, or unwise, but that he is biased against any critic as such, to the consequent detriment of his journal. ... He publicly rebutted the specific charge in some detail, and Earl Russell has not replied. It is about time that he did; the pages of *Mind* are available to illustrate editorial policy. The allegation is a disagreeable one, and as serious as could be made against a philosopher in Professor Ryle's position. If Earl Russell can sustain it, he should show this. If he cannot, he should say so, that the reputation of both editor and journal may be cleared. That is the heart of the matter."

Even though Mr. Kassman argued from a position opposed to mine—I was still sticking to the side of Russell-Gellner—I had to admit that he had succeeded in making the best possible defense for Ryle. I made up my mind not to look at any more letters from the philosophical combatants, but I could not help glancing at the succeeding issues of the *Times* just in case Russell should answer Mr. Kassman. Nineteen days after Russell had attacked the philosophical Establishment, he was back in print with a reply. "There are two different points at issue," Russell remarked, closing the controversy. "First, is anything in Mr. Gellner's book 'abusive'? Secondly, should a book containing anything abusive be, on that account



Sparkling Splendor

The serenity of diamonds in platinum... a clip of two curving leafy strands, \$5,500... a bracelet of emerald-cut and round diamonds, \$4,400... a leaf clip threaded with a ribbon of baguettes, \$4,400.

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

Shown actual size
Fed. tax incl.

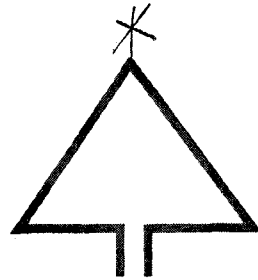
FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. • PLaza 3-0111
340 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

this

CHRISTMAS

give her what she wants

EMBA* MINK



Sometimes she would like to get away from it all (with you) say to a castle-in-the-air, well-staffed, or off on an endless cruise in the sun? Dream stuff. But doesn't she have one dream that could come true here and now? Sure. Mink. EMBA* mink, the mink for moderns.

Now chances are you want no part of any castle bit and would not care to follow the sun forever. EMBA mink, however, is something else again. It makes sense. It is always in fashion. It has lots of stamina, wears well. You can't beat it for beauty and prestige. It tells the world and, rather more important, it tells *her*, you think the world of her and are ready to prove it by giving her what she wants most.

All EMBA mink is American mutation mink. Any mutation is a spontaneous deviation from the ordinary; in mink, a color variation from the usual browns. Through scientific crossbreeding and cultivation of such variations the EMBA ranchers—cream of American fur breeders—have now stabilized twelve natural color-groups, each with its own secondary trademark—"Autumn Haze*", "Lutetia*", "Cerulean*"...

Which style for her new EMBA mink? Depends on her social life, her size, her environment, and how much folding money may be earmarked for this grand gift. As mink is not an assembly-line product, there are degrees of excellence, reflected in the prices, which also

depend upon the number of skins used and the amount of expert workmanship required.

Least costly, and likely to be put on most often, is that shapely classic, the stole, ready to top anything from tweeds to satins, to wear in all four seasons. As versatile, and newer, the curvy cape-collar. Most loved, too, is the mink jacket in its many variations, a treasure to slip cosily over any slender fashion. But if she is under average height the long lines of certain stoles or, best of all, a coat, are preferable.

The coat that comes to her heels, and the long cape—especially in the absolute white of EMBA "Jasmine*"—are the Big-Evening ultimates, these for ladies whose after-dark lives glitter with great occasions. For less spectacular social life nothing rivals the beauty, usefulness and impressiveness of an EMBA mink coat that reaches about to the hem of daytime dresses and short evening dresses. It goes, with aplomb, to the stadium, to the theatre, to scores of engagements, formal and informal, of a winter's day or evening. You can be pretty sure it is a coat she has in her mind's eye when she says "Oh wouldn't I love to wear EMBA mink!"

Whether *you* decide which style and which natural EMBA color would be most becoming, or take her to a good furrier to let her choose for herself, you can make it The Best Christmas Ever by buying her EMBA mink.

*Trade-mark Emba Mink Breeders Association, Racine, Wis.

ACES BACK TO BACK LEICA LEICINA

**the classic 35mm camera
that stops life in motion**

...the ultimate in mechanical and optical excellence; the world's most wanted camera.

**all-new 8mm movie camera
that brings motion to life**

...traditional Leica quality, and it's fully electromatic; you just point and shoot.

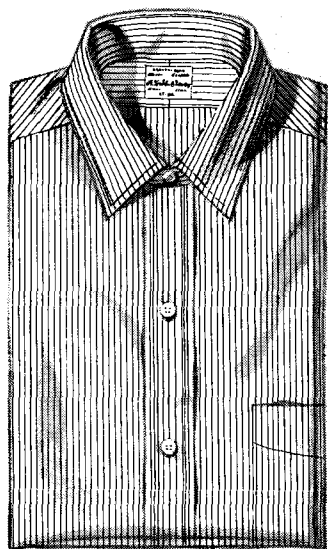
See...Try...Both at your Franchised Leica Dealer



E. LEITZ, INC., 468 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
Distributors of the world-famous products of
Ernst Leitz G.m.b.H., Wetzlar, Germany—Ernst Leitz Canada Ltd.
LEICA AND LEICINA CAMERAS • LENSES • PROJECTORS • MICROSCOPES



42161



Sulka ties deserve a Sulka shirt.

The perfect day shirt for business wear. It adds variety to any man's wardrobe. Single needle tailored by Sulka in our own striped English poplin. Stripes of blue, tan or grey. French cuffs, in collar sizes 14½ to 17. Sleeve lengths 32 to 35. \$15.50.

Sample selection and catalogue sent on request.

A. SULK & COMPANY, 405 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK
6 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
305 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH
278 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO • LONDON • PARIS

alone, refused a review in *Mind*? As to the first point, 'abusive' is not a very precise word. . . . I cannot . . . 'reply' . . . since Professor Ryle has not given a single instance of a single sentence which he considers abusive. It is up to Professor Ryle to quote at least one passage which he considers abusive. This, so far as I know, he has not yet done. As to the second and much more important point, I do not think that a serious piece of philosophical work should be refused a review even if it does contain passages which everybody would admit to be abusive. Take, for example, Nietzsche's 'Beyond Good and Evil.' In this book he speaks of 'that blockhead John Stuart Mill,' and after saying 'I abhor the man's vulgarity,' attributes to him the invention of the Golden Rule, saying: 'Such principles would fain establish the whole of human traffic upon mutual services, so that every action would appear to be a cash payment for something done to us. The hypothesis here is ignoble to the last degree.' I do not accept these opinions of Nietzsche's, but I think a philosophical editor would have been misguided if, on account of them, he had refused a review to 'Beyond Good and Evil,' since this was undoubtedly a serious piece of philosophical work. I note that neither Professor Ryle nor anyone else has denied that the same is true of Mr. Gellner's book." Firmly turning his back on the philosophical Establishment, Russell stumped resolutely away, carrying most of the medals.

Through the fight over "Words and Things," I acquired a renewed and rather persistent interest in Oxford philosophy. Several English publications ran editorials about the conclusion of hostilities, and I read them eagerly, but they did not tell me very much about the philosophers working in England. The *Times* wrote its typical on-the-one-hand, on-the-other-hand leader. It said, on the one hand, that Gellner's book "caricatures its prey," and that his "barbs are not of the carefully polished kind." It said, on the other hand, that the caricatured philosophers "stick closely to their lasts" with "enviable academic patronage," and regard "philosophical problems as a sort of cerebral neurosis which it is their job to alleviate." The leader in the *Economist* was no more enlightening about the nature of this cerebral neurosis. "Why are modern philosophers hated—if they are?" it asked. "Hardly any of them, despite their other diversity, would claim that, as philosophers, they can tell us what to do. When other direction posts are falling down, philosophers are assumed to be the people who ought to

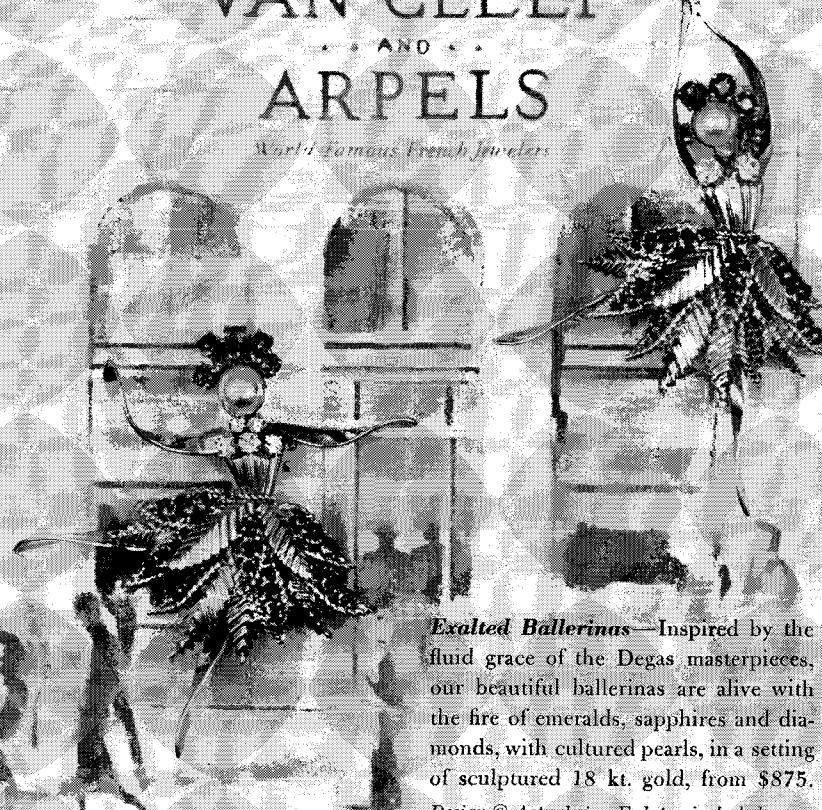
PIANO BY BALDWIN

at the request of Benno Moiseiwitsch



PERFECTION is the lifelong pursuit of all true artists. They demand much of themselves, much of the instruments they play. It is significant that so many concert artists find only the Baldwin equal to their insistence upon excellence—an excellence that makes the Baldwin worthy also of an honored place in your home. Write for brochure showing Baldwin Grand Pianos in full color. The Baldwin Piano Company, Section 7, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

VAN CLEEF
AND
ARPELS
World Famous French Jewelers



Exalted Ballerinas—Inspired by the fluid grace of the Degas masterpieces, our beautiful ballerinas are alive with the fire of emeralds, sapphires and diamonds, with cultured pearls, in a setting of sculptured 18 kt. gold, from \$875.
Design © Actual size. Fed. tax included.

744 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. • Palm Beach • Paris • London • Monte Carlo • Cannes • Deauville • Geneva

be giving us directions about life. But if they cannot, they cannot." The tone of these two comments was fairly representative of the editorial voice of Britain's intellectual press.

Gellner's book, when it finally arrived, was equally unsatisfactory. It was passionate, polemical, and disjointed, and grouped disparate thinkers indiscriminately—this much was apparent even to a novice like me. The editorials had bewildered me by their opaqueness; Gellner bewildered me by his flood of glaring light, which prevented me from seeing through to the philosophers. At the time of the turbulent correspondence, I was living in America, but I decided that on my next visit to England I would seek out some of the philosophers and talk to them about their activities.

SOME months ago, I found myself in London. I wrote to three or four philosophers for appointments and started my researches into contemporary philosophy by approaching an old Oxford friend of mine, even though he is by no means the most unprejudiced person about. As an undergraduate, he read Classics and Greats, the English-speaking world's most thorough study of classical literature, language, history, and philosophy, and—Greats' concession to our age—modern philosophy. All the time he was working at philosophy, he hated it, but he did it as a job, and because he was naturally brilliant, after his Schools (the final degree examination) he was courted to be a professional philosopher at Oxford; he remained true to his temperament, however, and turned down the offer, deciding to sit it out in London until he spotted a good opening in Oxford classics. In the meantime, he has amused himself by composing Greek and Latin verses and prose, and turning the poetry of Hopkins, Pound, Eliot, and Auden into lyrics in the style of the Greek Anthology or of Vergil, Horace, or Petronius. Having been trained in Latin and Greek since the age of six, he reads the literature of these languages almost faster than that of his own country. This classical, or language, education is characteristic of almost all the contemporary English philosophers. Aside from his Victorian training, the most typically philosophical thing about my friend is that he constantly smokes a pipe—a habit that has long been the *sine qua non* of English philosophers. Over some mulled claret late one evening in his Chelsea basement flat, he surveyed the subject of philosophy from the tremulous heights where it had led him,

BACCARAT CRYSTAL ... the crystal of kings ... since 1764



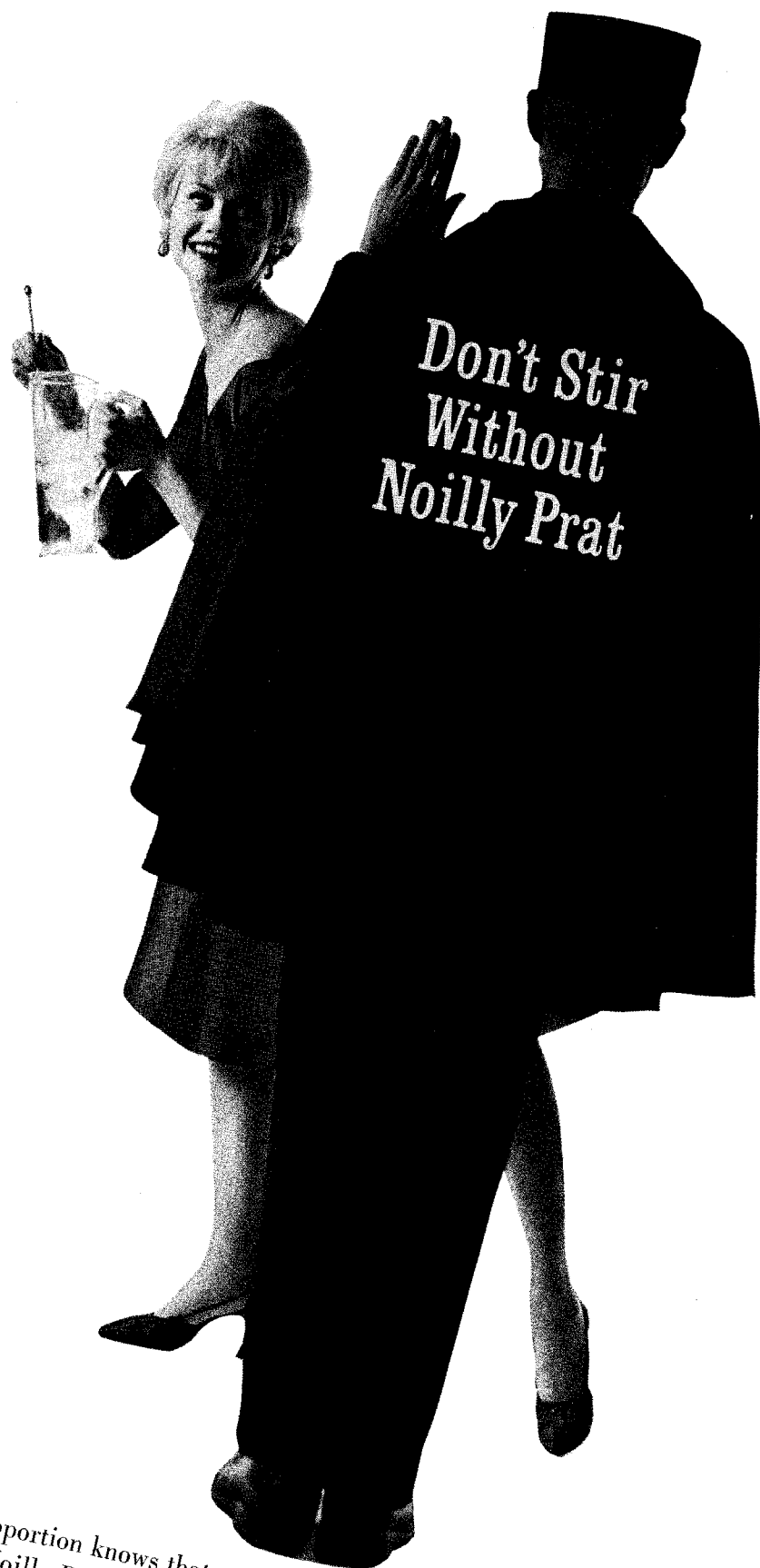
Elegant BACCARAT gifts: the ice bucket with gilded handle and tongs, 6" high, 6" diam. \$95; the clear cigarette box, 4-1/8" by 5-1/8", \$28; the starred and bevelled ashtray, 6" by 3-3/4", \$29. Special import: the Porcelaine de Paris, hand-painted Chinese bowl, 9" diam. \$37.50, 9-3/4" diam. \$52, 11-1/8" diam. \$65.

Send 25¢ to Dept. N80 for Gift and Stemware brochure and/or \$1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

BACCARAT
55 East 57 St., N. Y. C.

BACCARAT ... for gifts ... imported from France

BACCARAT ... at most fine stores

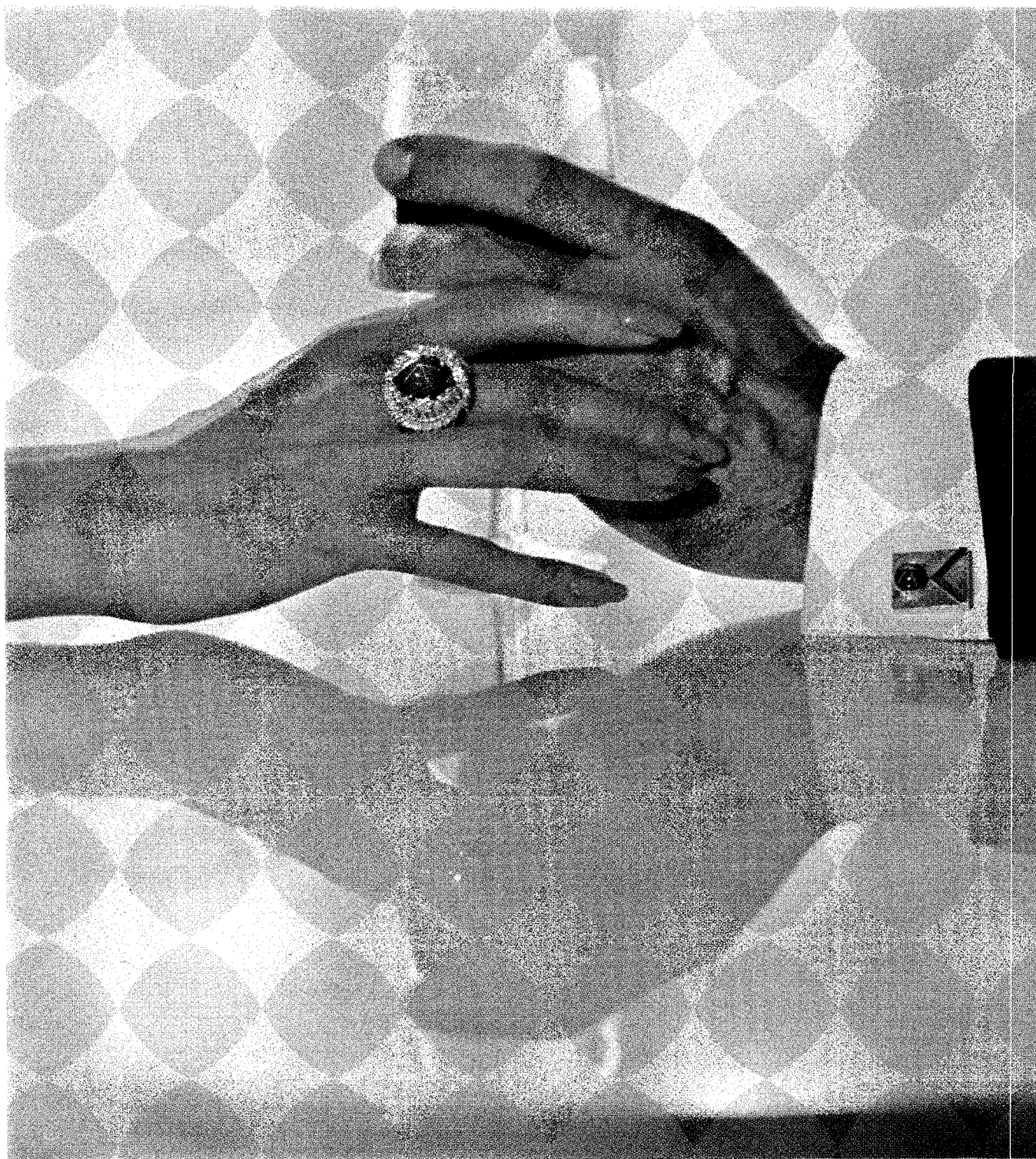


The man with a sense of proportion knows that a Dry Martini is not a hooker of gin or vodka!
He uses enough Extra Dry Noilly Prat to make its *civilizing* presence felt. Pale, but not pallid,
this imported French Vermouth makes your cocktails come alive. Never stir without it!

NOILLY PRAT EXTRA DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH

TRY IT SOLO, TOO: ON-THE-ROCKS, WITH A TWIST OF LEMON PEEL • BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

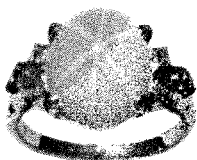




Ring by Raymond Abrahams, \$6,300 F. T. I. Cuff links by Joseph Kirsch, \$225 F. T. I.

Timeless as a 'Linde' Star

A man...a woman...the gift that is as timeless as love itself...the splendour of your 'Linde' Star. Within its depths shimmers the secret that has fascinated all the ages of mankind...the breath-



6½ karat 'Linde' White Star in 14K white gold mounting with 6 side diamonds, \$150.

taking beauty of a mysterious six-rayed star. Set in white or yellow karat gold, Stars are priced from a discreet \$85. Let the subtle charm of a 'Linde' Star cast its magic spell over you...both of you!

'Linde Stars' are available at these & other fine jewelers throughout the U. S.: Stedman's, Santa Ana, Calif.; Dodson's, Spokane, Wash.; Hamilton Jewelers, Trenton, N. J.; Jacob's Jewelers, South Bend, Ind.; Rosenzweig, Phoenix, Ariz.; Long's, Boston, Mass. 'Linde' is a registered trade mark of 

and he talked to me about it too frankly and unprofessionally to wish to be identified, so I'll call him John.

During their four years as undergraduates, the Greats men sit for altogether twenty-four three-hour papers, and John said he imagined that one-third of his time had been spent doing philosophy and preparing for examinations in logic and moral and classical philosophy. "The examination in classical philosophy was straightforward, since it meant, for the most part, reading the works of Plato and Aristotle," he explained. "For logic and moral philosophy we were supposed to do a certain amount of philosophical history, but in fact we did extremely little; we started by doing a tutorial on Descartes and followed it up by writing essays on Locke and Berkeley, and I believe we were meant to do a couple on Hume. But these historical people are just for exercise; they need not be brought into the exam. I never once mentioned them, and the examiners are really rather bored to have you do so, I think." John said that Greats men mostly read contemporary philosophers, because the philosophers at Oxford are concerned only with their own puzzles. They are not very much occupied with problems that interested earlier philosophers, even as little as forty years ago. John actually went into philosophical training when, after dabbling a little in the history of different schools, he read Ludwig Wittgenstein's "Philosophical Investigations" and two books of A. J. Ayer's—"Language, Truth and Logic" and "The Problem of Knowledge," both of which he had to work through several times, once making notes all the way. He was then turned loose on P. F. Strawson's "Introduction to Logical Theory" and "Individuals: An Essay in Descriptive Metaphysics." He read only the first half of "Individuals" and then skimmed the rest, because he couldn't make much sense of it. After Strawson, to John's great relief, came easier volumes, on ethics, by Richard Hare and P. H. Nowell-Smith. But the bulk, and the most important part, of his study was articles in issues of *Mind* and the *Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society*—the richest repositories of Oxford philosophy.

Since the main purpose of the Greats course is not to produce Professor I. Q. but to develop minds, John insisted that his handling of the Schools questions was more important than the list of books and articles he had read. Alas, once the results were published, as custom enjoined, all the Schools papers were burned, and John could reconstruct his

Madame Rochas

The New Parfum from France

PHOTO MOISDON

Parfums **MARCEL ROCHAS** \$5 to \$100, plus tax. At Finest Stores



Swimsuits à la carte:
waisted high or low
by Pembroke Squires
for Cabana
in Dacron* polyester
and cotton ottoman.

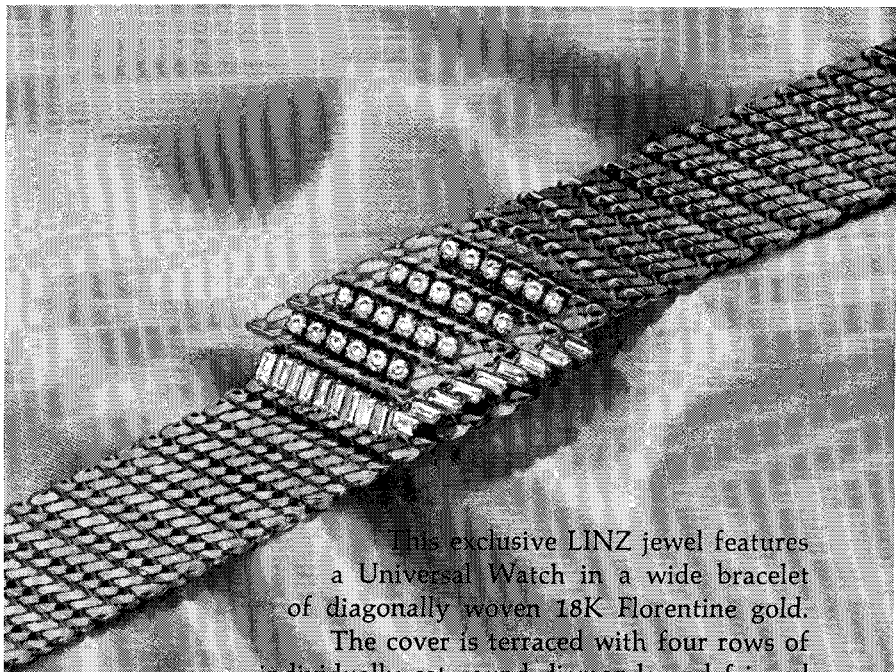
*DU PONT T.M.

Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
A Division of Burlington Industries

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.

brilliant answers only from memory. He considered his logic paper to be the paradigm, both because logic is the centerpiece of Oxford philosophy and because the principles of logic can be applied to other branches of the subject. Examiners therefore tend to read the logic paper with more care than any other. "Um," he began, recalling his paradigm, "there was a question I didn't do: 'Is my hearing a noise in my head as mechanical as the passing of a noise through a telephone?'" The suggestion here is: Can our senses be explained away in mechanical terms? One that I did attempt but abandoned was 'Who is Socrates?'—the figure that people greeted when they saw it coming with the words 'Hello, Socrates,' or the person who was Socrates? You clearly can't answer, 'This is the body that went around with Socrates.' It's also not very nice to say, 'This is the body that went around as Socrates,' because it sounds as if it went around disguised as Socrates. Since I couldn't make up my mind about this, I couldn't write about it. But a stock old war horse of a question that I did complete was 'If I know that Y is the case, is it possible for me not to know that I know it?' And what I said about it must have been on these lines: To know that a thing is the case is not—this is very straightforward stuff—to have my mind in a certain position. If I know, for instance, that ice melts when the sun shines, this means that when the sun shines I don't go skating. In that case, it's perfectly possible that I don't consciously know that ice melts when the sun shines. But the question now arises of whether I know it unconsciously, and the answer is that it's possible never to have considered this. But to analyze it still further: Once you do ask yourself whether you know it unconsciously, can you give yourself the wrong answer? And I think the answer to this is—Now, I wonder what I said. Um. Well. Yes. The answer is that you sometimes say, 'I don't know whether I know it unconsciously; I don't know whether I really know it or whether I'm just guessing.' So far so good. But can you now go on to say, 'I thought I didn't know that ice melts when the sun shines, but then later on I found out I did?' My conclusion was that you could feel certain you didn't know it, and then when you *came* to it you found out you did. Take this example: Suppose they said 'Do you know how to tie such and such a knot?' and you said 'No.' And then when you were drowning they threw you a line and said 'Tie that knot on your life belt,' and you succeeded in tying it. When you

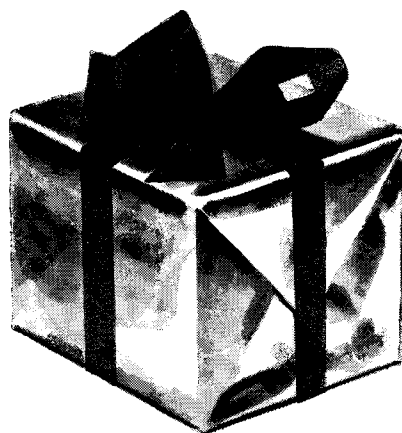


This exclusive LINZ jewel features a Universal Watch in a wide bracelet of diagonally woven 18K Florentine gold. The cover is terraced with four rows of individually set round diamonds and fringed on two sides with brilliant diamond baguettes.

4250.00.

Price includes federal tax.

JEWELERS TO THE WORLD
Linz
DALLAS



\$1,000,000 MAKES A NICE GIFT

... especially if it is given to people who would eventually get it anyway—the family, for example.

Estate taxes can be reduced—or even eliminated entirely... yearly income taxes decreased... with only a lower gift tax to be paid. Result: the gift brings both satisfaction and savings.

Whether the gift is \$1,000,000 or \$100,000 the same benefits can apply. Gifts can qualify for the marital deduction... a lifetime exemption... charitable deductions.

When gifts are placed in trust, sound management for the funds can be provided until such time as the beneficiaries assume direct ownership.

Manufacturers Hanover Trust suggests that it may pay many estate owners to *get the facts* about gifts in trust from the family lawyer. One of our trust officers will be glad to assist.

Saving money by giving some away may sound unrealistic, but it can be a sensible idea.

Manufacturers Hanover Trust has an interesting folder which shows the effect of estate and gift taxes in estates of various sizes. For your copy, write our Personal Trust Division, 350 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. or phone 350-4457.



MANUFACTURERS HANOVER TRUST

NEW YORK

COUNTRY & CASUAL

Exclusive



Improve Your Swing and your fashion standing in our golfing separates by Haymaker—all in “pro” form and very feminine colors like melon, lime, yellow, blue or white. Roll-sleeve shirt of dacron - polyester - and - cotton, \$6.50. Golfing shorts of arnel-tri-acetate flannel, \$12. Both, sizes 8 to 18. Cable-stitch cardigan of orlon-acrylic, sizes 34 to 40, \$14. Stretch golf socks of orlon-acrylic fit all sizes, \$2. And they're all washable!

On mail or 'phone orders, add 35¢ beyond delivery area. No C.O.D.'s.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
Third Floor
**BERGDORF
GOODMAN**
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

were saved, they would say, ‘Well, you did know how to tie it after all, didn’t you?’ And you could say either ‘Yes, I did know all the time, but I was certain that I didn’t before I started drowning’ or ‘I just found out how to do it—it came to me when you threw me the line.’”

By now, John was so lost in philosophy that I couldn’t have stopped him if I had wished to. He was puffing away madly at his pipe, and, without pausing, he went on to the next question on his logic paper. “My favorite in the paper, however, was the answer to another question: ‘Could there be nothing between two stars?’ All these Schools questions look very simple till you start thinking about them. What I said about this one was ‘There are two senses in which there can be nothing between two stars’—which is always a good way of going at such questions. On the one hand, if there is strictly not anything between two things, then they are together, and if two stars are adjacent, then, clearly, they aren’t exactly two stars—they’re perhaps a twin star. On the other hand—and this was my second point—if I were to say to you, ‘There’s absolutely nothing between Oxford and Birmingham,’ meaning ‘There aren’t any restaurants on the road,’ or something of that sort, in this sense there isn’t anything between two stars. A distinction thus emerges between nothing and *a* nothing, because when you answer the question ‘What is there between two stars?’ by saying ‘There isn’t anything between them,’ you tend to think there is a nothing, a great lump of nothing, and there it is, holding the stars apart. This, actually, when you think about it, is nonsense, because you can’t have ‘a nothing,’ which naturally led me to discuss the difference between space and *a* space. If you can’t say that there’s nothing between two stars, neither can you give much account of what there is between them. You tend to say there’s a great expanse of Space, with a capital ‘S,’ and this is not very satisfactory, because the way you use the ordinary word ‘space’ is to say there is *a* space between my table and my door, and that means you can measure it, and presumably there is a distance between table and door that can be measured. Whereas if you say there is a great lump of Space, that’s like saying a great lump of nothing or of time, which, of course, is misleading. My conclusion was that in the loose sense, in which there is nothing between Oxford and Birmingham, there could

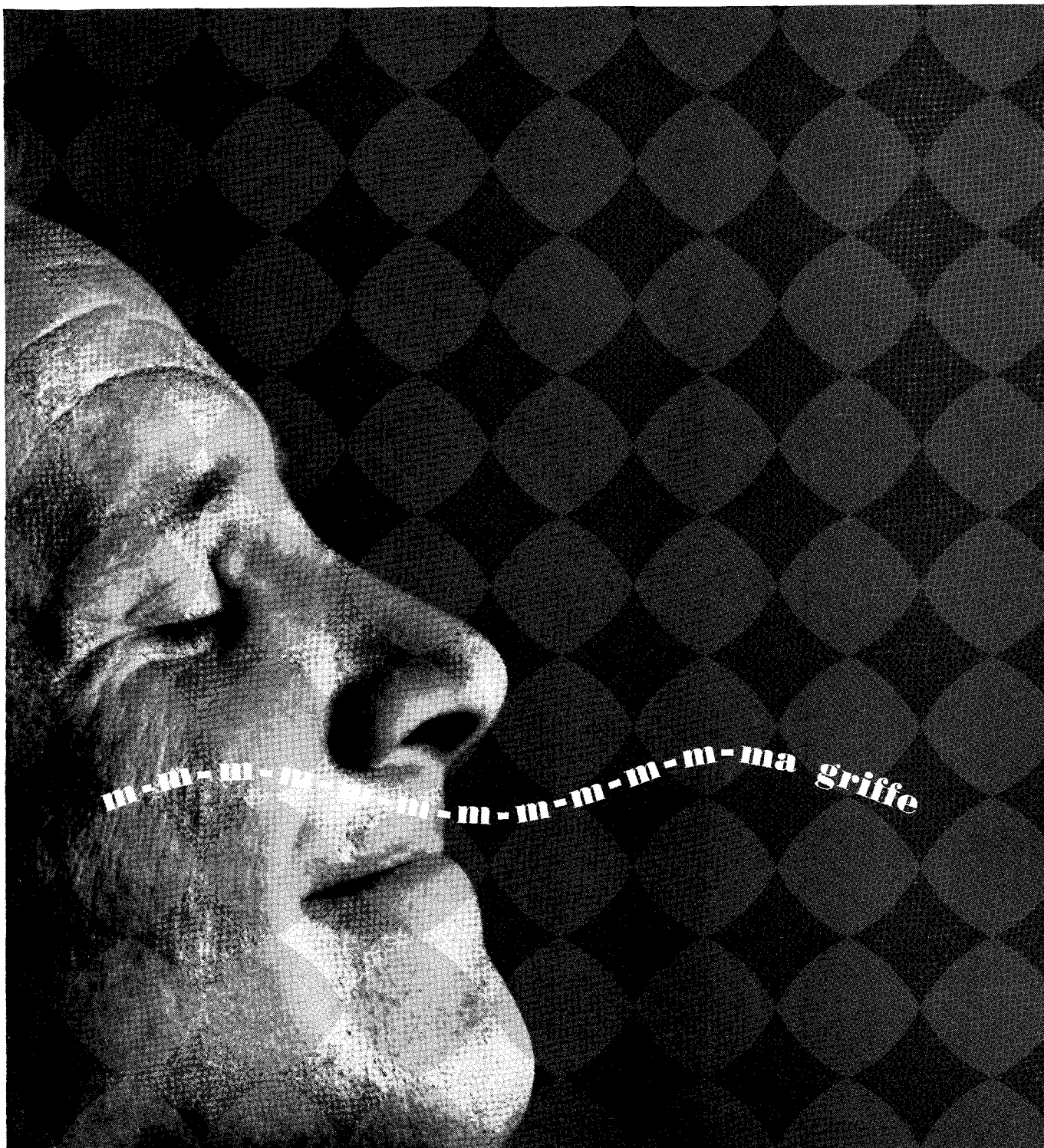
be nothing between two stars; that is, nothing you could give a name to, or nothing you thought it worth giving a name to, or nothing of the sort that interests you. But in the strict sense there can’t be nothing between two stars, because if there were nothing between two stars, the stars would be on top of each other. How tedious, I agree, but I was just giving you this as an example of what Greats people actually do.”

We poured some claret, and drank a toast to John’s success with Schools and, upon his insistence, to his wisdom in putting the whole subject behind him. He reluctantly drank also to my researches into Oxford philosophy. From his paradigm answer I had received the distinct impression that



Oxford philosophy was simplified, if accurate, mental gymnastics, or, at best, intellectual pyrotechnics. But I wasn’t sure I had grasped the essence, so I pressed him for his own view, and for a definition.

He twitched nervously, offered me some more claret, went into a sort of trance, and said puzzling things like “Philosophy at Oxford is not one thing but many things” and “Some of the philosophers there are in one sense doing the same thing and yet in another sense doing quite different things.” And how the things they did were the same and yet different could emerge only by talking about the philosophers individually, and even then I was likely to get them confused. And although he didn’t say it, he implied that the best thing for me to do would be to read Greats (of which, of course, modern philosophy is just a part) and, if possible, get acquainted with the philosophers themselves, as “people.” He suggested meeting Gellner, as the man who had roughly broken the calm of Oxford philosophy; Russell, as a born controversialist who had served the mistresses of both science and art as no one else had in the twentieth century; Strawson, as an antidote to Russell (“Strawson is now far and away the most original thinker of what is often called the Oxford philosophy”); Ayer, as a brilliant thinker who had his pipeline from central Europe and whom neither the Russells nor the Strawsons could overlook; Stuart Hampshire, as a philosopher with a civilized view of the whole subject—he had one foot in Continental thought, and the other in the whole history of philosophy; and Richard Hare, who represented the impact of Oxford philosophy on morals—the rights and wrongs of living; and certainly one feminine philosopher, because



carven-parfums

***High fashion in French fragrance. ma griffe •
robe d'un soir • vert et blanc...\$4.00 to \$125.00***

(PLUS FEDERAL TAX)



the new **DKW** junior deluxe

 First car in the world with an Automatic Oil Injection Engine.*
 Built by the Auto-Union Division of Daimler-Benz A.G. 
 Incorporating Mercedes-Benz standards of quality.  Sold and
 serviced in the United States by Mercedes-Benz Sales, Inc.
 Competitively priced . . . \$1,595.00 P. O. E. (N.Y.)

*An illustrated document describing the new DKW Automatic Oil Injection Engine is available.



MERCEDES-BENZ SALES, INC.

635 South Main Street, South Bend 27, Indiana



C. D. Peacock

JEWELERS • ESTABLISHED 1837



our own diamond drop—the gift she will adore.
 Designed and executed by our artisans, the stones are of
 the fine quality for which Peacock is renowned. Shown actual size,
 one splendid pear shape and one brilliant diamond mounted in platinum,
 suspended from 14 karat white gold chain, \$500, Fed. Tax included.

Mail orders invited • Limited number available before Christmas

C. D. PEACOCK

State and Monroe, Chicago 3

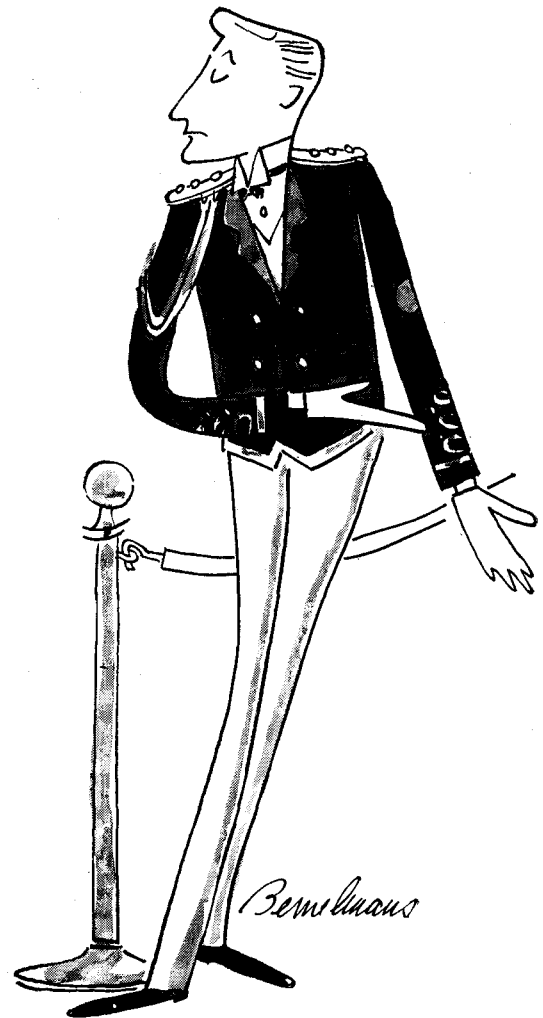
IN THE SUBURBS • OLD ORCHARD • HUBBARD WOODS • LA GRANGE PARK

women's invasion of the field was a sort of twentieth-century philosophical event. Then John went on to use what appeared to me English adaptations of Chinese proverbs, like "We are all squirrels in cages and we go round and round until we are shown the way out." And how was I to find my way out? We were back to reading Greats. To such direct questions as "Is Oxford philosophy, like geometry, suspended in a vacuum?" I received negative answers. "No," he said once, "in one sense we have as much real substance as Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, and are even doing their sorts of things. But in another sense . . ." I wanted to find my way back to the clarity and confidence of his Schools answers, so I pried at his mind with ancient philosophers (who taught men, among other things, what to do and how to live) for my lenses. "Does each of the Oxford philosophers fancy himself a Socrates?" I asked. "I have never seen them hanging around street corners and athletic rooms, as Socrates did in Athens, with unwashed aristocratic young men, to cheer philosophical disputations and to jeer crowds of fools."

"You're mixed up in a difficult business," he said, pouring me some claret. He went on to explain the connection between the ancients and the contemporaries. "The idea of Greats philosophy," he said, "is that after a few years of work—training in clear and precise thinking—the high-powered undergraduate can unravel any sort of puzzle more or less better than the next man. It makes a technique of being non-technical." He smiled. "Like Socrates, we assume the pose of knowing nothing except, of course, how to think, and that is the only respect in which we consider ourselves superior to other people. For us—as, to a certain degree, it was for him—philosophy is ordinary language (but don't press me about this 'ordinary language'), and so, we choose to think, it ought not to be a technical business. Although he did not know it, Socrates, like us, was really trying to solve linguistic puzzles, and this is especially true in the longer dialogues of Plato—the 'Republic' and the 'Laws'—where we learn quite a lot about Socrates' method and philosophy, filtered, of course, through his devoted pupil's mind. Some of the Pre-Socratics, who provided Plato and his master with many of their problems, were in difficulties about how one thing could be two things at once—say, a white horse. How could you say 'This is a horse and this is white' without saying 'This one thing is two things'? Socrates and Plato

together solved this puzzle by saying that what was meant by saying 'The horse is white' was that the horse partook of the eternal, and perfect, Form horseness, which was invisible but really more horselike than any worldly Dobbin; and ditto about the Form whiteness: it was whiter than any earthly white. The theory of Form covered our whole world of ships and shoes and humpty-dumptys, which, taken all in all, were shadows—approximations of those invisible, perfect Forms. Using the sharp tools in our new linguistic chest, we can whittle Plato down to size and say that he invented his metaphysical world of Forms to solve the problem of different kinds of 'is'es; you see how an Oxford counterpart of Plato uses a simple grammatical tool in solving problems like this. Instead of conjuring up an imaginary edifice of Forms, he simply says there are two different types of 'is'es—one of predication and one of identity. The first asserts a quality: 'This is white.' The second points to the object named: 'This is a horse.' By this simple grammatical analysis we clear away the rubble of what were Plato's Forms. Actually, an Oxford philosopher is closer to Aristotle, who often, when defining a thing—for example, 'virtue'—asked himself, 'Does the definition square with the ordinary views of men?' But while the contemporary philosophers do have antecedents, they are innovators in concentrating most of their attention on language. They have no patience with past philosophers: Why bother listening to men whose problems arose from bad grammar? At present, we are mostly preoccupied with language and grammar. No one at Oxford would dream of telling undergraduates what they ought to do, the kind of life they ought to lead." That was no longer an aim of philosophy, he explained, but even though philosophy had changed in its aims and methods, people had not, and that was the reason for the complaining undergraduates, for the bitter attacks of *Times*' correspondents, and even, perhaps, for his turning his back on philosophy.

Both of us more or less stopped thinking at the same time, very much as one puts down an intellectual magazine when thinking suddenly becomes impossible. "How about some claret?" both of us said. The decanter was empty. We vigorously stirred some more claret, sugar, and spices in a caldron and put the brew on the gas ring, and while we were waiting for a drink, we listened to a portion of "The Magic Flute." I felt very much like Tamino at the Temple of Wisdom, except that my resolution



Movies in flight are a unique part of TWA Royal Ambassador service to Europe



TWA offers first class guests this pleasant diversion en route to any one of the "must see" cities of Europe: London, Paris, Rome, Frankfurt, Lisbon, Madrid, Athens and others. Also Economy service for the budget-minded. Book through a travel agent or call your nearest TWA office.

a gift of Chartreuse

Chartreuse Liqueur is one of the most appreciated gifts you can select for any friend with a taste for good living. This rare liqueur has a colorful history dating back to 1605 when the Marshal d'Estrées gave the recipe to the Carthusian Friars. Today, this secret recipe is known only by 4 Monks at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France, but connoisseurs the world-over know its distinctive taste.

Chartreuse is available in both bottles and half bottles in gift cartons.

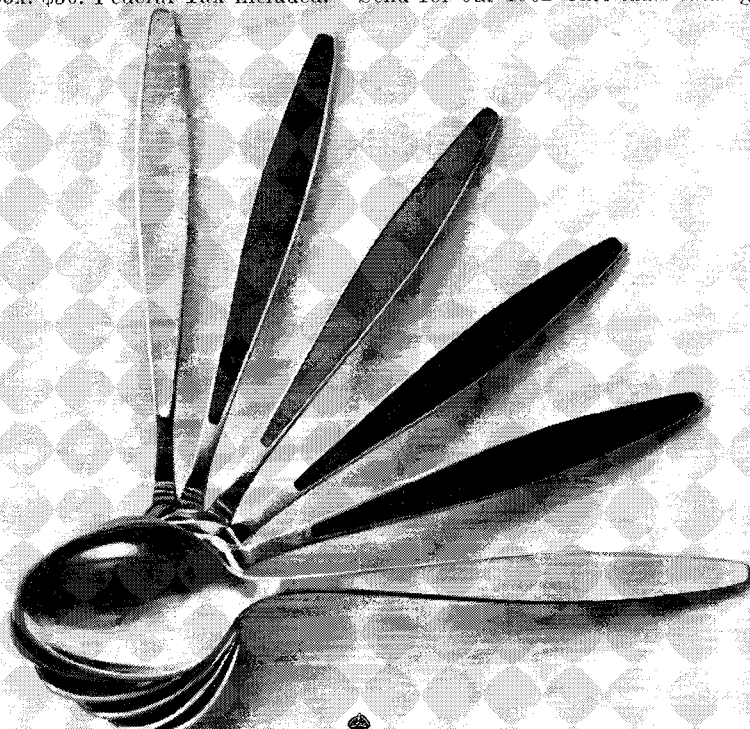
CHARTREUSE

Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof
For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Square, N. Y. Dept. F.



AFTER dinner talk...

To stir up the most stimulating after-dinner talk, these vermeil-finished sterling silver demi-tasse spoons from Denmark with gaily enameled handles. Cypress pattern by Georg Jensen in red, yellow, light blue, teal blue, green, white, in fitted box. \$30. Federal Tax included. Send for our 1961 Christmas catalog.



667 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 22 WILMOT RIDGE, SCARSDALE, N. Y.

GEORG JENSEN INC

was sinking. The claret revived it, and, with curtains drawn against the night, I pressed on with my researches.

Talking with John, I came to feel that present-day Oxford philosophy is a revolutionary movement—at least when it is seen through the eyes of past philosophers. I asked him about the fathers of the revolution. Again he was evasive. Strictly speaking, it was fatherless, except that Bertrand Russell, G. E. Moore, and Ludwig Wittgenstein, all of them, as it happened, Cambridge University figures, “were responsible for the present state of things at Oxford.” Blowing pipe smoke in my direction, John continued, “I think the aspect of Russell’s philosophy that will be remembered is his logical atomism, which was proclaimed to the world in a series of lectures in 1918; the driving force of these lectures was a distrust of ordinary speech. He argued at that time that you had to get away from ordinary language (and disastrous grammatical errors of past philosophers—‘is’ again), which did nothing but foster misleading notions, and construct a language on a mathematical model—like the symbolic logic of his and Alfred North Whitehead’s ‘Principia Mathematica,’ published in 1910—that would in turn correspond to the logical structure of the universe. He thought that you could take any statement and break it up into its atomic parts, for each part would have a meaning, or a reference, or both. What he was trying to do was to build a formal logical system, so that you could do arguments and logic on computers. But it is now thought that, among other things, he confused meaning and reference, and also broke up sentences in a totally wrong way, and therefore his philosophy is considered to be mainly of historical interest.”

By now, I felt very much as though I were inside a Temple of Knowledge, if not of Wisdom, and I asked John if he would like to tell me a little bit about Moore, too. He said he wouldn’t like to but he would do it, because he supposed he had to. “Moore was a common-sense philosopher,” he began. “Almost unphilosophically so. His most famous article was ‘A Defense of Common Sense,’ which was mostly concerned with morality. His common-sense view was, on the surface, very much like Dr. Johnson’s: I am certain that my hand is here because I can look at it, touch it, bang it against the table. While he did distinguish between a naturalistic statement (‘The grass is green’) and a non-naturalistic statement (‘God is good’), he held that we *know* both kinds of statements to be true by intuition. (Goodness was not naturalistic, like green, be-



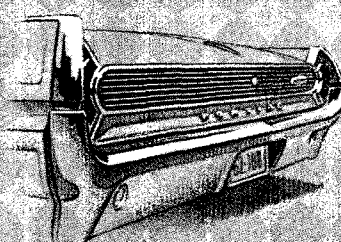
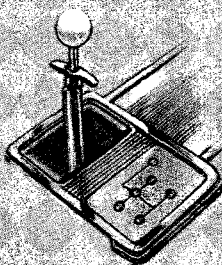
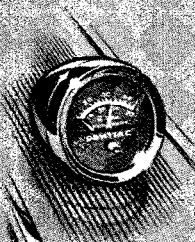
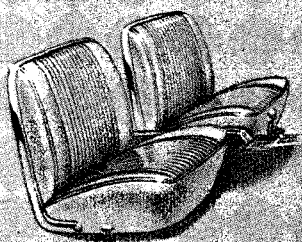
Watch pictured is the Lady Hamilton Magnificent "DE," \$575.

A story told without words...

 **HAMILTON**



Performance is its business—Pontiac Grand Prix is its name! Meet the latest wonder in the Wide-Track clan: Pontiac Grand Prix. Its hustle comes from a storming 303 h.p. Trophy V-8 with 4-barrel carburetion and dual exhausts and performance axle to back it up. Deep-cradling bucket seats put you next to a central control console, and the tachometer sits right in front of you. Extra-cost options: aluminum wheels, 4-speed gearbox, Hydra-Matic. And it's all wrapped in GP beauty, from special grille to custom rear deck. Want a taste of Grand Prix ginger? Ask your Pontiac dealer for the keys—you'll never want to give them up! Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation.



cause it could neither be analyzed in terms of any basic qualities, like greenness or hardness, nor was it itself a basic quality.) On the question 'How do I know the grass is green or God is good?', he agreed with most people, who would reply, 'Because I know it's so, and if you don't know it's so, too bad!'"

John said that Oxford people owed their faith in ordinary language and ordinary men to Moore. But it was Wittgenstein who made John puff furiously at his pipe. "There are two Wittgensteins, not one," he said. "There is the Wittgenstein of 'Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus,' published in 1921, and the totally different Wittgenstein of 'Philosophical Investigations,' printed posthumously, a quarter of a century later. I'm almost certain to give a misinterpretation of Wittgenstein," John went on humbly but vigorously, "but in the 'Tractatus' he was trying to find out the basic constituents of the world, and in a way his 'Tractatus' attempt was reminiscent of Russell's 1918 try. According to the first Wittgenstein, the world was ultimately made up of basic facts, and these were mirrored in language: accordingly, a proposition was a picture of the world. Now, basic facts were made up of basic objects and basic qualities. The basic objects were sense data—for example, a patch before my eyes, or a feeling in my leg. But these could not exist without having some definite quality. I mean, you could not just have a patch before your eyes—it had to be some definite color. And you could not just have a feeling in your leg—it had to be some definite sort of feeling. When you attached a particular color to the patch or specified the sort of feeling in your leg, you had basic facts, which language mirrored or could mirror. An example of a basic sentence that mirrored a basic fact was 'Here, now, green,' meaning that you had in front of your eyes a sense datum that was green. Just as the world was essentially built out of these basic facts, so language was essentially built out of basic-fact sentences. The business of the philosopher was to break down the complex statements used in language—like 'My wife sees a green table'—into its constituent parts. In the 'Investigations,' Wittgenstein completely gave up his 'Tractatus' ideas, and thought that philosophical perplexity arose because people abused the ordinary ways of speech and used a rule that was perfectly all right in its own area to cover another area, and so they got into a muddle; he thought that you could disentangle the puzzle by pointing out that they were misusing ordinary language. As he wrote, 'Phi-

DAKS®

*in the
new
Cooleste®*



We love linen, said Daks collectors, but can't you also give us a lighter weight? Yes, here's what you asked for! Linen mixed with polyester fibre, much more crease-resisting, even handsomer than linen itself—making Cooleste Daks the lightest, coolest trouser proposition yet! Try a pair of famous British Daks—world-admired for their superb fit and hang, their beltless freedom and the flattery of their slim, lean line—in this new 5½ oz. fabric. Tailored by S. Simpson Ltd. of London, England in gold, powder blue, bottle green, navy and black Cooleste, 30-42 waists, regulars, longs, shorts, price \$25.00. Mail or phone your orders.



THE MEN'S SHOPS

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Rockefeller Center, New York • White Plains • Springfield, N.J. • Chicago • Detroit
Beverly Hills • Palm Springs • Miami Beach • Ft. Lauderdale • Palm Beach



GUMP'S
250 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

FROM OUR JADE ROOM . . .
Hanging Basket, carved from one piece of translucent light-apple-green jade; on carved rosewood stand; 13" overall height, 7,500.00
Floral Goddesses of translucent light-apple-green jade; on carved rosewood stands; 12" overall height, the pair 4,000.00

Federal Tax included, no postage. 4% Sales Tax in California. Send 25¢ for new Gift Catalog

losophy is a battle against the bewitchment of our intelligence by means of language.' It was like showing, in his most quoted phrase, 'the fly the way out of the fly-bottle.' If in the 'Tractatus' Wittgenstein was like Russell, in 'Philosophical Investigations' he was like Moore, a common-sense man. Wittgenstein now thought that you couldn't ask what the structure of reality was; you could only analyze the language in which people talked about it. A lot of different types of structure were found in language, and it was impossible to assimilate them all under any one heading. He regarded the various ways of expression as so many different pieces in a game of chess, to be manipulated according to certain rules. It was quite wrong to apply the rules of one set of statements to another, and he distinguished several types of statements—for example, common-sense statements about physical objects, statements about one's own thoughts and intentions, and moral propositions. It was the philosopher's job to find out the rules of the language game. Suppose you had been brought up from a small child to play football. By the time you were sixteen, you played it quite according to the rules. You probably didn't know the names of the various rules or what, exactly, they said, but you never made a mistake about them, and when anyone asked you 'Why do you play this way, and not that?' you just said 'Well, I always have played this way.' Now, it would be possible for someone else to come along as an observer and write down what rules you were playing by, if he observed you long enough. Like the observer on the football ground, a philosopher should primarily investigate what the rules used for communication are."

Just when I thought I had absorbed all this, John said, "I hope I haven't left you with the impression that there is necessarily a firm connection between Russell, Moore, and Wittgenstein, on the one hand, and present-day Oxford philosophy, on the other. Some people would argue that the late J. L. Austin, in the fifties White's Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, had as much to do with shaping thinking at the university as anyone else, including Wittgenstein. Also, you mustn't overlook the role of logical positivism in all this." John said he would prefer not to say anything about Austin, because he had very mixed feelings about him. But logical positivism—well, that was another matter. A. J. Ayer, recently appointed Wykeham Professor of Logic at Oxford, was the first Englishman to proclaim the principles of logical positivism



the touch Continental
in old world **NASSAU**
(BAHAMAS)

Coral Harbour

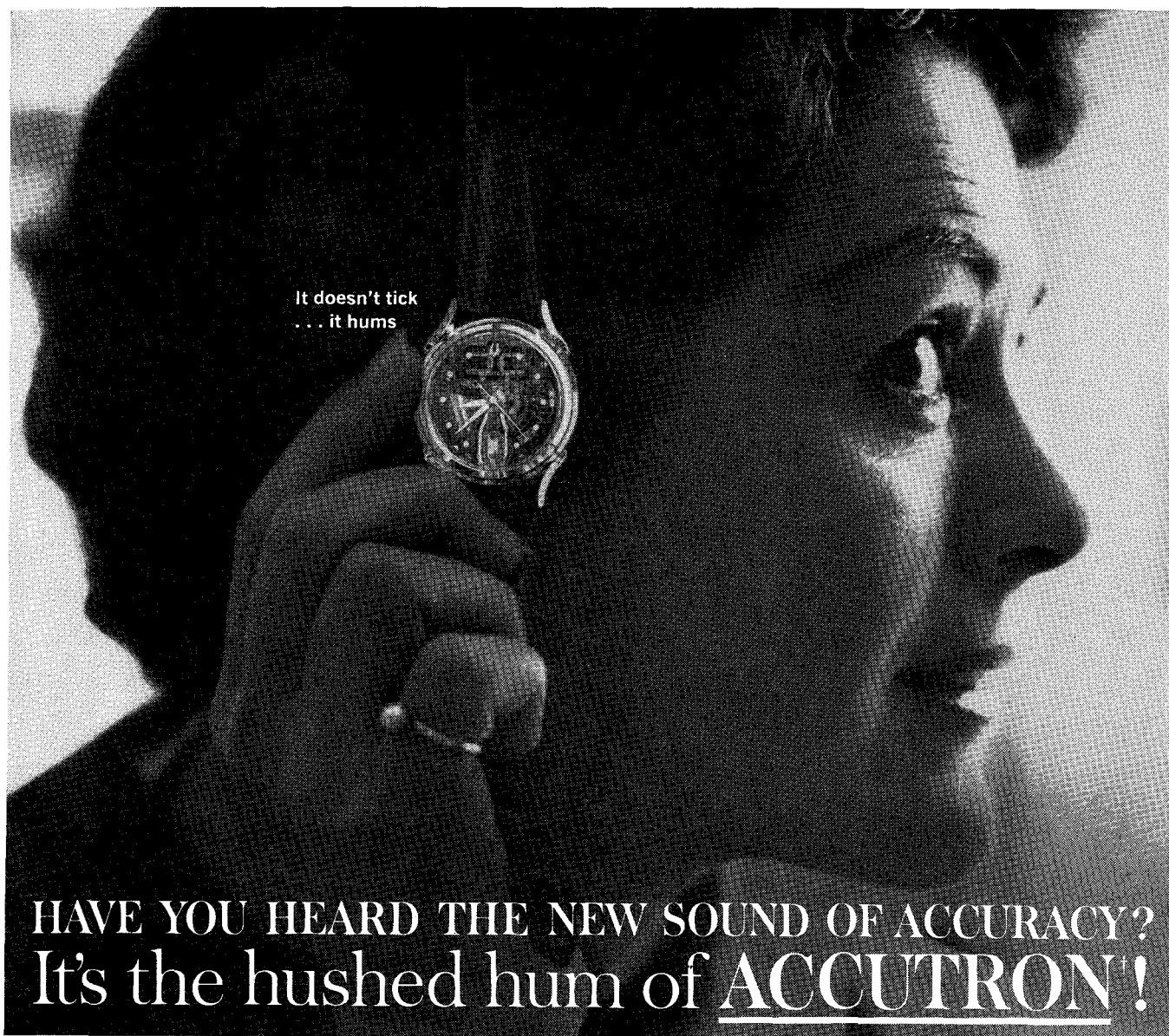
NASSAU'S MOST DISTINGUISHED OCEANFRONT RESORT

You'll love its elegant informality, combining exquisite Out Island privacy with nearness to shops and colorful hurly-burly of downtown Nassau. Service and cuisine under fastidious Europeans, each dedicated to the art of making life easy and pleasant for you.

**PUTTING GREENS WITH NEARBY COURSE • TENNIS • POOL & SURF BATHING
FINEST YACHT FACILITIES • WORLD-FAMED FISHING • EXPERT GUIDES**
Vacation luxury awaits you, with all the fun and friendliness of a private club. From \$20 per person (double) with breakfast and dinner.

RESERVATIONS LIMITED, so see your TRAVEL AGENT—today!
or call our representatives: ROBERT F. WARNER, INC., 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK; JUDSON 6-4500 • CHICAGO • WASHINGTON • BOSTON
TORONTO. West Coast: GLEN W. FAWCETT, INC. • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE • DALLAS • PORTLAND • SAN DIEGO • VANCOUVER.
For colorful brochure, write: Robert F. Warner, Inc., Roper Building, Miami 32, Florida. Helmut Chieffini, Manager

18th Century, hand carved Heraldic Lion guarding hotel entrance.



It doesn't tick
... it hums

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEW SOUND OF ACCURACY? It's the hushed hum of **ACCUTRON**!

Above: Accutron® "Spaceview" model. Transparent dial. 14-KT gold case, \$250*

ACCUTRON—so revolutionary—so accurate, it's the first timepiece in history that's guaranteed 99.9977% accurate on your wrist!

Put your ear to the new Accutron and listen carefully. It doesn't tick, it hums softly (in F sharp).

Why? The heart of Accutron is a tiny, electronically powered tuning fork! As it vibrates, it hums. As it hums, it moves the hands, with an accuracy no other watch in the world can match!

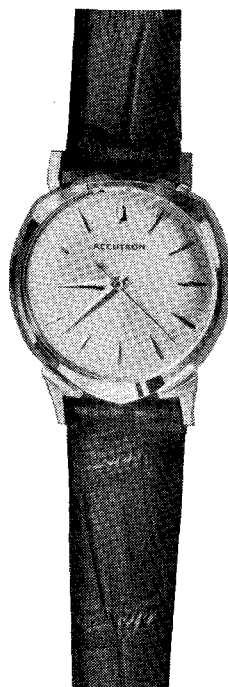
This revolutionary tuning fork replaces the delicate hair-spring and balance wheel—the parts responsible for inaccuracy in all other watches, including electric watches. It's the first basic advance in personal timekeeping in 300 years.

Accutron is far more rugged than conventional watches, too,

because it has only 12 moving parts. It rarely, if ever, needs repair. **Never needs winding.** And, of course, it's shock-resistant, waterproof,** anti-magnetic.

The man in your life doesn't have everything until he gets an Accutron timepiece. Give him one this Christmas. **Accutron is more than a gift—it's a new way of life.** Suddenly, you put him in confident command of the exact time, all the time.

Only Accutron, the world's new standard of accuracy, can bring him such an extraordinary measure of pride. Choose from the many impressive styles at your jeweler now.



THE SECRET OF ACCUTRON

This tiny tuning fork is oscillated at the rate of 360 times a second by a germanium transistor, powered by a button-size power cell. It keeps Accutron 99.9977% accurate on your wrist.



Accutron Guarantee of Accuracy

Accutron is guaranteed by Bulova not to gain or lose more than one minute a month in actual daily use on your wrist. For one full year from date of purchase, the authorized jeweler from whom you purchased your Accutron timepiece will adjust it to this tolerance, if necessary, without charge.

At left: Accutron "541" in 14-KT gold. Alligator strap, 14-KT buckle. \$250*

See **ACCUTRON**
by **BULOVA**
at finer jewelers \$150 to \$2500*

†Registered Trademark. ©1961 Bulova Watch Company, Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan. *Plus F.E.T. **Waterproof when case, crystal and crown are intact.



Checkers

The VILLAGER shirtdress strikes a double note . . . gingham-checked above, solid-colored below. The look is happily ingenue, fresh and innocent as country cream. Collarless, full skirted, detailed with classic VILLAGER simplicity in a fine cotton chambray. Blue, Green, or Pink. Sizes 6 to 16. About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops



THE VILLAGER INC.
1407 Broadway, New York.

PATENT PENDING

NECTAROMA . . . goes with a woman

The perfume most
like a woman . . .
the perfume most
women like



TUVACHÉ
RARE PERFUMES

730 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



Perfume
4.00, 12.00, 20.00
Bath Perfume
4.00, 7.00

to the English intellectual world. After his graduation from Oxford, in 1932, he went to Vienna and made the acquaintance of some of the most famous European philosophers—members of the so-called Vienna Circle—who had come together to discuss, among other things, Wittgenstein's "Tractatus." Ayer made his reputation for life by returning to England six months later and writing "Language, Truth and Logic," a tract of logical positivism. "If I may put it so," John concluded, with a smile, "he has pattered all around the kennel, but he's always been on his Viennese leash."

I knew it was getting late, but I asked John for a little more philosophy, for the road. We had some more claret, and before we packed up for the night, he quickly served up logical positivism.

The logical positivism of the thirties, I learned, was a skeptical movement. It claimed that any statement that could not be *verified* by sense experience was meaningless. Thus, all statements about God, all statements about morality, all value judgments in art were logically absurd. For example, "Murder is wrong" could only mean, at best, "I disapprove of murder," or, still more precisely, "Murder! Ugh!" What made a statement like "There is a dog in my neighbor's garden" meaningful was that I could *verify* it. If I went into the garden, I could see the dog, beat it with a stick, get bitten, hear it bark, and watch it chew on an old bone.

The room was thick with smoke by now, for John, in a very un-English way, had kept all the windows closed. Both of us were tired. He put on some coffee, and we chatted about this and that, after which, instead of trundling to my own lodgings, I dosed down on his sofa.

THE next day, I hung around John's room, trying to sort out my thoughts after the injections of Oxford philosophy administered by the sharp mind of my friend, until the time came for me to call on Gellner, the first philosopher on my list. During the *Times'* siege of Ryle, I had been first pro-Gellner, then anti, then pro, but John had watched the whole affair with the detachment of a philosopher. He gave me a rationalizing explanation: Good editors were eccentric people, and potentates who ruled scholarly periodicals tended to be even more eccentric than their counterparts on popular magazines. Then he handed me a copy of G. E. Moore's autobiography opened to a passage about Moore's editorship of *Mind*, which made me shift my weight



**The night is
wreathed with flowers**

embroidered at the throat of her shimmery gown. A gift of white or pink satin de lys® (nylon, polyester and silk), S, M, L—long, 15.95; short, 14.95 Fourth Floor, Lord & Taylor—and at Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford, Bala-Cynwyd, Garden City, Washington-Chevy Chase



LUXURIOUS Gifts

A handsome, lightweight robe of fine quality Shantung silk in an attractive iridescent effect of gold shot with blue. Tailored with exacting care

S. M. L. ExL
\$45

PAJAMAS, of fine silk crepe. White, light blue, grey, yellow, navy—all with contrasting piping. A. B. C. D. \$28.50

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

CLOTHING • HATS • HABERDASHERY • SHOES

Established 1886

MADISON AVE. AT 46TH ST. • NEW YORK

about uncomfortably on the Gellner-Ryle seesaw. "In 1920, on Stout's retirement from the Editorship of *Mind*, an office which he had held since the beginning of the 'New Series' in 1892," I read, "I was asked to succeed him as Editor; I . . . have now been Editor for more than twenty years. . . . I think . . . that I have succeeded in being impartial as between different schools of philosophy. I have tried, in accordance with the principles laid down when *Mind* was started and repeated by Stout in the Editorial which he wrote at the beginning of the New Series, to let merit, or, in other words, the ability which a writer displays, and not the opinions which he holds, be the sole criterion of whether his work should be accepted. . . . The most noticeable difference between *Mind* under me and *Mind* under Stout seems to me to be that under me the number of book reviews has considerably diminished. This has been partly deliberate: under Stout there were a great number of very short reviews, and I have thought (perhaps wrongly) that very short reviews were hardly of any use. But it is partly, I am afraid, owing to lack of thoroughly businesslike habits on my part, and partly also because, knowing what a tax I should have felt it myself to have to write a review, I have been shy about asking others to undertake the task. Whatever the reason, I am afraid it is the case that I have failed to get reviewed a good many books which ought to have been reviewed."

After reading these honest words of Professor Moore—a good editor and a perfect gentleman, who was fanatical about avoiding prejudices—I went to see Gellner with an open mind. I got on a bus that would take me to his home, in S.W. 15, and an hour later I found myself on the edge of a middle-middle-class settlement where houses stood out sparsely, like so many road signs. Trucks and broken-down little cars sluggishly wheeled themselves through the growing suburbia carrying vegetables, meat, and a few people to the city. A man was standing on the front steps of Gellner's house, holding a baby in his arms. It was Gellner. "Come in! Come in!" he said. Gellner (a man of thirty-four) proved to be dark, of medium height, and casually dressed. His hair was uncombed, and he had the air of an offbeat intellectual. We went inside, and he introduced me to his wife. He was reluctant to talk philosophy while his wife and the infant were in the room, so we chatted about this and that, and I learned that he was born in Paris of Czech parentage, spent his boyhood in Prague, and had come to Eng-

**DUNHILL FOR YOUR
ADVENTUROUS MALE**

Let him discover Dunhill toiletries . . . the fragrance of authority for men . . . delightfully dressed in holiday red, green and white. The kingly mane of the impish dunhill lion hides the famous spiral bottle of After Shave, 2 oz. 1.50* or 4 oz. 2.25* Cologne, 2 oz. 2.00* or 4 oz. 3.25*
* Plus federal tax

AT DISTINGUISHED STORES AND DUNHILL SHOPS

ALFRED DUNHILL OF LONDON • NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • BEVERLY HILLS • SAN FRANCISCO

land with his family just before the war.

When Mrs. Gellner took the baby upstairs, he diffidently pointed out twin tape recorders in a corner of the living room. "These Grundig machines produced 'Words and Things,'" he said. "The Memorette recorded my words and a secretary at the London School of Economics, thanks to this magical Stenorette, transformed my voice into typed copy." He spoke in a quick and rather harassed way, as though the tape recorders were at that moment catching his words on an ever-shrinking spool.

"I was going through the *Times* correspondence the other day," he went on. "I have kept a complete file of it. I was elated to find that most of the people lined up on my side."

As far as Gellner was concerned, I gathered, all philosophers at Oxford were more or less alike, since all of them were interested only in linguistic analysis. ("Oxford philosophy," he said, was a misnomer, since it grouped the philosophers by the setting of their practice, rather than by the linguistic method which they all shared in common.) Instead of regarding philosophy as an investigation of the universe—or knowledge as a sort of inventory of the universe ("There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy"), to which wise men from the beginning of time had been adding—the linguistic philosophers handed over the universe to the students of the natural sciences and limited philosophy to an inquiry into the rules of language, the gateway to human knowledge. They analyzed language to determine what could and could not be said and therefore in a sense what could and could not exist. Any employment of words that did not conform to the rules of dictionary usage was automatically dismissed as nonsense. "But I answer," Gellner said, "all words cannot be treated as proper nouns." To clarify his point, he pulled out of his pocket sheaves of yellow, crinkly paper and read a passage from one of his Third Programme broadcasts: "The . . . reason why the dictionary does not have scriptural status [according to him, all linguistic philosophers use the Oxford English Dictionary as the Holy Writ of philosophy] is that most expressions are not [proper] names, their meaning is not really exhausted by the specification of their use and the paradigmatic uses that occur in the dictionary. Their meaning is usually connected in a complicated way with a whole system of concepts or words or ways of thinking: and it makes perfectly good sense to say that a word, unlike a name, is mistakenly used in its paradigm-

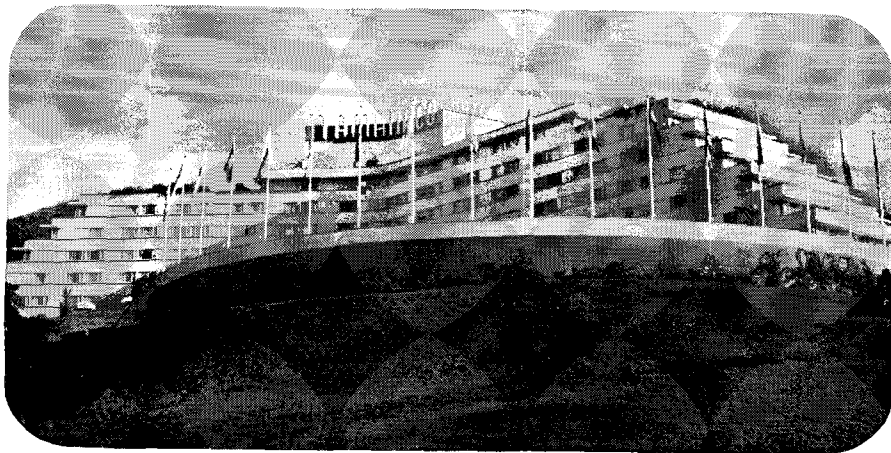


BEEFEATER BEEFEATER.

Martini Men
appreciate the
identifiable
excellence
of imported
BEEFEATER GIN



UNEQUALLED SINCE 1820 • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND CORPORATION, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



39-Acre Balcony Over Caracas

HOTEL TAMANACO

CARACAS • VENEZUELA

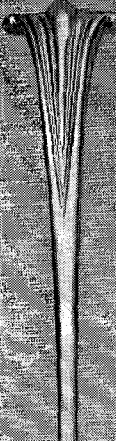
Look outside your window in the Hotel Tamanaco, and see orchids growing on the mountainside. Look again — you're gazing into the heart of Caracas! You're in the mountains, you're in the city, you're in a glittering resort! Outdoor pool. Cabanas. Badminton. Volleyball. Pitch-and-putt golf course. At night, one of the city's outstanding night clubs to entertain you. Relaxing headquarters for businessmen, marvelous resort for travelers. Ask your travel agent. Or write us at the Chrysler Building, N.Y., 17, N.Y., or Roper Building, Miami, Florida.

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS
Familiar Comforts in Faraway Lands



WORCESTER

STUART TRIFID \$76.00	ENGLISH DUNLOP \$86.00	RIB BAY TAIL \$86.00	THREAD & SHELL \$19.75	QUEEN ANNE \$17.75	KING'S \$19.75
-----------------------------	------------------------------	----------------------------	------------------------------	--------------------------	-------------------





STERLING
SILVER PLATE

For over 200 years, Worcester tableware has given its individual importance to both traditional and contemporary homes. Beauty, precision and durability, are qualities guaranteed in every pattern. Every piece, be it wrought in London Hall Marked Sterling or Silver Plate. All patterns shown are open stock at leading stores. All prices are quoted for 6-piece place settings. Federal tax included.

THE WORCESTER SILVER COMPANY, INC.
LONDON 11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y. NEW YORK

matic use. It makes sense to say this *although* we have not done any rechristening and are still continuing to use it in its old sense." He pegged the rest of his criticism on the practitioners of linguistic philosophy.

"Out of the bunch of Oxford philosophers," he said, "I suppose I have the strongest aversion to Austin, who in some ways typified the things I dislike about them most. I found his lecture technique a creeping barrage, going into endless detail in a very slow and fumbling way. He used this style to browbeat people into acceptance; it was a kind of brainwashing. The nearest I got to him was on some committees that we were both members of. I always took some trouble not to get to know him personally, because I disliked his philosophy and I knew that sooner or later I would attack him and I didn't wish to be taken as a personal enemy. With Austin, I had an impression of someone *very* strongly obsessed with never being wrong, and using all kinds of dialectical devices to avoid being wrong. He intimidated me with his immense caginess; like Wittgenstein, he never stated the doctrines he was trying to get across—or, actually, the crucial thing was stated in informal sayings, which never got into print. Thus he artfully shielded himself from challengers. To Oxford philosophers Wittgenstein, like Austin, is another little god who can do no wrong. They like Wittgenstein mainly because he gave up his achievements in the technical field and his power as a mathematical magician for the ordinary language of a plain man—or, rather, the kind of ordinary language that an undergraduate who has studied the classics in Greats can take to pieces."

Linguistic philosophers were thought to alleviate cerebral neurosis, Gellner said, and then asked emphatically, "But what about their own neuroses?" To understand them, he believed, one had to turn to sociology, his present professional interest. "About the social milieu from which these Oxford philosophers arose," he went on rapidly, "I can say nothing except what I have already said in the ninth chapter of my book. On second thought, perhaps there is one improvement that, on the basis of my reading of C. P. Snow, I could have made in my chapter." Had Snow's brilliant pamphlet "The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution" existed when Gellner wrote his book, he would have invoked it, he said, for Snow's characterization of the two cultures was right up his philosophical alley. "The milieu of linguistic philosophers is a curious one," Gellner continued. "As Sir Charles, in

Again this Christmas

Imported O.F.C. stands alone



Oldest Finest Canadian comes
gift-packaged for the holidays at no extra cost.

Imported O.F.C. at 8 and 12 years old is the oldest, finest Canadian whisky you can give.

Your friends will appreciate what this extra age does for the flavour of Canadian whisky. Also, you will appreciate learning that our 12 year old Imported O.F.C. costs you very little more than Canadians half its age. And that our 8 year old Imported O.F.C. is the same price as most leading 6 year old Canadian whiskies.

W. F. Tigh

86.8 Proof. O.F.C. Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

William F. Tigh
President, Canadian Schenley Ltd.

Wherever you go,  you look better in an Arrow shirt



Photographed in Athens on a Holiday Abroad via  Intercontinental Jet

Perfect traveling companions... Dectolene shirts and ties need no ironing—not even a little bit! Launder them any way... within two hours they dry wrinkle-free, ready to wear! Dectolene is 100% Dacron polyester in a cool tricot weave. Exclusive Mitoga fit... tailored so well they look personally measured. Dectolene shirts in white, or stripes, 8.95. Lady Arrow Dectolene, 7.95. Dectolene tie, 2.50.

—ARROW—[®]

his pamphlet, points out, there are these two cultures—a literary one and a scientific one—and traditionally the literary one has always enjoyed more prestige. But for some time it has been losing ground; technology and science have been taking its place. Only in Oxford has the literary culture managed to retain an unchallenged supremacy. There Greats still remains at the apex of the disciplines, and within Greats the brightest young men are often selected to become philosophers. But is there any intellectual justification for this self-appointed aristocracy? Is there any widespread theory that anybody can subscribe to as to why the Greats form of philosophy is the highest sort of activity? I say no. The literary culture would have perished a long time ago if it weren't for the social snobbery of Oxford and her self-perpetuating philosophers. Linguistic philosophy is nothing more than a defense mechanism of gentleman intellectuals, which they use in order to conceal the fact that they have nothing left to do."

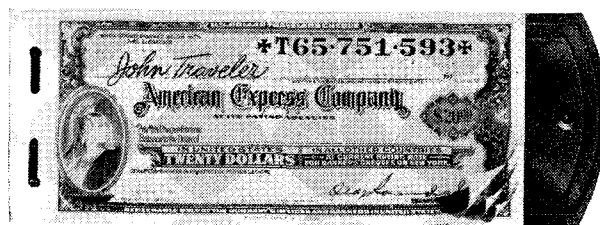
Turning to his Stenorette tape recorder, Gellner asked me, "Would you like to hear something I was dictating this morning? It really sums up my position, and in a sense you could say it is the essence of 'Words and Things.'" I nodded, and he flicked a switch. "Philosophers in the past were proud of changing the world and providing a guide for political life," the voice whispered through the little speaker of the tape recorder. "About the turn of the century, Oxford was a nursery for running an empire; now it is a nursery for leaving the world exactly as it is. The linguistic philosophers have their job cut out for them—to rationalize the loss of English power. This is the sociological background which is absolutely crucial to the understanding of linguistic philosophers."

Gellner stopped the machine and said, "There you have my whole sociological analysis. Full stop. In 'Words and Things,' I used Thorstein Veblen for the sociology of the philosophers. If I were writing the book now, I would use Veblen and Sir Charles."

Gellner picked up a copy of *Commentary* from the coffee table and read me a sentence or two from its review of his book, which implied that he had written "Words and Things" because he had failed to get a cushy job at Oxford. "Dash it, job-hungry people do not write my sort of book," he said. "How nasty can you really get? As far as professional philosophy is concerned, 'Words and Things' ruined my future rather than secured it. I



When you take a trip—
**Never carry
more cash than you can afford to lose**



**Always carry
American Express Travelers Cheques!**
Spendable everywhere. Prompt refund if lost or stolen. A penny a dollar at your bank.

AMERICAN EXPRESS SERVICES: TRAVELERS CHEQUES • CREDIT CARDS • MONEY ORDERS • TRAVEL SERVICE
FIELD WAREHOUSING • OVERSEAS BANKING • FOREIGN REMITTANCES • FOREIGN FREIGHT FORWARDING.

FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS

THE LUXURY LAMBSKIN

*newest casual
of all this fall!*



New fashion arrival from Europe—This luxury lambskin is made from one hide. The outside is the natural lambskin. Very pliable. The inside is the natural wooly shearling, with the occasional distinctive markings characteristic of this animal. Tailored in the meticulous manner you'd expect from Frank Brothers: a wealth of welting, side vents, and king-size patch pockets, shearling-lined. Olive green, cocoa brown. Sizes 38-46. \$95.

P.S. You will find a wealth of new gift answers in our new Christmas catalog. Write or phone—PL 9-8630 for it today!

Frank Brothers

OUTFITTERS TO THE COMPLETE GENTLEMAN

9 East 57th Street, New York • 633 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago
264 York Street, New Haven • Worth Avenue and County Road, Palm Beach

• FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS •

• FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS •

am out of favor with my Oxford colleagues, because I am a prophet, because I am ahead of my times, because, if you really want to know, I am the Malcolm Muggeridge of philosophy. Muggeridge attacked royalty, and the B.B.C. immediately took him off the payroll. I attacked the philosophical Establishment, and as long as the present philosophers remain in power, I will never have a position at an Oxford college. Whether I will be accepted again in philosophical circles, as Muggeridge has been with the B.B.C. crowd, remains to be seen."

Gellner offered to drive me back to the city. For transportation he had a small truck, which he used for getting to the London School of Economics when he missed his commuter train. We bounced noisily along the road, Gellner making himself heard intermittently over the engine clatter. He had more or less given up formal philosophy until the philosophers should once again address themselves to "great issues." While waiting for the change, Gellner was studying the Berbers of Morocco. He visited them now and again and observed their social habits, and he owed his job in sociology to his interest in such primitive peoples. He considered himself a synoptic thinker—one who saw things as a whole, from the viewpoint of their ultimate significance. He was not a soft-headed visionary but a tough man of thought, and his non-English background and his education at Balliol, traditionally the most rebellious Oxford college, had prepared him to battle with the philosophical Establishment for his unpopular views. He thought that with "Words and Things" he had galvanized men of good sense into taking his side.

Gellner left me reflective. I was sorry that my first philosopher should dislike his colleagues so much. I was sorry, too, that he should turn out to be a harassed man. But then I knew well that prophets are made of strange stuff.

NEXT day, I walked round to Chelsea to have a talk with Lord Russell at his house. He opened the door himself, and I instantly recognized him as a philosopher by his pipe, which he took out of his mouth to say, "How do you do?" Lord Russell looked very alert. His mop of white hair, swept carelessly back, served as a dignified frame for his learned and animated eyes—eyes that gave life to a wintry face. He showed me into his ground-floor study, which was sandwiched between the garden and the street. It was a snug room, full of books on a large number of subjects: mathematics, logic, philosophy, history, politics. The worn volumes

from four to fifty dollars

A.T. CROSS SINCE 1846
PROVIDENCE 5, RHODE ISLAND Company

The Brown Bottle

*Why did it
make the beer
taste better?*

Today, most beer comes in brown bottles that are shaped pretty much like this one.

Fifty years ago practically all beer came in clear glass bottles. What changed things?

Well, the Schlitz people up in Milwaukee put up a beer that they were particularly proud of, and they wanted it to taste as good when people drank it as it did when it left the brewery.

This wasn't possible with a clear glass bottle because just a little exposure to sunlight would cloud the beer and ruin the flavor. So Schlitz set out to find a bottle that would protect the beer from light.

The brown bottle did it and more and more people began to drink Schlitz.

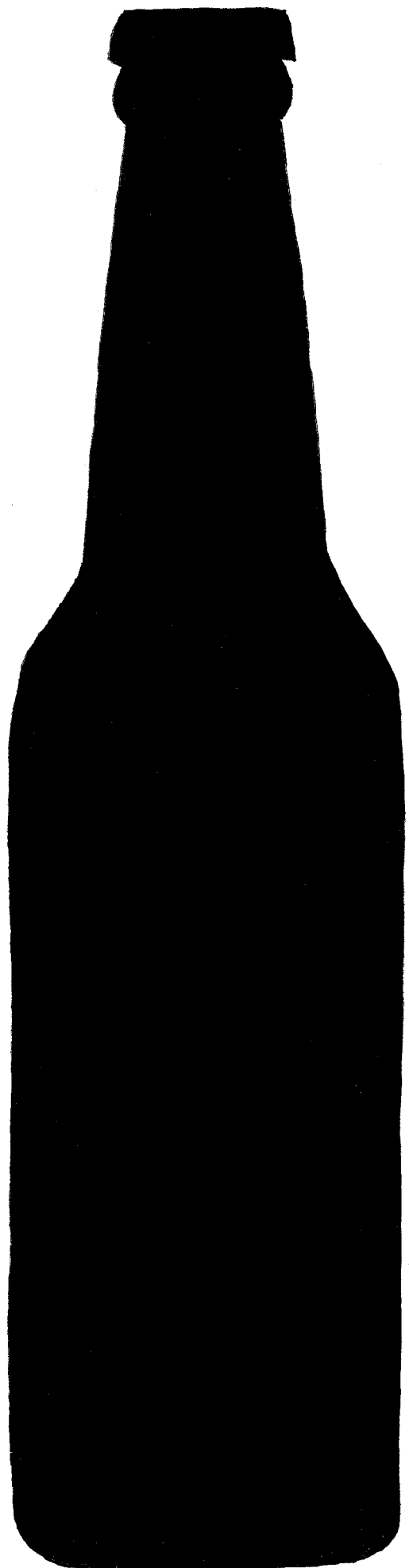
Since that time most other breweries have copied the Schlitz brown bottle, but no one has ever been able to copy the taste of the good Schlitz beer inside.

How about a Schlitz?

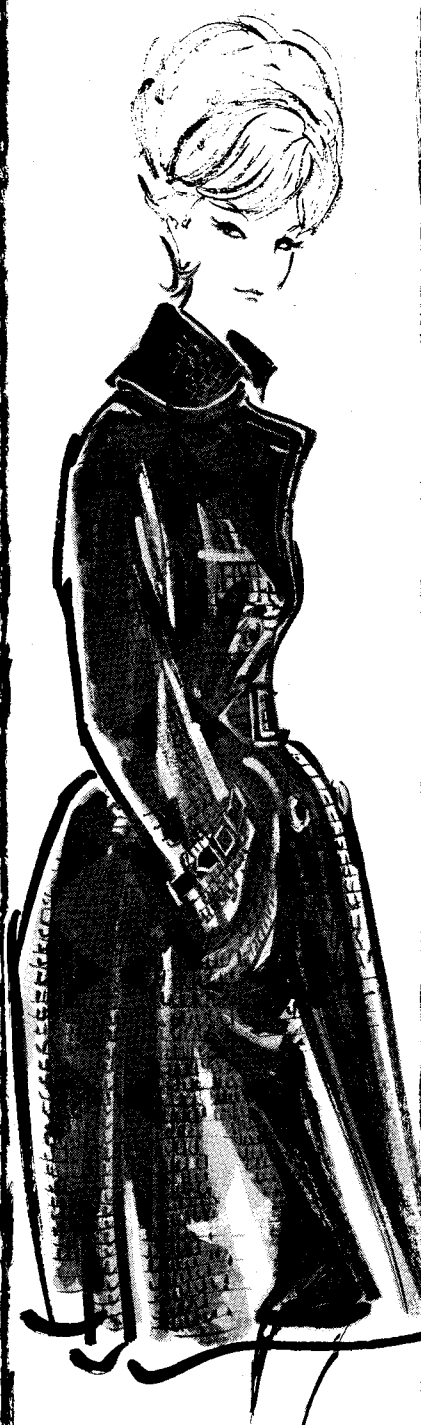


The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

© 1961 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.



B Altman & Co



The great impostor... it's really crocodile-textured acetate! Black, brown, white or claret. 6 to 16. Altman spectator sportswear, third floor, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **35.00**

stood as an impressive testament to his changing intellectual interests; they were wedged in with rows of detective stories in glass-fronted Victorian bookcases. "Ah!" he said. "It's just four! I think we can have some tea. I see my good wife has left us some tea leaves." His "ee" sounds were exaggerated. He put a large Victorian kettle on the gas ring. It must have contained little water, for it sang like a choir in a Gothic cathedral. Russell ignored the plainsong and talked, using his pipe, which went out repeatedly, as a baton to lead the conversation. Now and again he reached out to take some tobacco with unsteady fingers from a tin. When we were comfortably settled with our tea, he began interviewing me. Why was I concerned with philosophy when my life was in peril? I should jolly well be doing something about the atomic bomb, to keep the Russians and Americans from sending us all up in flames. Anyone might personally prefer death to slavery, but only a lunatic would think of making this choice for humanity.

At present, when he wasn't working on nuclear disarmament, he used detective stories for an opiate. "I have to read at least one detective book a day," he said, "to drug myself against the nuclear threat." His favorite crime writers were Michael Innes and Agatha Christie. He preferred detective stories to novels because he found that whodunits were more real than howtodoits. The characters in detective stories just did things, but the heroes and heroines in novels thought about things. If you compared sex scenes in the two media, in his sort of pastime they got into and out of bed with alacrity, but in the higher craft the characters were circumspect; they took pages even to sit on the bed. Detective stories were much more lifelike. The paradox was that authors of thrillers did not try to be real, and therefore they were real, while the novelists tried to be real and therefore were unreal. The things we most believed to be unreal—nuclear war—might turn out to be real, and the things we took to be most real—philosophy—unreal.

The savior in him was eventually tamed by the tea, and the elder statesman of philosophy reminisced a bit about Moore and Wittgenstein, his Cambridge juniors, and said a few caustic words about today's philosophers in Oxford and Cambridge. "I haven't changed my philosophical position for some time," he said. "My model is still mathematics.

You see, I started out being a Hegelian. A tidy system it was. Like its child, Communism, it gave answers to all the questions about life and society. In 1898 (how long ago that was!), well, almost everyone seemed to be a Hegelian. Moore was the first to climb down. I simply followed him. It was mathematics that took me to logic, and it was logic that led me away from Hegel. Once we applied rigorous logic to Hegel, he became fragmentary and puerile."

I asked if he had based his system of mathematical logic on the belief that language had a structure.

"No, it is not so much that I believe language has a structure," he said. "I simply think that language is often a rather messy way of expressing things. Take a statement like 'All men are mortal.' Now, that has an unnecessary implication when stated in words; that is, that there are men, that men exist. But if you translate this statement into mathematical



symbols, you can do away with any unnecessary implication. About Moore—the thing I remember most was his smile. One had only to see it to melt. He was such a gentleman. With him, manners were everything, and now you know what I mean by 'gentleman.' To be Left, for example, in politics just 'wasn't done.' That was to take something too seriously. I suppose present-day Oxford philosophy is gentlemanly in that sense—it takes nothing seriously. You know the best remark Moore ever made? I asked him one time who his best pupil was, and he said 'Wittgenstein.' I said 'Why?' 'Because, Bertrand, he is my only pupil who always looks puzzled.' Lord Russell chuckled. "That was such a good remark, such a good remark. It was also, incidentally, very characteristic of both Moore and Wittgenstein. Wittgenstein *was* always puzzled. After Wittgenstein had been my pupil for five terms, he came to me and said, 'Tell me, sir, am I a fool or a wise man?' I said, 'Wittgenstein, why do you want to know?'—perhaps not the kindest thing to say. He said, 'If I am a fool, I shall become an aeronaut—if I am a wise man, a philosopher.' I told him to do a piece of work for me over the vacation, and when he came back I read the first sentence and said, 'Wittgenstein, you shall be a philosopher.' I had to read just a sentence to know it. Wittgenstein became one. When his 'Tractatus' came out, I was wildly excited. I think less well of it now. At that time, his theory



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE CRILLON HOTEL, PARIS. HAT FROM JEAN BARTHEL.

EMERAUDE

For the woman who
dares to be different

PARFUM DE **COTY**

Parfum 3.50 to 100.00, Parfum de Toilette from 2.00, Spray Mist 3.50, Dusting Powder 2.00. ALL PRICES PLUS TAX.

COPYRIGHTED BY COTY, INC., 1961 — ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

C.D. Peacock
JEWELERS • ESTABLISHED 1837

For
HER
Christmas



The wonderful, unprompted joy of Christmas morning will be hers when she opens your gift. That sudden surprise of a carefully selected treasure will bring special joy to you both. Such a treasure is this beautiful Rolex bracelet watch of 14 karat yellow gold, set with two, full cut, brilliant diamonds, distinguished by its faceted synthetic sapphire crystal, 17 jewels, \$375, including Federal Tax. Handsomely gift wrapped in the manner traditional with Peacocks, ready for you to put under the tree.

Mail orders given prompt attention. Watch shown actual size.

C. D. PEACOCK

STATE AND MONROE IN CHICAGO, ILL.

OLD ORCHARD • HUBBARD WOODS

LA GRANGE PARK

BERNARDO

Scherzo



From the Bernardo collection, \$6.95 to \$18.95.

At Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y.; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, Ill.;

Bullock's, all stores; Gus Mayer, all stores,

or write Bernardo Sandals, Inc., 17 East 22nd St., New York 10.

that a proposition was a picture of the world was so engaging and original. Wittgenstein was really a Tolstoy and a Pascal rolled into one. You know how fierce Tolstoy was; he hated competitors. If another novelist was held to be better than he, Tolstoy would immediately challenge him to a duel. He did precisely this to Turgenev, and when Tolstoy became a pacifist he was just as fierce about his pacifism. And you know how Pascal became discontented with mathematics and science and became a mystic; it was the same with Wittgenstein. He was a mathematical mystic. But after 'Tractatus' he became more and more remote from me, just like the Oxford philosophers. I have stopped reading Oxford philosophy. I have gone on to other things. It has become so trivial. I don't like most Oxford philosophers. Don't like them. They have made trivial something very great. Don't think much of their apostle Ryle. He's just another clever man. In any case, you have to admit he behaved impetuously in publicly refusing a review of the book. He should have held it over for two years and then printed a short critical review with Gellner's name misspelled. To be a philosopher now, one needs only to be clever. They are all embarrassed when pressed for information, and I am still old-fashioned and like information. Once, I was dining at Oxford—Exeter College High Table—and asked the assembled Fellows what the difference between liberals and conservatives was in their local politics. Well, each of the dons produced brilliant epigrams and it was all very amusing, but after half an hour's recitation I knew no more about liberals and conservatives in the college than I had at the beginning. Oxford philosophy is like that. I have respect for Ayer; he likes information, and he has a first-class style."

Lord Russell explained that he had two models for his own style—Milton's prose and Baedeker's guidebooks. The Puritan never wrote without passion, he said, and the cicerone used only a few words in recommending sights, hotels, and restaurants. Passion was the voice of reason, economy the signature of brilliance. As a young man, Russell wrote with difficulty. Sometimes Milton and Baedeker remained buried in his prose until it had been redone ten times. But then he was consoled by Flaubert's troubles and achievements. Now, for many years past, he had learned to write in his mind, turning phrases, constructing sentences, until in his memory they grew into paragraphs and chapters. Now he seldom changed a word in his

dictated manuscript except to slip in a synonym for a word repeated absent-mindedly. "When I was an undergraduate," he said, sucking his pipe, "there were many boys cleverer than I, but I surpassed them, because while they were *dégagé* I had passion and fed on controversy. I still thrive on opposition. My grandmother was a woman of caustic and biting wit. When she was eighty-three, she became kind and gentle. I had never found her so reasonable. She noticed the change in herself, and, reading the handwriting on the wall, she said to me, 'Bertie, I'll soon be dead.' And she soon was."

After tea, Lord Russell came to the door with me. I told him about my intention of pressing on with my researches at Oxford. He wrung my hand and chuckled. "Most Oxford philosophers know nothing about science," he said. "Oxford and Cambridge are the last medieval islands—all right for first-class people. But their security is harmful to second-class people—it makes them insular and gaga. This is why English academic life is creative for some but sterile for many."

MY first call in Oxford was at the house of Richard Hare, of Balliol, who, at forty-two, is one of the more influential Oxford teachers of philosophy. His evangelistic zeal for the subject consumes him. He is renowned throughout the university for his kindness, for his selfless teaching, and for writing an exciting book in his field, "The Language of Morals," published in 1952. He is also famous for his eccentric tastes, which I encountered for myself while lunching with him. When I arrived, he was sitting in a caravan—a study on wheels—in the front garden of his house, reading a book. He hailed me from the window, and said, "I find it much easier to work here than in the house. It's quieter, don't you agree?" He looked like a monk, though he wasn't dressed like one; he wore a well-made dark tweed jacket and well-pressed dark-gray flannel trousers—and he had his legendary bright-red tie on. After talking for a few minutes through the door of the caravan, we went into the house and joined Mrs. Hare and their two children for lunch. I felt relaxed at his table. His son and daughter spoke in whispers and were remarkably well-mannered. His wife was douce and poised. I had been told that invitations to his country-house reading parties during vacations were coveted by able undergraduate philosophers at Oxford, and now I could see why.

At the table, we talked about Hare's



PERLE, 2 OZ. 15.

BRUMAIRE
sprays
your
favorite
fragrance
the new
French
way

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

*Marcel
Franck*

THE FINEST
ATOMIZERS IN
THE WORLD

FRENCH ATOMIZER CO.
730 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 19, N.Y.



DE LUXE, 3 OZ. 25.

Brumaire is the only atomizer powered by a replaceable aerosol cartridge. When the cartridge runs out of propellant, simply replace it with another (and then another and another, ad infinitum) and go on spraying **your own favorite** perfume, cologne, toilet water or bath oil from the most economical, most luxurious atomizer in the world.

A sixty-five cent cartridge is the only upkeep, far less—by dollars—than ordinary aerosol spray perfumes. Brumaire is easy to fill and a pleasure to use. It's the newest atomizer on smart dressing tables everywhere. Just press the cap, and presto: spray on and on and on. Box of four refill cartridges, 2.50.

"The Finest Tradition of Shirtmaking"

Churchill®

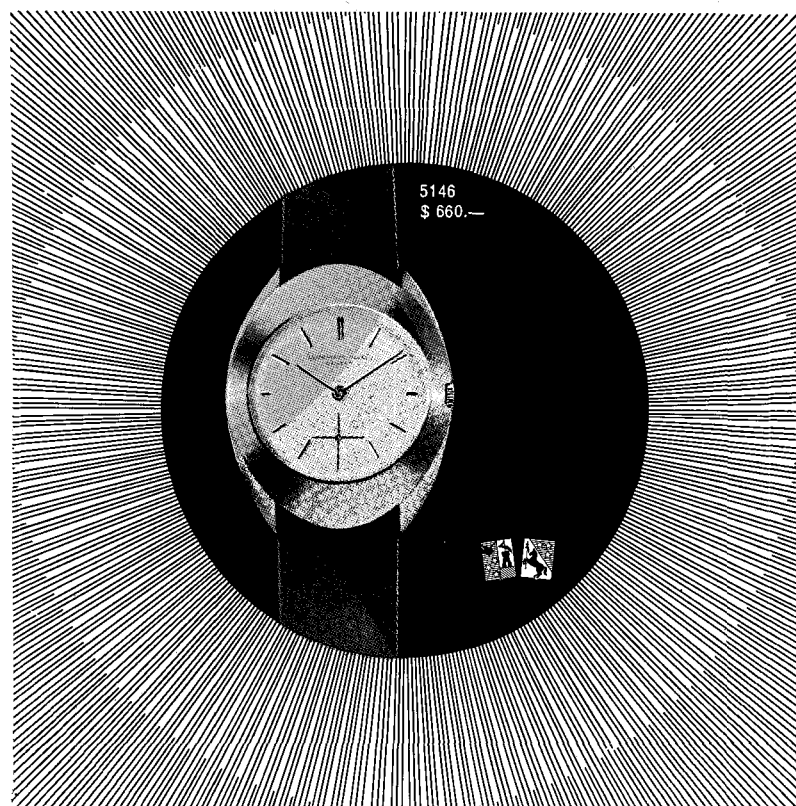
Originals • Imports



Churchill Shirts...
From six to fifteen dollars

STYLES OF TOMORROW—TODAY

Fine Shirts • Sportswear • Pajamas • The Enro Shirt Co., Louisville 1, Ky.



For those who have the taste as well as the means
to command the most exclusive timepiece made in the world today

AUDEMARS PIGUET

Audemars Piguet & Co., Inc., 665 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

interests. "I like music very much—it's one of my principal relaxations," he said at one point. "I listen in a very catholic way to all kinds of music. I deliberately don't have a gramophone, because I think it's better for one to catch what there is on the wireless instead of choosing one's own things. I take in quite a lot of modern stuff, although I don't enjoy it as a whole. I listen to it in the hope that one day I will. Also, on the wireless I have to listen to Beethoven. I'd never go and get a gramophone record of Beethoven. As a schoolboy, I liked him very much, but when the war began I was—as I think most of us were, or anybody at all sensitive—very troubled by war and whether one should be a pacifist. And I can't explain why, but it suddenly became clear to me, listening to Beethoven and to Bach and comparing them, that as *food*, musical food, for anybody in that kind of situation, Beethoven was exceedingly superficial and insipid. But principally superficial. To be precise, it appeared to me one wintry day in 1940 that his music rang exceedingly hollow."

At the end of lunch, Mrs. Hare told us she would bring us coffee in the caravan, and I followed Hare to his wagon retreat.

I asked him if there was a key to linguistic philosophy.

"No," he said forcefully. "There isn't a method that any fool can get hold of in order to do philosophy as we do it. The most characteristic thing about Oxford philosophy is that we insist on clear thinking, and I suppose scientists and philosophers are agreed on what constitutes a good argument. Clear thinking, of course, is especially important in my own field of moral philosophy, because almost any important moral question arises in a confused form when one first meets it. But most of the undergraduates who come up to Oxford are not going to be professional philosophers; they're going to be civil servants and parsons and politicians and lawyers and businessmen. And I think the most important thing I can do is to teach them to think lucidly—and linguistic analysis is frightfully useful for this. You have only to read the letters to the *Times*—unfortunately I forget them as soon as I've read them, or I'd give you an example—to come across a classic instance of a problem that is made clearer for one, and perhaps would have been made clearer for the writer, by the ability to take statements to pieces. My own hobby is town planning. I read quite a lot of the literature, and it's perfectly obvious that immense harm is done—I mean not just confusion, academic confusion,



pop goes the Piper... no wonder the French never drink water

PIPER-HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE AVAILABLE IN PIPER BRUT 1953 VINTAGE • PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE • CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS • PIPER PINK • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

Magnavox



The Stereo Theatre 27, English Traditional furniture in selected fine woods. In mahogany, \$895.

Magnificent family entertainment center . . . 27" Automatic TV . . . true Stereophonic High Fidelity...FM/AM radio

Music becomes magic, pictures become "alive" with breathtaking new realism! Only Magnavox brings you all these innovations for your greatest viewing and listening pleasure: The biggest, clearest picture in all TV . . . with revolutionary new Video-matic that always gives you the finest pictures — automatically . . . spectacular true Stereophonic High Fidelity with the fabulous new Micromatic Record Player that eliminates both record and stylus wear . . . plus thrilling new Stereophonic FM radio. **Magnavox** the magnificent

Let your Magnavox dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages, show you why Magnavox is the finest . . . and your best buy on any basis of comparison.

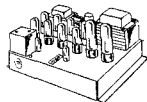
Here are the matchless superiorities of the **Magnavox** Stereo Theatre 27

Spectacular 27" Video-matic TV*—Now, all you do is select your program. The exclusive Magnavox Video-matic makes all adjustments automatically! Regardless of varying room light, electronics continuously synchronize and adjust both brightness and contrast to give you the finest picture you've ever seen—always! 400 sq. in. screen—almost half again as big as the largest of other makes—twice as big as the average screen in use today. The Chromatic optical filter adds clarity and superb realism—eliminates reflections and glare that cause eyestrain.

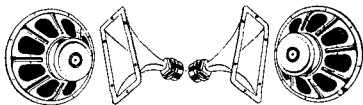
*Diagonal measure screen



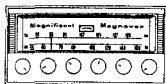
Now your records can last a lifetime—the Micro-matic record player eliminates record and stylus wear! Turntable speed always gives perfect pitch—surface noise, distortions are banished. The feather-light pick-up plays perfectly at only 1/10 ounce touch. Because there is no discernible wear on either record or stylus, Magnavox guarantees the Diamond Stylus for 10 years.



Four powerful stereophonic amplifiers. Each stereo channel has its separate bass and treble amplification. Magnavox eliminates intermodulation distortion, gives you most precise reproduction of all tones.



Two 1,000 cycle exponential treble horns plus two 15" bass woofers. Horns are infinitely more efficient and distortion-free than a multiplicity of cone speakers. They eliminate distortion in the range (treble) where your hearing is most sensitive. Bass and mid-range tones providing greatest stereo effects are reproduced through the high efficiency 15" woofers, projected from each side of the cabinet, and reflected from room walls. The result is full tonal fidelity and breathtaking stereo separation that would otherwise require widely spaced speaker cabinets.



Powerful new FM/AM radio is completely equipped to receive the thrilling new stereophonic FM programs! New tuning meter permits perfect station tuning at all times. Magnavox automatic frequency control eliminates annoying FM station "drift."

Greatest reliability. Technology developed for military electronics makes a Magnavox so dependable that service, all parts and tubes are guaranteed for a full year in Gold Seal models. Your Magnavox dealer listed in the Yellow Pages will be delighted to show you a vast variety of beautiful styles and finishes. Other Stereo Theatres priced from only \$359.50.

The Magnavox Company, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

but physical harm, roads being built in the wrong places and that sort of thing—because people don't think clearly enough. In philosophy itself, unclear thinking has led to a lot of mistakes, and I think it is my job to take pupils through these mistakes and show them the blind alleys in the city of philosophy. They can go on from there. Careful attention to language is, I think, the best way not to solve problems but to understand them. That is what, as philosophers, we are mainly concerned with."

I asked how, exactly, attention to language helped in understanding problems.

"Suppose I said, 'That chair over there is both red and not red,' " he replied. "This would make you say, 'That can't be right.' Well, I say partly it's the same sort of thing that would make you say 'That can't be right' if you wrote down 'fullfil,' spelled f-u-l-l-f-i-l. If you wrote down 'fullfil' that way and you saw it on a page, you would say, 'That can't be right.' Well, this is because you've learned, you see, to do a thing called spelling 'fulfill,' and you've also learned to do a thing called using the word 'not.' And if somebody says to you, 'That is both red and not red,' he's doing something that you learned *not* to do when you learned the word 'not.' He has offended against a certain rule of skill (if you like to call it that), which you mastered when you became aware of how to use the word 'not.' Of course, learning to use the word 'not' isn't exactly like learning how to spell, because it's also knowing something about how to reason. It's mastering a very elementary piece of logic. The words for 'not' in different languages are the same, but not quite the same; there are variations. For example, in Greek you've double negatives; you say, 'I have not been neither to the temple nor to the theatre.' This is why Oxford philosophy is based both on simple reasoning and on exhaustive research into language—in this particular case, into the word 'not.'"

Hare's ideas about moral philosophy, I learned, were influenced by his experiences in Japanese prison camps in Singapore and Thailand, where all values had to be hewn from the rock of his own conscience. In the artificial community of the prison, he came to realize that nothing was "given" in society, that everyone carried his moral luggage in his head; every man was born with his conscience, and this, rather than anything in society, he found, was the source of morality. (As he once wrote, "A prisoner-of-war community is a society which has to be formed, and

I. MAGNIN & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO
 FRESNO • CARMEL • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA
 SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE

Ecusson... Jean d'Albret's
 haunting blend of rose and
 jasmine in two new versions
 to use and give with a lavish
 hand... the Perfume Concentrate
 Spray, 2-ounces 6.50...
 Ecusson Parfum in a purse
 atomizer, 1/4-ounce 8.50...
 Ecusson Parfum 14.50 to 130.00
 plus 10% federal tax

mail orders (add 35¢ for shipping) to Union Square,
 San Francisco or to 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles
 or telephone your nearest I. Magnin & Co. store

BRONZINI

for a man

After Shave in a special container

drawing by Roderick McRae

JUVENIA



JUVENIA celebrates its 100th year as a leader in the art of Swiss watchmaking. Among its distinguished creations are the fascinating, original MYSTERE designs ...the simple, elegant SLIM group. Quality makes JUVENIA a true jeweler's watch.

Transparent watches in flattering sizes and shapes, so light on the wrist. See the 17-jewel movement through the unbreakable back. Vivid red hands on jet black face. In gold plate from \$95

Supremely elegant timepieces — incredibly thin round, square or rectangular designs for men or women. 17-jewel, shock-resistant movement. In gold plate from \$89.50; in 14-kt. gold from \$175



At fine jewelers / World Wide service / Write for color brochure.

Fabrique Juvenia, Switzerland / U.S. Agent: Juvenia Watch Distributors, 580 5th Ave., N.Y. 36.

constantly re-formed, out of nothing. The social values, whether military or civil, which one has brought with one can seldom be applied without scrutiny to this very strange, constantly disintegrating situation.") Indeed, the rough draft of his first book, "The Language of Morals"—on the strength of which he was eventually elected a Fellow of Balliol—was hammered out in the grim and barren prison compounds. He went on to tell me that his present views, which were a development of his old ideas, were that ethics was the exact study of the words one used in making moral judgments, and that judgment, to be moral, had to be both universal and prescriptive. "This means," he explained, "that if you say 'X ought to do Y,' then you commit yourself to the view that if you were in X's position, you ought to do Y also. Furthermore, if you have said that *you* ought to do Y, then you are bound to do it—straightway, if possible. If you say that X ought to do Y but you don't think that in the same circumstances *you* ought to do it, then it isn't a moral judgment at all." In effect, let your conscience always be your guide. "If you do not assent to the above propositions," Hare went on energetically, "then you do not, in my opinion, really believe in any moral judgments. You cannot answer 'ought'-questions by disguising them as 'is'-questions." He admitted, however, that most of the philosophers at Oxford were not much interested in moral philosophy. For that sort of philosophy one had to go to the Continent and to Existentialism.

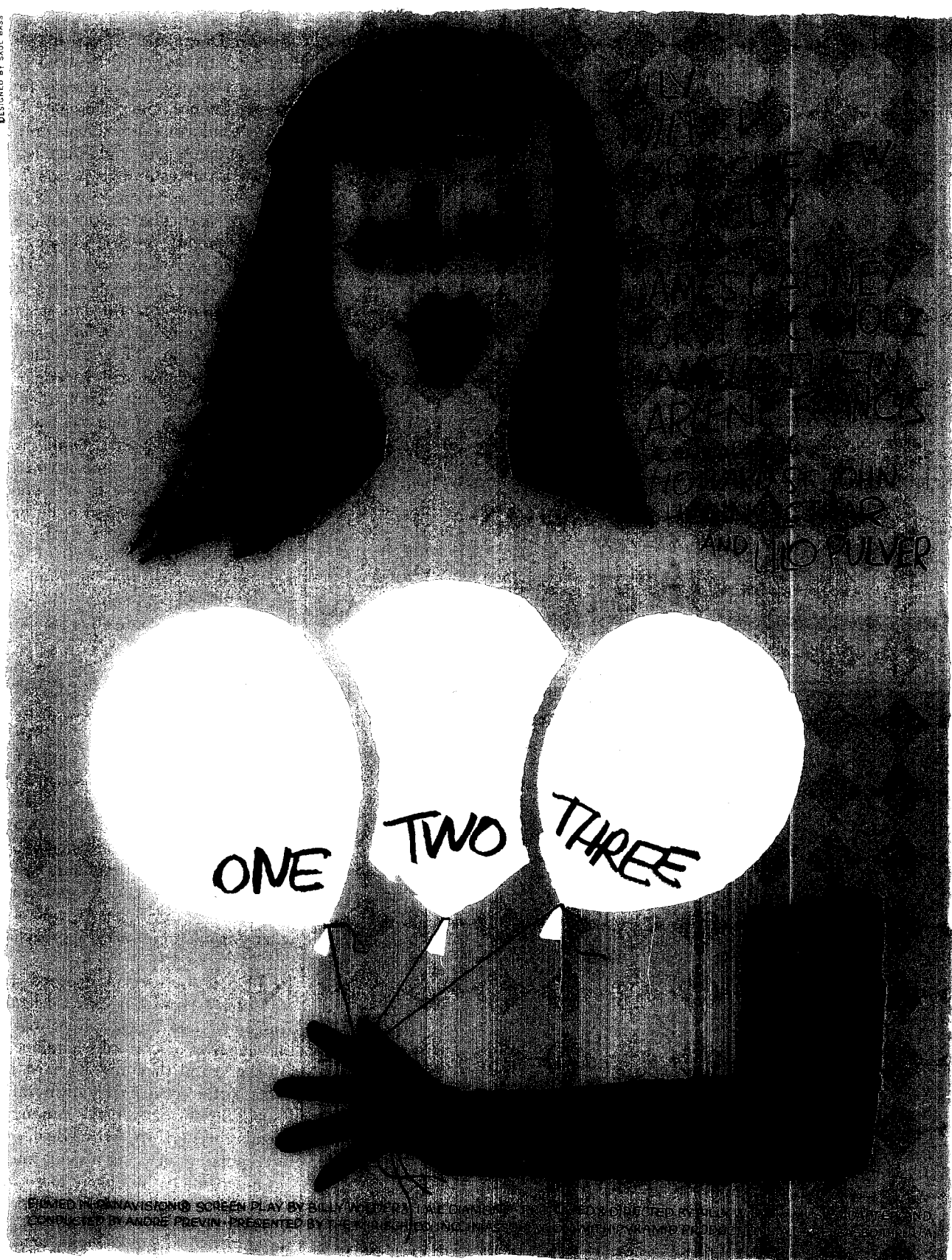
What was the relationship between Existentialism and British philosophy?

"The thing wrong with the Existentialists and the other Continental philosophers," Hare said, "is that they haven't had their noses rubbed in the necessity of saying exactly what they mean. I sometimes think it's because they don't have a tutorial system. You see, if you learn philosophy here you read a thing to your tutor and he says to you 'What do you mean by that?' and then you have to tell him. I think what makes us good philosophers is, ultimately, the method of teaching. But you ought to see Iris Murdoch about Existentialism. She's read the big books." He'd read only little Existentialist books, he said. He had no sympathy for people less good than Miss Murdoch who "let rip on Existentialism and use it as a stick with which to beat 'the sterile Oxford philosophers.'"

Was it possible to be a philosopher and have a religious faith?

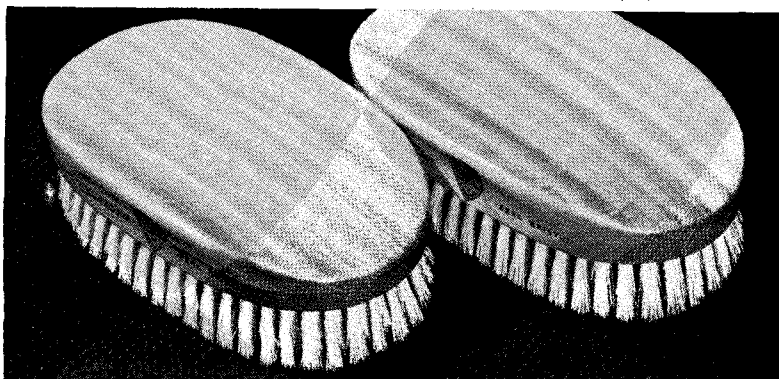
Hare pointed out that some of the Oxford philosophers were practicing

DESIGNED BY SAUL BASS



NEW YORK 1966 PVE INC. 20, 21, 25 ST. ASTOR AND FINE ARTS THEATRES

By Appointment To Her Majesty The Queen Brushmakers G. B. Kent & Sons, Ltd.



The gift guaranteed to go to his head ... Kent Military Brushes!

There's only one nicer gift for a man than a Kent hair brush. And that's a military pair of same. They're irresistibly handsome, masterfully hand-made. And they're to treasure for years. Kent stands for British brushcraft at its best. This pair is a fine case in point—vigorous boar bristles of superb quality set in richly polished satinwood. Style MS 11. \$19.50 the pair. At B. Altman & Co. • Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. • Jordan Marsh Co. • J. W. Robinson Co.; and other fine stores.

KENT OF LONDON

Since 1777

630 FIFTH AVENUE



NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

Christians. He went on to name some Catholics: Elizabeth Anscombe; her husband, Peter Geach (who, though he was not teaching at Oxford, was still "one of us"); B. F. McGuinness; and Michael Dummett. "If you wish to be rational," he went on, "you've got to look for some way of reconciling formal religion, science, and philosophy. I personally think you can reconcile only two of these things. As a philosopher, you can work out your own personal religion, which may or may not conform to what any particular church says, but I think it's slightly sophistical, say, to be a Catholic and then insist that Hell is scientific. Some philosophers here think that they can serve all three masters, and the way they reconcile religion and science is revealing. They take the dogmatic attitude and call it 'empirical': 'When the bad go to Hell, they will verify the statement that the bad go to Hell.' So much for the scientific principle of verification! I think if you are a Catholic and are going to be a philosopher, you're almost bound to do one of two things. One is to stick rigidly to the formal kinds of philosophy—I mean mathematical logic, pure linguistic analysis, and that kind of thing. The other is to do ordinary philosophy—my sort—but with a distinct slant."

It was getting late in the afternoon, and I said I must take my leave. We went back into the house, so that I could say goodbye to Mrs. Hare, and she insisted on our taking another cup of coffee. "I hope your afternoon has been worthwhile," she said. "I have learned all the philosophy I know from reading the proofs of my husband's books."

Mr. Hare had been kind, candid, and informative. Like all good tutors, he was a little idiosyncratic and somewhat oracular but very approachable.

NEXT morning, I dropped in on Iris Murdoch. She, Elizabeth Anscombe, and Philippa Foot make up the squadron of Oxford's feminine philosophers, and they and Richard Hare make up the constabulary of moral philosophy at the university. Among her friends and students, Miss Murdoch has the reputation of being a saint, and she has no enemies. She's likely to go about without a thought for her dress and without a penny in her pocket, and this absent-mindedness perhaps has its source in her custom of living and thinking in two worlds—philosophy and literature—both of which she inhabits with facility and aplomb. Two of her engaging novels, "The Bell" and "Under the Net," I had read very recently, and I was surprised that a writer of such



Countess Mara...

Gifts for one man in a million

"BIRDS" Cut Velvet Tie in silver, black, navy or brown, 30.00. "LAWYER" Bas Relief Silk Tie from our "Professional Group" which also includes "Doctor" and "Dentist"; grey, blue, maroon or brown, 10.00.

"GOURMET" Silk Satin Tie in brown or midnight blue, 20.00.

All carry the distinguished CM coronet.

COUNTESS MARA 110 EAST 57TH ST., AT PARK AVENUE
3 EAST 58TH ST., AT THE SAVOY HILTON

A Choir for Christmas

Rare and joyous sounds for Christmas from the Mormon Tabernacle Choir—a bountiful holiday mixture of cherished favorites and new delights.

Alfred Drake— The King of Broadway

Virtuoso singing star Alfred Drake is dazzling as the hero of *Kean*—actor, bon vivant, 19th-century matinee idol. This is Broadway's most lavish new musical hit about life and love, on stage and off, in rakish Regency London.

The Sound of Devotion

A majestic sound for Christmas is Handel's *Messiah*, magnificently performed by a devoted assembly including conductor Eugene Ormandy, The Philadelphia Orchestra, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and soloists Eileen Farrell and William Warfield.

The Talking "Nutcracker"

Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite* has three splendid new friends—Ogden Nash, who writes special hilarious verses, Peter Ustinov, who has the fun of reciting them, and conductor Andre Kostelanetz, who leads all the merriment.

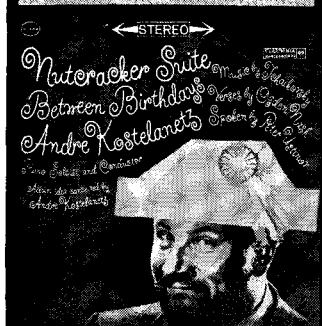
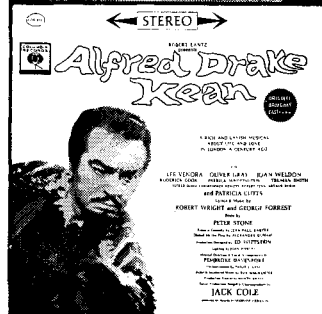
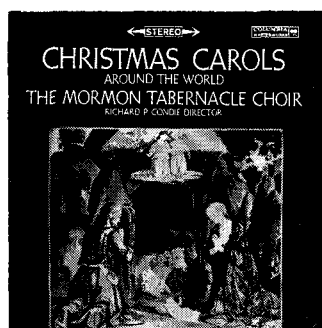
Beethoven's Missa Solemnis

For Beethoven's glorious *Missa Solemnis*, Bernstein marshals majestic forces—distinguished soloists led by Eileen Farrell, the massive Westminster Choir and the Philharmonic.

Bernstein conveys eloquently its grandeur, as well as its detail.

Vive Yves!

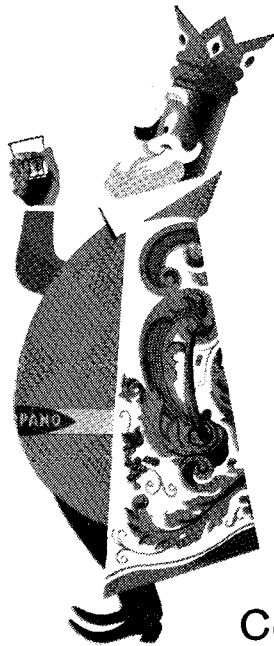
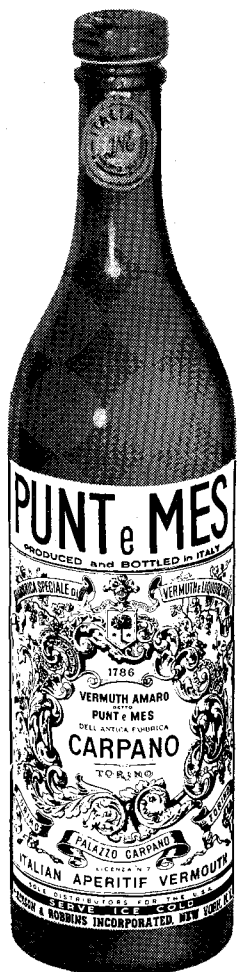
Time Magazine calls French import Montand "one of the most potent love potions ever poured across the footlights." The Montand charm is just as potent on (Lp).



LOOK
WHAT'S
COMING
OUT ON
COLUMBIA
RECORDS

CHOOSE SPECTACULAR STEREO OR MATCHLESS MONAURAL

© "Columbia". Marcas Reg. Printed in U. S. A.



The favorite
Continental aperitif

PUNT e MES

(pronounced Punt e Mes)

Delightfully different. Try it, for a change, before meals. A bittersweet aperitif, to whet the appetite. Favorite of statesmen and royalty. Italy's greatest vermouth aperitif.

THE VERMOUTH OF KINGS FROM THE KING OF VERMOUTHS...

CARPANO

World's oldest vermouth...since 1786

PUNT E MES VERMOUTH IMPORTED BY MCKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y., N.Y. ©McK & R, 1961

A Soft and Subtle Gleam

Cultured pearls,
beautifully matched
in a single strand
necklace, \$9,500...and in
a torsade bracelet of ten
twisted strands, clasped
with a cabochon emerald
and diamonds in 18kt.
gold, \$1,650.

Shown actual size
Fed. tax incl.

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

FIFTH AVE. AND 52 ST., NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • PLaza 3-0111 340 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

gifts should be only a part-time novelist. She greeted me at the door of her study, in Saint Anne's College, and I was immediately drawn to her. She had a striking appearance, very much like my image of St. Joan—a celestial expression cast in the rough features of a peasant, and straight, blond hair unevenly clipped.

I determined to steer my way to philosophy by asking her about her writing. "I do my writing at home, during vacations," she said haltingly. "I settle down with some paper and my characters, and carry on until I get things done. But terms I devote mostly to reading and teaching philosophy—I haven't written any philosophy lately. Yes, I do find time to read a lot of novels, but I don't think I trespass on my serious reading. No, I don't think there is any direct connection between philosophy and my writing. Perhaps they do come together in a general sort of way—in considering, for example, what morality is and what goes into making decisions." She had been an undergraduate at the same time as Hare and, like him, had read Greats, but, unlike him, she had come accidentally to professional philosophy. The aftermath of the war put her in touch with Existentialism. "I was in London during the war," she recalled, "and afterward went to Brussels to do refugee work. In Belgium, there was a tremendous ferment going on; everyone was rushing around reading Kierkegaard and Jean-Paul Sartre. I knew something about them from my undergraduate days, but then I read them deeply." She returned to England and Cambridge to study French philosophy and to look at English philosophy afresh. Wittgenstein had just retired, and she regretted very much that she had arrived too late for his lectures. His philosophy, however, still towered over the university, and she was led up to it by Professor John Wisdom, a disciple of Wittgenstein's, and Miss Anscombe, a pupil and translator of Wittgenstein's, whom Miss Murdoch had known from her undergraduate days.

I asked Miss Murdoch if she had ever seen Wittgenstein.

"Yes. He was very good-looking," she replied, feeling her way like a novelist. "Rather small, and with a very, very intelligent, shortish face and piercing eyes—a sharpish, intent, alert face and those very piercing eyes. He had a trampish sort of appearance. And he had two empty rooms, with no books and just a couple of deck chairs and, of course, his camp bed. Both he and his setting were very unnerving. His ex-

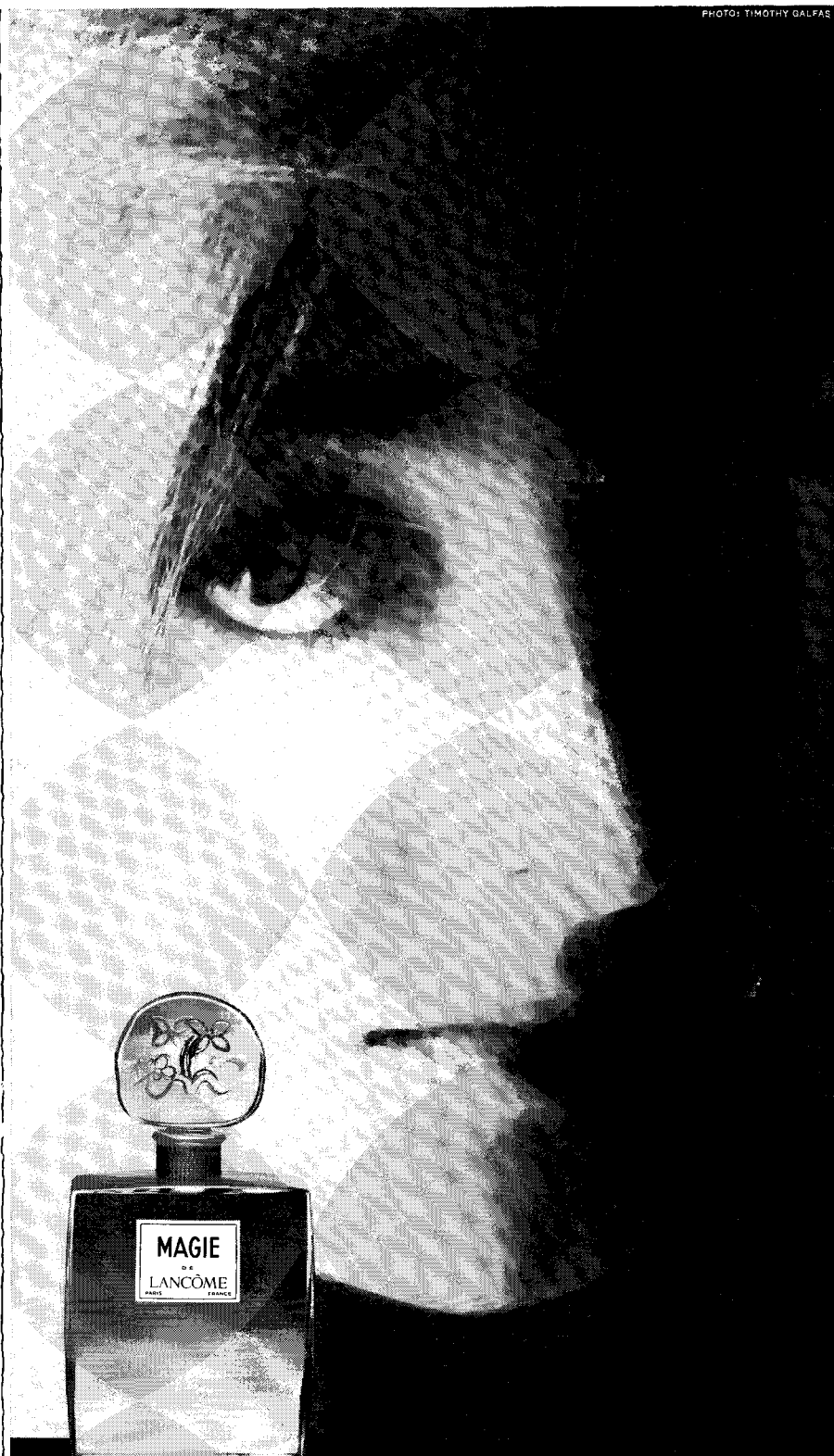
traordinary directness of approach and the absence of any sort of paraphernalia were the things that unnerved people. I mean, with most people, you meet them in a framework, and there are certain conventions about how you talk to them, and so on. There isn't a naked confrontation of personalities. But Wittgenstein always imposed this confrontation on all his relationships. I met him only twice and I didn't know him well, and perhaps that's why I always thought of him, as a person, with awe and alarm."

She stopped talking suddenly, and it was some time before she resumed. Then she said that she had some things in common, as a moral philosopher, with Miss Anscombe and Mrs. Foot. The three of them were certainly united in their objection to Hare's view that the human being was the monarch of the universe, that he constructed his values from scratch. They were interested in "the reality that surrounds man—transcendent or whatever." She went on to add that the three of them were very dissimilar. "Elizabeth is Catholic and sees God in a particular color," Miss Murdoch said. "Philippa is in the process of changing her position." As for herself, she had not fully worked out her own views, though sometimes she did find herself agreeing with the Existentialists that every person was irretrievably different from every other.

Would she perhaps compare the moral philosophy in England and France, I asked, remembering Hare's comment that she had read the big books.

"Some of the French Existentialists feel that English philosophers like Hare err when they picture morality as a matter of consistency with universal rules," she answered. "The Existentialists think that even though you may endorse the rules society offers you, it is still your own *individual* choice that you endorse them. The Existentialists feel that you can have a morality without producing consistent or explicable rules for your conduct. They allow for a much more personal and aesthetic kind of morality, in which you have to explain yourself, as it were, to your peers."

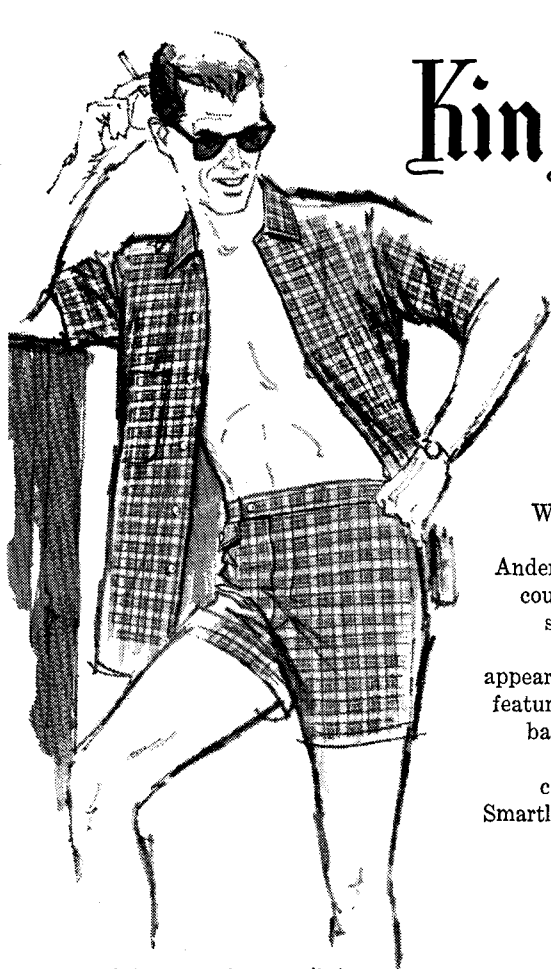
As she talked on, it became clear to me that she was much more an intuitive person than an analytic one, and regarded ideas as so many precious stones in the human diadem. Unlike Hare, she found it hard to imagine the diadem locked up in an ivory tower, or like the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London. "Most English philosophers," she said, "share certain assumptions of Wittgenstein and Austin. You might want to look into



MAGIE

...IT'S MAGIC!

PARIS • LANCÔME • NEW YORK



Kingswood Sportswear

OUR CLASSIC CABANA SET

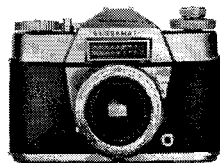
Woven in Scotland exclusively for us by David and John Anderson Ltd., our luxurious high count imported cotton gingham swim trunks are meticulously tailored for the ultimate in appearance, comfort and fit. Special features include nylon-lined waistband, side adjustment tabs, fly front, rustproof zipper and completely built-in supporter. Smartly tapered, in muted authentic tartans with matching shirt. Trunks, even sizes, 30-44. Shirts, S, M, L, XL.

For name of store nearest you, write to
KINGSWOOD SPORTSWEAR CO. INC., 102 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York



HOLIDAY HOUSEFUL...captured with Voigtlander Bessamatic

Everyone came. First time in years. A moment to keep alive with the Bessamatic. ¶ **Why Bessamatic?** Because its automatic precision lets you enjoy the moment while you capture it. One glance through the view-finder shows accurate focus and exposure setting. Bessamatic is a single-lens reflex. You view your subject through the lens that takes the picture. Spend your time setting the scene . . . trust Bessamatic to keep it memorable. Just \$209.50* with f/2.8 Color-Skopar, or \$272.50* with 7-element f/2.0 Septon lens.



*Manufacturer's suggested list prices. See your dealer for his prices.

VOIGTLANDER

SINCE 1756

SOLE AMERICAN IMPORTER, H. A. BOHM & CO., 2814 W. PETERSON AVE., CHICAGO 45, ILL.

them as persons. They were the most extraordinary men among us."

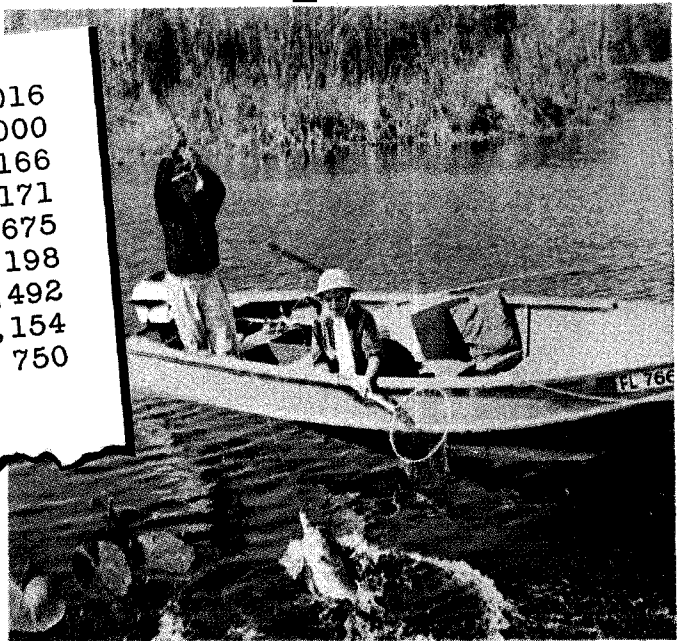
AFTER saying goodbye to Miss Murdoch, I carried my researches on to Magdalen College. There I intended to draw out G. J. Warnock, who held one of the keys to the Austinian legend. This legend was as ubiquitous as the stained-glass windows, and it might be presumed to illuminate the dark room of Oxford philosophy, for J. L. Austin, who had died a few months before I began my quest, had dominated Oxford in much the same way that Wittgenstein had dominated Cambridge. In the course of an Oxford-to-London telephone call, I asked John, "What was the source of everyone's veneration of Austin?" and he said, more analytically than unkindly, "Every cult needs a dead man." He likened the Austinian sect to primitive Christianity, though he added that he did not think the worshippers would ever be blessed with a St. Paul.

As it happened, I had attended one of Austin's lectures, just out of curiosity, while I was an undergraduate, and had been entranced by his performance. To look at, he was a tall and thin man, a sort of parody of the desiccated don. His face suggested an osprey. His voice was flat and metallic, and seemed to be stuck on a note of disillusion. It sounded like a telephone speaking by itself. The day I was present, he opened his lecture by reading aloud a page from Ayer's "The Problem of Knowledge." He read it in a convincing way, and then he began taking it to bits: "What does he mean by this?" He bore down heavily on Ayer's argument with regard to illusion—that you cannot trust your senses, because they are sometimes mistaken. He said that the passage about people's having illusions made this sound as if it were much more frequent than in fact it was—as if when people saw a stick in water and it looked bent, they were inevitably deceived into thinking that it actually was bent. Austin turned around to the blackboard and, leaning forward, drew a sort of triangle with a thin, crooked stick in it. He added a cherry at the end of the stick. "What is this supposed to be?" he asked, facing us. "A cocktail glass?" And he drew a stem and a foot, asking as he did so, "How many of you think it is a bucket?" He lectured in a deadpan voice, peopling the room with Ayer's deceived men, all of whom would take the glass to be a bucket. This was Austin's way of saying that no more people were deceived by Ayer's stick in the water than by the glass on the blackboard, that Ayer's

All Florida adds up...



1,016
30,000
166
171
675
198
1,492
2,154
750



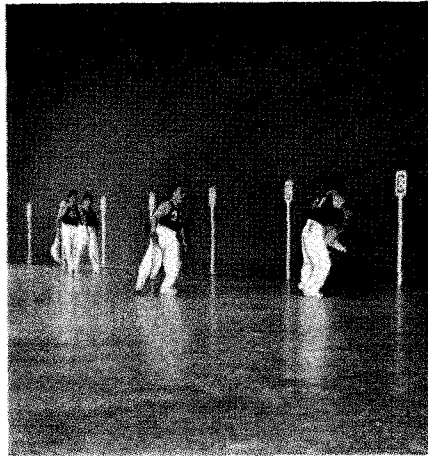
1,016 MILES OF OCEAN AND GULF BEACHES—that's Florida! You'll find a Florida beach to match any holiday mood. For example: fabulous Lower East Coast. Here, as in all of Florida, your vacation can be active and luxurious, or relaxing and simple—as you choose it to be.

FIGHTING BLACK BASS AWAIT YOU in Florida's 30,000 lakes, 166 fresh-water rivers. Bring your motor and rent a skiff for from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day; *with* outboard motor, \$10.00 up. Fresh-water fishing license: 5-day continuous \$2.25; 14-day, \$3.25—at any bait and tackle store.

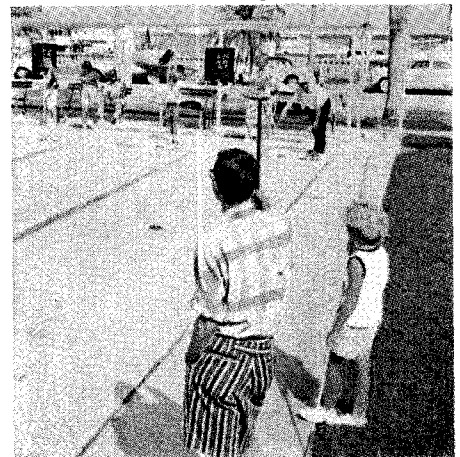
... to a lot more vacation fun for you



Florida golfing is popular year-round. P.G.A. national headquarters is here. Most of Florida's 171 courses welcome out-of-state visitors. Bring your clubs.



Jai Alai! Pronounce it "Hi-Li." Fans call it "world's fastest game." 675 days of play a year, plus 198 days at Florida's thoroughbred tracks, 1,492 days greyhound racing.



Many visitors combine *play* and *relaxation*, at shuffleboard. Florida provides for them . . . with 2,154 public shuffleboard courts. 750 public tennis courts, too.

There's so much more
to come back to in

See your Travel Agent
Florida



Governor Farris Bryant

FREE! New "GUIDE TO FLORIDA VACATIONS" tells where to find Florida vacation thrills. Mail coupon now!

"**EXECUTIVES:** As Florida's governor, I invite you to get facts about Florida's advantages for conventions, sales meetings and for plant locations. Write, on business letterhead, to Florida Development Commission, Box 2113-D, Tallahassee, Florida."



Mr. Wendell Jarrard, Chairman
Florida Development Commission
Box 2113-D, Tallahassee, Florida

Send FREE Florida Vacation Guide book to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Santa's Best Friend:— SONY®

RESEARCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

Busy right up to the last moment... these SONY sprites are solving your gift problems. They are readying SONY all-transistorized radios and television... the perfect gifts for *everyone* on your list.

Behind the SONY label stands the greatest gift of all... Quality. There are as many ways to prove SONY quality as there are names on your gift list. For SONY is the gift that praises its donor... while it pleases its recipient.

Superiority is synonymous with SONY... and it starts with basic electronic leadership. Engineering skill in design creation and construction is evident in every SONY product.

There are few finer gifts—few will give more lasting pleasure.

1. SONY TV-8-301W—World's lightest, all-transistorized, direct-view, truly portable TV. Operates on AC current, 12 volt car/boat battery or its own rechargeable battery. 8½" screen. Weight: 13¼ lbs. List: **\$249.95**
Battery Pack Optional.

2. SONY TFM-121A-FM/AM—12 transistor Portable. Outstanding FM reception matchless sensitivity. Automatic Frequency Control locks station in. Has Multiplex jack. 3 antennae. Complete with batteries, earphone and leather carrying case List: **\$99.95**

3. SONY TR-812—The world at your fingertips. 3 Band lightweight all-transistor portable. Receives AM, Short Wave and Marine Signals. Illuminated dial. Complete with batteries and earphone List: **\$99.95**

4. SONY-TR-620—Palm Sized 6 Transistor Pocketable. Perfect tonal quality through new inverted cone speaker. Weighs only 6 ounces. Complete with battery, earphone and carrying case List: **\$29.95**

5. SONY TR-730—World's smallest 7 transistor radio with outstanding selectivity and tone. Only 3" x 2" x 1½". Beautifully gift-boxed. Complete with leather case, earphone and battery List: **\$39.95**

6. SONY TRW-621—Pocketable Automatic Watch Radio. 7 jewel precision watch that awakens you to music... turns on and off... automatically! Complete with battery, earphone and leather carrying case List: **\$49.95**

7. SONY-TR-624—Fingertip control Table Radio. At the touch of a fingertip, the cover pops up and the radio plays. Beautiful desk or table accessory. Complete with batteries List: **\$39.95**

8. SONY TFM-95—Superb FM/AM Portable—That can also be used as a car radio when mounted in bracket (optional)—Easy to remove and replace in your car. Complete with batteries and earphone List: **\$79.95**

9. SONY TR-630—New 6 transistor Pocketable with tone control. Complete with carrying case, earphone, batteries List: **\$24.95**

10. SONY TFM-122—Magnificent FM/AM Table Model. Beautifully styled walnut cabinet. Twin speakers. Built-in jack will accommodate Multiplex-Stereo Adapter. Complete with batteries List: **\$129.95**

11. SONY TR-7120—7 Transistor cordless Radio. Decorator styled cabinet. Perfect tonal quality and outstanding reception. Complete with batteries. List: **\$44.95**

12. SONY TR-84—8 Transistor, super powerful portable—Superb portable with an extra stage of RF for clarity and selectivity. Complete with batteries, earphone and leather carrying case List: **\$49.95**

13. SONY TR-609—Super Powerful 6 transistor pocketable. Quality speaker, excellent tone, Reflex Circuit. Distortion free tuning. Complete with batteries, carrying case and earphone List: **\$39.95**

14. SONY TR-510—5 Transistor pocketable lightweight, compact, powerful enough to receive fringe areas. Complete with batteries, leather case and earphone List: **\$22.95**

15. SONY TR-717Y—2 Band, 7 Transistor portable: AM and Short Wave. Beautifully styled. Micro-drive dial for fine tuning. Complete with batteries. List: **\$49.95**

16. SONY TR-815Y—Super Sensitive, 2 band—8 Transistor portable. AM/Short Wave... RF amplifier with high gain transistor. Receives distant weak stations. Complete with batteries, earphone and carrying case List: **\$69.95**

See and hear these world-famous SONY truly portable Radios and Television at better radio, jewelry and department stores everywhere.

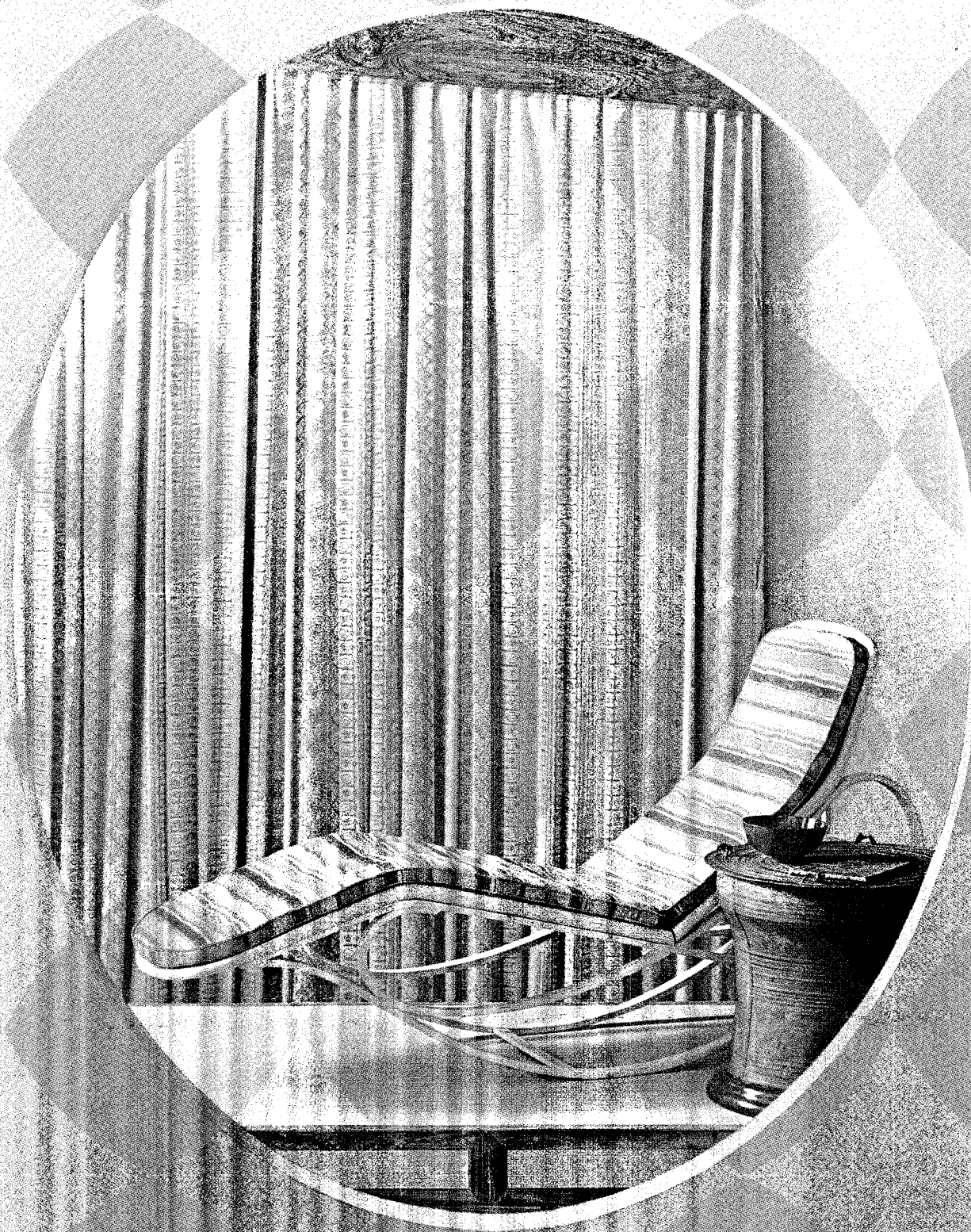
SONY CORPORATION OF AMERICA

514 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.

For a **FULL COLOR** reproduction of **SANTA** and his helpers, suitable for framing (without advertising message), send 25 cents in coin to:

SONY CORPORATION OF AMERICA
514 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.

Civil Defense recommends a battery-operated radio in every home.
Every SONY radio clearly shows the 2 CONELRAD frequencies.



Dunbar chaise upholstered with Chromspun...the gift that keeps on giving hours of beautiful relaxation

Inspired by a 19th Century Thonet museum piece, this graceful chaise by Edward Wormley is a superb example of modern design. The carefree fabric is enriched with Chromspun to stay as bright as a Christmas morning. From a new Dunbar group featuring Boris Kroll fabrics with Chromspun.

Chaise in Chromspun acetate and nylon stripe, about \$685. At fine stores or from decorators. Dunbar showrooms: New York, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Brussels, Honolulu. Home office, Berne, Ind.

Coordinating drapery fabric of Chromspun acetate, polyester and linen by Boris Kroll. Rosewood veneers by William Marshall, Ltd. Chromspun is the trademark for Eastman color-locked acetate. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not the fabric or furniture.



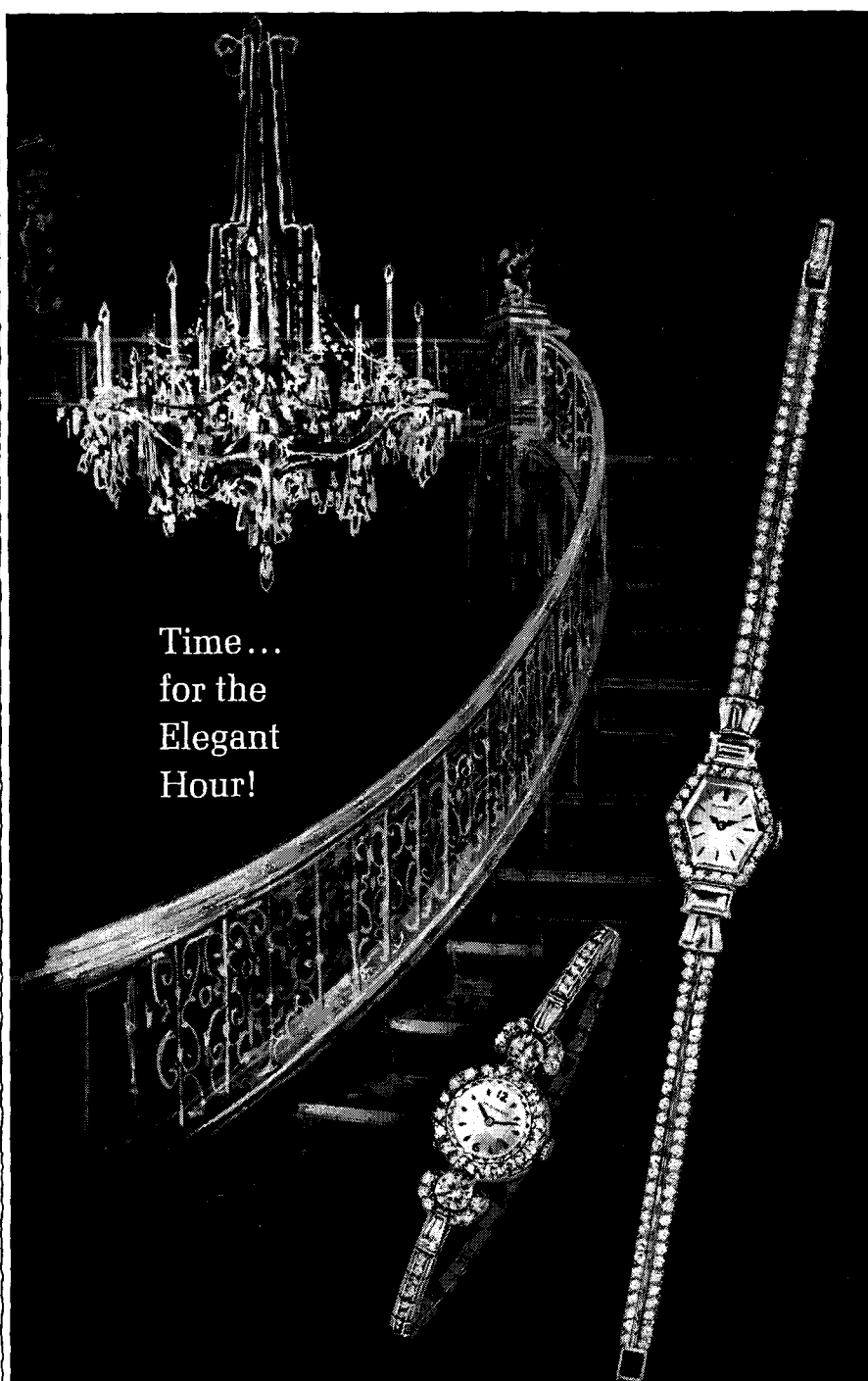
EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC.
subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company,
260 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 16

argument about the fallibility of the senses was much less cogent than he made out, and that most of what the logical positivists called illusions were in fact a madman's delusions. I was told that Austin performed like this day after day, mocking, ridiculing, caricaturing, exaggerating, never flagging in his work of demolition, while the skeptical undergraduates watched, amused and bemused, for behind the performance—the legend—there was the voice of distilled intelligence. Austin's trenchant remarks on philosophers would make a small volume of cherished quotations, and among them would surely be a clerihow he wrote on the Harvard logician W. V. Quine:

Everything done by Quine
Is just fine.
All we want is to be left alone,
To fossick around on our own.

When I arrived at Magdalen, I found Warnock reading the bulletin board in the porter's lodge. He looked slightly younger than Hare, and was round-faced and rather tweedy; his appearance went with round-rimmed glasses, though he didn't have any glasses on. He was, however, wearing a rather nice, formal V-shaped smile. Yes, he was expecting me, he said, and took me straight to the Senior Common Room for lunch. Warnock was the custodian of Austin's papers, but we didn't talk about Austin right away. Once we were in the S.C.R., I asked him about the lightning attack he and Dr. David Pears, of Christ Church College, had made on Gellner and Watkins in a discussion on the B.B.C. Third Programme in 1957. After Gellner's polemical book appeared, some of his detractors had claimed that this broadcast had provided him with both the motive and the cue for writing it—that when the articulate Oxford pair defeated the less articulate Gellner and his satellite, Watkins, the defeat had made Watkins sulk and Gellner write. "I wish I'd known that that little rapping of the knuckles would lead to the big storm," Warnock said. "Gellner is a rather sensitive chap." I had not expected him to show even this much sympathy for Gellner, for I had been told that Warnock was one of Austin's two or three favorites, and I knew Austin was one of Gellner's main targets.

The lunch was a communal affair, an occasion for general conversation, and I was not able to draw Warnock out until it was time for coffee, when all the other Fellows settled down to their newspapers and we managed to find a corner to ourselves. Once I had mentioned Austin, Warnock needed no fur-



Time...
for the
Elegant
Hour!

Watches as lovely to look at as they are dependable to live by — distinctive, distinguished, bespeaking taste and discrimination.

Individually designed diamond watches with specially chosen and carefully matched stones, all full cut, exquisitely set in platinum with matching platinum and diamond bracelets. The hexagon: —with double row bracelet, \$4995.00. The circle: —with single row bracelet, \$2995.00.

Fed. Tax Incl.

For Those Whose Moments Are Precious

MOVADO

Sold and serviced by leading jewelers all over the world.
For jeweler nearest you write: MOVADO, 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
In Canada: 44 King St. West, Toronto

*How
to make
a
good drink
better*



*Dash Angostura on the ice
before you pour your gin*

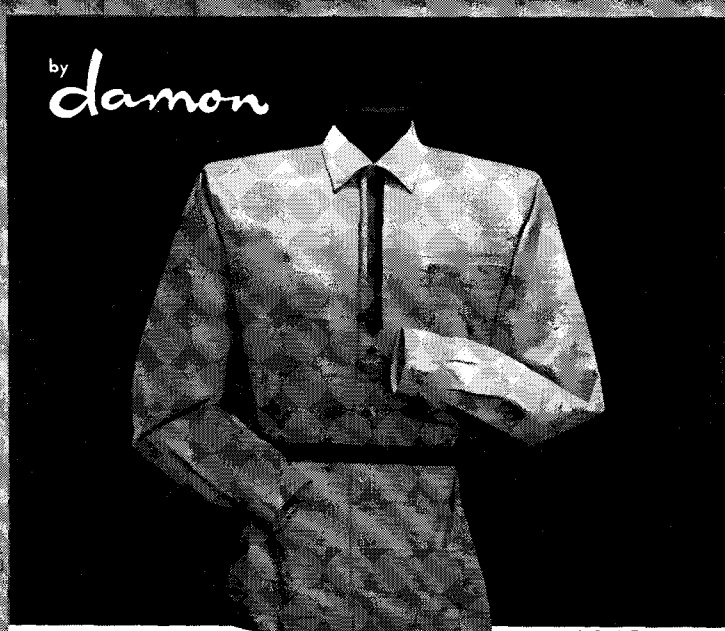
Enjoy a drink drier than the driest Martini—the delicious Gin & Bitters. Angostura is what contributes the tropical glow, the tingling taste, of the world-famous “pink gin.” You know what Angostura does for your Old Fashioneds and Manhattans. Now discover the great things it does for gin. Vodka, rum, and whiskey, too.

Whatever you like in short or tall drinks, you'll like better with

ANGOSTURA
AROMATIC BITTERS

©1961 The Angostura-Wuppermann Corp.

by **damon**



enriched with **CUPIONI®**

Damon Dorado, Mark III. A spirited leisure shirt with genuine suede placket in tri-tone color harmonies. The elegant, washable Fabrex shirting combines combed cotton with richly textured Cupioni rayon, deep with color beauty. Grey, blue, brown, olive, gold. S, M, L, XL. About \$12.95. Write for your nearest store. Damon Creations, 16 E. 34th St., New York 16. “The unusual . . . but always in good taste”.

BEAUNIT MILLS, Inc., Fibers Division, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16.

“CUPIONI” IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK FOR AN AMERICAN BEMBERG CUPRAMMONIUM RAYON YARN.

ther urging. I just sat back and listened.

“Like Wittgenstein,” he said, “Austin was a genius, but Wittgenstein fitted the popular picture of a genius. Austin, unfortunately, did not. Nevertheless, he did succeed in haunting most of the philosophers in England, and to his colleagues it seemed that his terrifying intelligence was never at rest. Many of them used to wake up in the night with a vision of the stringy, wiry Austin standing over their pillow like a bird of prey. Their daylight hours were no better. They would write some philosophical sentences and then read them over as Austin might, in an expressionless, frigid voice, and their blood would run cold. Some of them were so intimidated by the mere fact of his existence that they weren’t able to publish a single article during his lifetime.”

Austin’s all-consuming passion was language, Warnock went on, and he was endlessly fond of reading books on grammar. He thought of words as if they were insects, which needed to be grouped, classified, and labelled, and just as the entomologist was not put off by the fact that there were countless insects, so the existence of thousands of words, Austin thought, should not be a deterrent to a lexicographer-philosopher. “Austin,” Warnock said, “wanted philosophers to classify these ‘speech acts’—these promises, prayers, hopes, commendations.” In Austin’s view, most philosophers in the past had stumbled on some original ideas and had spent their time producing a few illustrative examples for their theories, and then as soon as they were safely dead other philosophers would repeat the process with slightly different original ideas. This practice had frozen philosophy from the beginning of time into an unscientific, non-cumulative state. Austin wanted to thaw the ice of ages, by unflagging application of the intellect, and make philosophy a cumulative science, thus enabling one philosopher to pick up where his predecessor had left off. “He envisaged the future task of philosophers as the compilation of a super-grammar—a catalogue of all possible functions of words—and this was perhaps why he enjoyed reading grammar books so much,” Warnock said. “He was extremely rigid in pursuit of details, and he had the patience and efficiency needed for this difficult task. If he had not died at forty-eight—he had cancer, you know—his detailed work might have led to some beautiful things.”

“Was Austin influenced by Wittgenstein?” I asked.

“Oh, no,” Warnock said quickly. “In all of Austin’s papers there is no

GIVE SINATRA

FOR CHRISTMAS!!!!!!!!!!!!

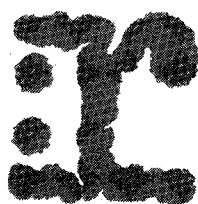


Give Sinatra... *this* Sinatra... and you give a bouquet of nostalgia and sentiment without parallel in all the history of gift-giving. For quite beyond its seasonal significance, this re-creation of the Dorsey milieu becomes the one album without which no record library can be complete.

It's a special holiday offering by Reprise (at no increase in price)... a commemorative Souvenir release of the historical Sinatra songs... plus... the data, stories, rare photographs and documentation of an era you can never forget. Rarely before, a Sinatra in better voice; never before a Sinatra presentation as uniquely meaningful—to you... and to him.

reprise
records

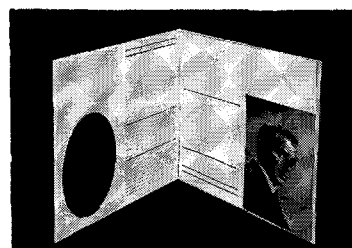
TO PLAY AND PLAY AGAIN...



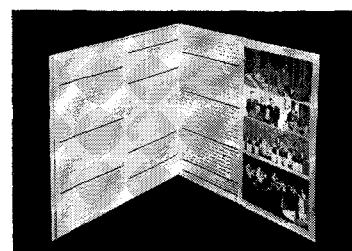
**SINATRA SINGS AGAIN
THE SONGS OF
THE DORSEY DAYS!**

...recalling the mood, material and memories of the Dorsey Band, the Pied Pipers, and the thin singer who became music's most enduring legend.

INCLUDED IN THIS DELUXE PACKAGE:



An analysis of Sinatra the singer, the man, the image; his development; the historical elements and review of the early years.



A definitive study of the Big Band era and the personalities it produced; the impact and influence of Tommy Dorsey upon Sinatra's musical and personality development.



More rare Sinatra photographs; program details and titles of songs included in this album. Viz:

I'LL BE SEEING YOU
TAKE ME

IT'S ALWAYS YOU
POLKA DOTS AND MOONBEAMS
IT STARTED ALL OVER AGAIN
THE ONE I LOVE BELONGS
TO SOMEBODY ELSE

I'M GETTING SENTIMENTAL
OVER YOU
IMAGINATION
THERE ARE SUCH THINGS
EAST OF THE SUN
(AND WEST OF THE MOON)
DAYBREAK
WITHOUT A SONG





gift-list of
wardrobe
favorites from

—for the college man

Among the things he will appreciate this Christmas from S.F.A.'s vast University Shop collections, top: a cotton knit trimmed cotton poplin windbreaker with airflow construction. Wash-and-wear, wind-proof and water-repellent; sea mist, eggshell or taupe. 36-48 sizes, 19.95. Bottom: 100% camel's hair v-neck sweater with hand framed saddle shoulders, in camel only. 38-46 sizes, 23.50. Sixth Floor.

New York • White Plains • Springfield
New Haven • Princeton • Ann Arbor
Cambridge • Chicago • Skokie
Detroit • Beverly Hills

evidence that he ever really read him. I do remember one or two of his lectures in which he read a page or two of Wittgenstein aloud, but it was always to show how incomprehensible and obscure the Austrian philosopher was, and how easily he could be parodied and dismissed."

I was getting worried by the fact that I was supposed to admire Austin as a man, and said, "Were there some things about him that were human?"

"Oh, yes," said Warnock, with a smile that indicated a faint donnish disapproval of my question. "He was one of the best teachers here. He taught us all absolute accuracy."

I repeated my question in a slightly different form.

"He really was a very unhappy man," Warnock said quietly. "It worried him that he hadn't written much. One lecture, 'Ifs and Cans,' which appeared in the *Proceedings of the British Academy* in 1956, became famous, but it is mainly a negative work, and he published very few articles and, significantly, not a single book. He read, of course—an enormous amount—and the margins of everything he went over were filled with notes, queries, and condemnations.

When he went to Harvard to give the William James lectures, in 1955, he took everyone there by surprise. Because he hadn't written anything, they expected his lectures to be *thin*, for they judged the worth of scholars according to their *big books*. From his very first lecture they realized that his reading was staggering. To add to his writing block, he had a fear of microphones, and this prevented him from broadcasting, like Sir Isaiah Berlin; this was another source of unhappiness. He took enormous pride in teaching, but this began to peter out in his last years, when he felt that he had reached the summit of his influence at Oxford. Toward the end of his life, therefore, he decided to pack up and go permanently to the University of California in Berkeley, where he had once been a visiting professor and where he thought he'd have more influence as a teacher. But before he could get away from Oxford, he died."

Warnock was in the middle of straightening out and editing Austin's papers, and he told me there were scores of bad undergraduate essays that Austin had written for his tutor at Balliol. "These essays were of little value because his philosophy tutor set him useless subjects," Warnock said. It was probably his education at his public

school, Shrewsbury, rather than at Balliol, that got him his Firsts, the Magdalen tutor thought. Besides the bad essays, his papers included only two sets of lectures—one on perception, the other the William James addresses. But both of them were in note form, and would not total much more than eighty thousand words when Warnock had finished turning them into sentences. Warnock was worried by his task of filling out his master's lectures. If, by some miracle, the Austin-Warnock composition did add up to a hundred thousand words, then the publishers might be persuaded to bring out the work in two handsome volumes. Otherwise, there would be only one posthumous book, along with the few published articles, as a record of Austin's genius. There were, of course, his many devoted pupils, and *they* would commemorate him.

Austin's family life, I learned, had been conventional. "He married a pupil, and had four children," Warnock said. "He was a good husband and a good father. His daughter, now eighteen, is about to come up to Oxford; his elder son, who is seventeen, is going to do engineering.

The third child, a boy of fourteen, is very clever, and is about to go up to my school, Winchester. He talks and looks very much like Austin, and we have great hopes for him. The youngest child is a girl."

It was time to go, and as Warnock walked out to the porter's lodge with me, I asked him a bit about himself. Unlike most of the other philosophers about, he had not read Greats straightway. He had done P.P.E.—a combination of modern philosophy, political science, and economics—before going on to a year of Greats and a prize fellowship at Magdalen. He had been very fortunate in having Sir Isaiah Berlin, now Chichele Professor of Social and Political Theory, for his tutor, and also in having a philosopher for his wife. She and Warnock had together managed the Jowett Society (for undergraduate philosophers), and they had decided to get married after they were officers emeritus. He was writing a book on free will—one of the oldest chestnuts in the philosophical fire. His parting injunction to me was to see Strawson. "He'll be able to tell you some more about Austin," he called after me, waving.

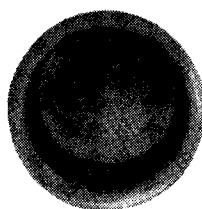
I walked back to my old college, where I'd been given a guest room, to pick up my mail, and was delighted to find a letter from John, who had an uncanny gift of never failing me; he



cd



Only
the holes
are the
same!*



**Of course fingerholes are still drilled
the same way to give you Brunswick's
unsurpassed Custom-Matic Fit.*

First all-new bowling ball in 50 years!

From the most costly material ever put into a bowling ball — originally developed for outer-space rockets — Brunswick has created America's first basically new bowling ball in 50 years. It glows like a jewel. It rolls with a new magic motion. Its beauty inspires confidence; its precision builds scores. Champions like Don Carter have called it, "the big break-through in bowling balls." See it at your nearest Brunswick dealer now—the most enduring bowling ball ever made—the never-before-given Christmas gift.

See it today!

THE CROWN JEWEL



Brunswick
CORPORATION
THE NO.1 NAME IN BOWLING



seemed to sense my questions before I could put them. Just as Oxford philosophy, in his words, "made a technique of being non-technical," John made a technique of helping his friends without apparent effort. It cheered me up to find out that his impatience with philosophy did not extend to his friend's researches. He said that I shouldn't miss seeing Strawson. "He not only is the best philosopher in the university but is also unrivalled as a teacher of it," John wrote. "He's discovering new stars in the philosophical firmament." Austin, he went on, had his equal in Strawson; indeed, at one meeting of the exclusive Aristotelian Society, *crème de la crème* of all philosophical societies, Strawson had roundly defeated Austin in a disputation about Truth—a truth that Austin had never acknowledged.

NEXT day, I waited for P. F. Strawson, Fellow of University College, Oxford, in his Senior Common Room. Strawson, who is considered by both undergraduates and his colleagues to be the most high-powered and creative philosopher in England, arrived just a little late and greeted me apologetically. He had blue eyes with what I took to be a permanently worried expression, and, at forty-one, looked like an elderly young man. At lunch, I asked him to tell me a little bit about himself, which he did, in a modest fashion that by now I had stopped associating with philosophers. He had been schooled in Finchley, a suburb of London, he said, and he had read Greats about the same time as Hare, Miss Murdoch, Miss Anscombe, Warnock. His career, like theirs, had been interrupted by the war, the close of which found him teaching in Wales. "I didn't know what provincialism was until I got there," he said. He had been delighted to get an appointment to Oxford, partly because Oxford had more philosophy in its curriculum than any other university. This, he explained, was the reason that a philosophy planted in Cambridge had flowered at Oxford. Cambridge now had only two eminent philosophers—John Wisdom and R. B. Braithwaite—while Oxford was swarming with them. Without the buzz-buzz, there would be no philosophy, he said; the university would be a hive minus the honey.

After lunch, as I climbed up the steps to his room, I felt I was leaving the Oxford of lost causes behind me—the way he moved suggested subdued confidence. We sat by the window, and for some time, as we talked, I watched with fascination the acrobatic motions of Strawson's legs, which were now wrapped

**In the elegant Empire Room
The Incomparable HILDEGARDE**

With Fred Stamer at the Piano. Shows nightly at 9:15 and again at midnight from December 7 through December 30. Continuous dancing to the Milt Shaw orchestra and Ada Cavallo with the Bob Kasha Trio. After dinner guests are welcome at both shows. For reservations: EL 5-3000.

The Waldorf-Astoria 
301 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Conrad N. Hilton, President

around one of the legs of a writing table and now slung over another chair. We talked about other philosophers as so many birds outside preying on the insects that Austin had dug up for them. I felt I'd reached the augur of philosophy. On the window sill were lying the proofs of an article called "Philosophy in England," which was stamped "*Times Literary Supplement*, Special Issue on the British Imagination." Strawson admitted that he was the author of the anonymous piece, and while he went to telephone for some coffee, I glanced, with his permission, at the first paragraph:

An Australian philosopher, returning in 1960 to the center of English philosophy after an absence of more than a decade, remarked on, and regretted, the change he found. He had left a revolutionary situation in which every new move was delightfully subversive and liberating. He returned to find that, though the subject appeared still to be confidently and energetically cultivated, the revolutionary ferment had quite subsided. Where there had been, it seemed to him, a general and triumphant movement in one direction, there were now a number of individuals and groups pursuing divergent interests and ends, often in a relatively traditional manner.

When Strawson had returned to his chair, I asked him whether he agreed with the Australian philosopher. He said he did—that "the view of the Australian philosopher was essentially right." For a fuller statement of his own conclusions, he modestly directed me to the summary at the end of his article:

Even in the heyday of the linguistic movement, it is doubtful whether it numbered among its adherents or semi-adherents more than a substantial minority of British philosophers. It was associated primarily with one place—Oxford—and there it centered around one man—Austin—its most explicit advocate and most acute and wholehearted practitioner. Its heyday was short. When a revolutionary movement begins to write its own history, something at least of its revolutionary impetus has been lost; and in the appearance of "The Revolution in Philosophy" [by A. J. Ayer, W. C. Kneale, G. A. Paul, D. F. Pears, P. F. Strawson, G. J. Warnock, and R. A. Wollheim, with an introduction by Gilbert Ryle, 1956] . . . and of G. J. Warnock's "English Philosophy since 1900" (1958) there were signs that eyes were being lifted from the immediate task, indications of pause and change. Indeed, the pull of generality was felt by Austin himself, who, before he died, was beginning to work out a general classificatory theory of acts of linguistic communication. It is still too early to say what definite directions change will take. In spite of the work of Ayer, who never attached value to the linguistic idea, and who, in his most recent book, "The Problem of Knowledge" (1956), continued to uphold a traditional empiricism with unflinching elegance and skill, it seems unlikely that he or others will work much longer in the

Bollinger proudly presents the magnificent Bollinger Brut 1955



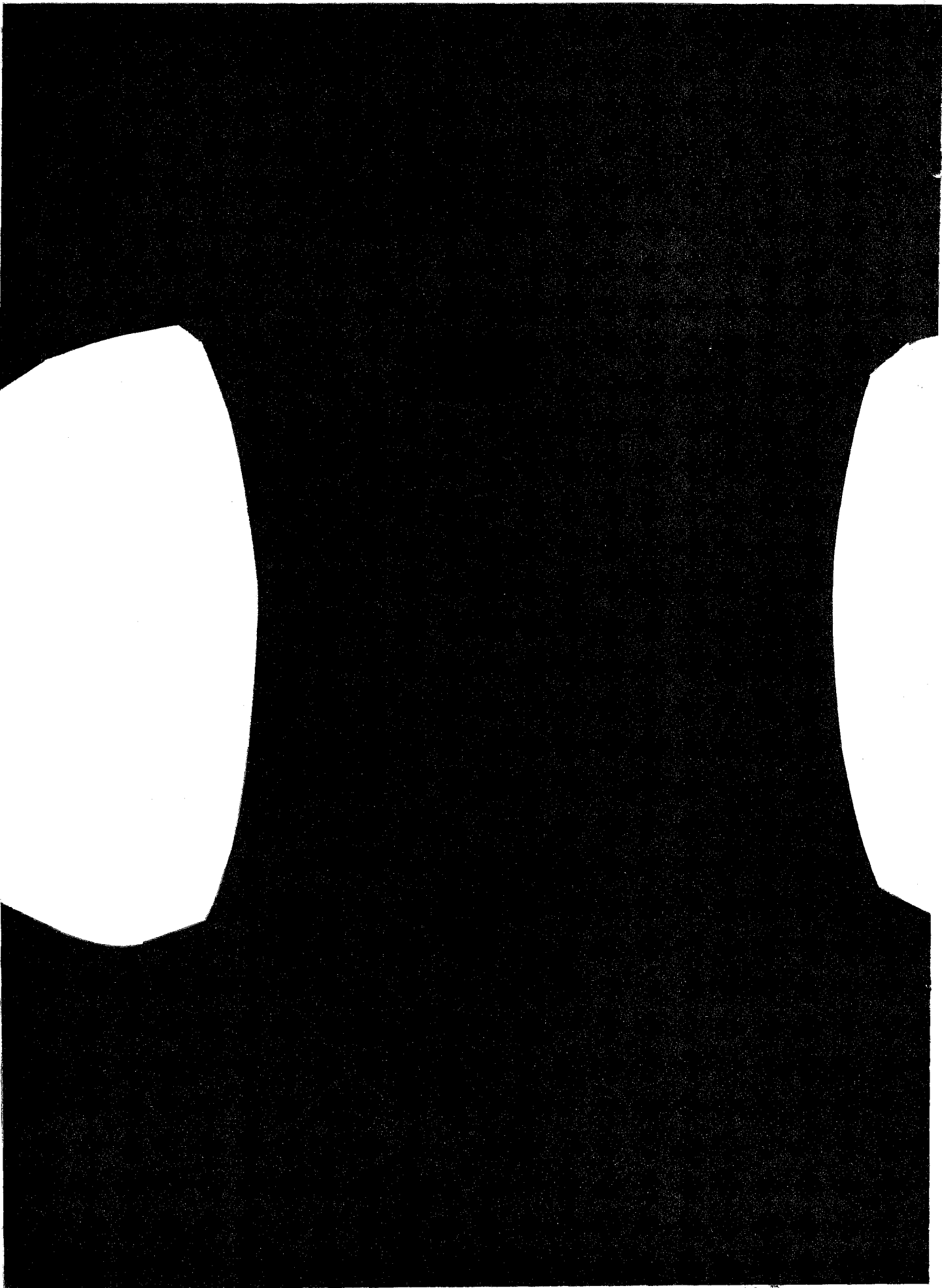
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ELIZABETH II
PURVEYORS OF CHAMPAGNE, J. BOLLINGER

BOLLINGER®

The Aristocrat of French Champagne

LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY, JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK





Cleveland Amory Strikes a Blow for Unabashed Egotism

Readers who have come to expect modesty in modern authors (as well as football heroes, politicians and other popular public figures) are in for a rude time. Author, lecturer and society arbiter Cleveland Amory puts on a display of amour-propre in this week's Saturday Evening Post that hasn't been matched since Sir Walter Elliot. ■ In his piece "My Life With What's Left of Society" Mr. Amory manages to slip in a personal pronoun every 20 words or so. (We counted 193.) He mentions his favorite Bostonian homilies. He tells how he wittily withered David Susskind, Elsa Maxwell, a Fort Worth matron, a Princeton student, a Cosmopolitan Club speaker, a Detroit society reporter and the entire audience of a Denver radio program. He gets back at Jack Paar for calling him a snob. He gives a nod of approval to the Kennedys. ■ If you are an aspiring egotist, you will find this feature full of helpful hints. If you are not, it's still worth reading. A little rage is good for the spleen.

P.S. The pages of the new Post are spiced with variety.

*Gripping stories, burning issues, light stuff, controversy
— something to interest every reader every week.*

A CURTIS MAGAZINE
POST
The Saturday Evening

"The finest fragrance ever created
and acclaimed by France"°

Mémoire Chérie



Mémoire Chérie Perfume 10.00 to 75.00

Mémoire Chérie Perfume Mist 5.00

Mémoire Chérie Dusting Powder 5.00

Mémoire Chérie Perfume Atomizer 3.50

Mémoire Chérie Soap 3.00

Perfume created and sealed in France prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

*Elizabeth Arden has been awarded the treasured Coupe d'Or of France "for outstanding achievement in the development of Mémoire Chérie, the finest fragrance ever created and acclaimed by France."

vein. There are portents, however, of a very different kind. One is the appearance of a persuasive study entitled "Hegel: A Re-examination" (1958), by J. N. Findlay. Hampshire's "Thought and Action" (1959), with its linking of epistemology, philosophy of mind, and moral philosophy, is highly indicative of a trend from piecemeal studies towards bolder syntheses; it shows how the results of recent discussions can be utilized in a construction with both Hegelian and Spinozistic affinities. Strawson's "Individuals" (1959) suggests a scaled-down Kantianism, pared of idealism on the one hand and a particular conception of physical science on the other. The philosophy of logic and language takes on a tauter line and a more formal tone in the work of logicians who derive their inspiration mainly from Frege. Finally, some of the most successful work of the period has been in the philosophy of mind; and it seems reasonable to suppose that further studies will follow upon Ryle's "Concept of Mind" (1949), Wittgenstein's "Investigations" (1953), and Miss Anscombe's "Intention" (1957) and that, in them, Ryle's explicit and Wittgenstein's implicit suggestions of systematization will be refined and reassessed. The Australian philosopher had reason enough to claim that he found a changed situation. When knowledge of this fact of change finally filters through to those who habitually comment on the state of philosophy without any significant first-hand acquaintance with it, reactions of complacency may be expected. In the anticipated face of these it is worth reaffirming that the gains and advances made in the dozen years which followed the war were probably as great as any which have been made in an equivalent period in the history of the subject. A new level of refinement and accuracy in conceptual awareness has been reached, and an addition to philosophical method has been established which will, or should, be permanent.

I wanted my augur to divine in more detail the flights of the philosophical birds, and asked him to tell me what was next.

"Fifteen years ago," he began, with a nod to the past, "we were perhaps overconfident, and dismissed the problems of the great thinkers of the past as mere verbal confusions. It was right after the war, and we were mesmerized by Wittgenstein and Austin." Some were still under their spell, he continued, but within the last five years most had wandered out of the magic circle.

"Was the Russell and Gellner charge of sterility in philosophy applicable, then, only to the first decade after the war?" I asked.

He thought so, he said, adding, "They are thinking of things like Austin's Saturday mornings." He went on to tell me that these meetings admitted only Fellows, no professors or others senior to Austin. Austin and his pet colleagues whiled away their Saturday mornings by distinguishing shades of meaning and the exact applications of

OUR BLUE-BLOODED

ORIENTAL

SAPPHIRE

(3.48 CARATS)



SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

WITH AN EQUAL

COMPLEMENT OF

EXPERTLY TAPERED

BAGUETTE DIAMONDS

IN A PLATINUM

BALLERINA SETTING

BROCK AND CO

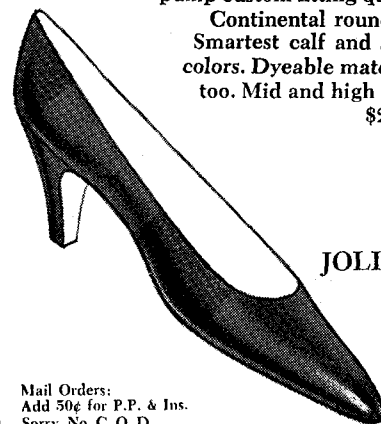
515 WEST SEVENTH, LOS ANGELES



Seamless finesse gives this
pump custom-fitting quality.

Continental round toe.
Smartest calf and suede
colors. Dyeable materials,
too. Mid and high heels.

\$27.95.



JOLIE

Mail Orders:
Add 50¢ for P.P. & Ins.
Sorry, No. C. O. D.

Style brochure
on request



Bally

SHOE SALON
673 MADISON AVENUE
At 61st Street
New York 21, N. Y.

words like "rules," "regulations," "principles," "maxims," "laws." "Even this method, sterile with anyone else, was very fertile with Austin," Strawson said, "though apparently not for Sir Isaiah Berlin and Stuart Hampshire. Sir Isaiah didn't last very long, because the whole approach was uncongenial to him, and in any case his genius lay in breathing life into the history of ideas. Most of the other brilliant philosophers, however, turned up regularly." This was perhaps what gave Oxford philosophy some sort of unity in the eyes of its critics, Strawson thought, but they overlooked the fact that on weekdays Austin did encourage (with results) people to do research in perception—in psychology and physiology. "Even on his Saturday mornings, toward the end of his life, he was coming around to more general sorts of questions," Strawson added, wagging his feet on the table. He then echoed a sentiment I'd heard again and again at Oxford: "Austin was one of the kindest men in the university." He went on, "As for the present, we are now rediscovering our way to the traditional way of doing philosophy. Ryle is composing a book on Plato and Aristotle, Warnock is reworking the problem of free will, and I'm writing a little volume on Kant." Thus, everything was now in ferment, and he imagined that the future might hold a philosophical synthesis chiselled and shaped with linguistic tools.

Strawson's scout brought in some coffee, and both of us sipped it gratefully. I spent the remaining time piecing together Strawson's intellectual biography. He spent the early fifties writing "Introduction to Logical Theory," in which he tried to explode Russell's theory that formal logic was the road to a perfect, unmessy language. Logic was simple and ordinary language was complex, Strawson maintained in this work, and therefore neither could supplant the other. But it was really his "Individuals," published in 1959, that contained his present views. He devoted the second half of the fifties to working out the distinctions presented in "Individuals." "In my 'Individuals,'" he said, "instead of analyzing the language, I ask what the necessary *conditions* of language are. Like Kant, I reach the conclusion that objects exist in space and time, and that our language is derived from *them*, rather than the objects from the language. This enables me to state that the concept of a person *precedes* the idea of mind and body—that we think of a person, which includes mind and body, *before* we think of either mind or body. Through this concept of persons

HE
IS
ONE
OF
US



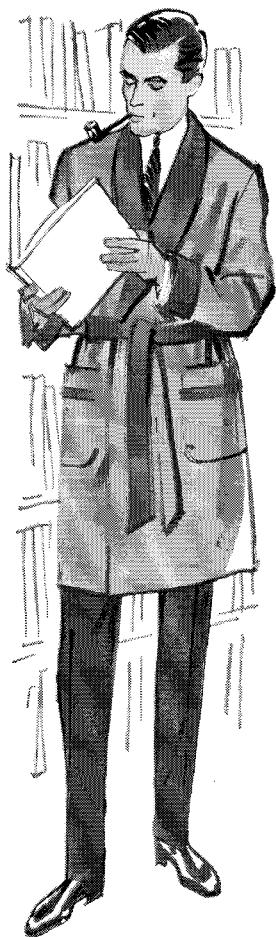
His prime gift is a way of turning ordinary happenings into extraordinary situations. He transforms personal mishaps into universal experiences. This is the role of a great comedian. He shares our confusions and bewilderments; he makes us laugh and think, and turning the thought over, laugh again. **Shelley Berman.**

DISCOGRAPHY

NEW! A PERSONAL APPEARANCE
..... V/V6-15027
INSIDE SHELLEY BERMAN
..... V/V6-15003
OUTSIDE SHELLEY BERMAN
..... V/V6-15007
THE EDGE OF SHELLEY BERMAN
..... V/V6-15013



a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.



**Our British lounge
short on length,
is long on warmth**

Created by Jaeger of soft, luxurious wool, the new shorter length of this British import combines the comfort of a smoking jacket and a robe. In camel and olive, black and red, red and black, black and gold, navy and maroon. Sizes S, M, L. **\$35.00**

Mail and phone orders filled
Outside delivery area add 65¢



New York • Bergen County
Fresh Meadows • New Rochelle
Stamford

Bloomington's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

I solve the old dualistic problem—how mind and body, if two separate entities, can interact on each other. I answer that I can think of myself as an *objective* person—which subsumes both mind and body—when I postulate the existence of other persons. In my view, people's existence is objective in the same sense that, for example, this table is hard. It is hard because everyone agrees that it is hard, and it does not make any sense to say "This is not so," or to ask whether it is really hard. But if everyone had a different opinion about whether this table was hard or not, the fact of the table's hardness would, for that very reason, cease to be objective, and one would have to speak in some such terms as 'I have the peculiar sense of this table.' If people had peculiar senses of the table, it would deprive the table of existence. This argument holds for existence generally. For the existence of anything would be a private experience if people didn't agree about it. In my 'Individuals' I establish that agreement about the hard table is tantamount to saying that the table exists. But the sort of objectivity we ascribe to the hard table we cannot quite ascribe to pain, for example, because people do not agree about other people's pain, and people do not feel pain all at the same time. If they did, we should be able to talk about pain in the same way that we talk about the hard table. Nonetheless, I am able to establish that pain is objective."

By now, his legs were completely entangled with those of the hard table, but it was quite clear to me that he was one thing and the hard table another, and that both of them (hard table more than he) were objective. It was also quite clear to me that if men were no longer just clockwork machines, or Pavlov's dogs with ivory-tower bells ringing for their intellectual food, then metaphysics (or the mind)—which until the publication of Strawson's "Individuals" Oxford philosophers thought they had discarded forever—was now back in the picture. With the edifying thought that I had a mind in some sense as objective as my body, I took my leave of the scaled-down Kant.

I RETURNED to my college and found John in its buttery; he had come up to consult some classical manuscripts in the Bodleian Library. Once beer was served, we settled down on a bench in a corner.

"I don't really want to talk your subject," John said, smiling, "but my curiosity has got the better of me."

"I've just come from Strawson," I said. "He explained to me his notions



COPPER... the clean, cool, masculine scent that Countess Mara recommends for gentlemanly grooming. "Copper" is presented in a variety of forms: After Shave Lotion, 6 oz., 5.50*. Cologne, 6 oz., 7.50*. 2 huge cakes of Bath Soap, 3.50. Deodorant Stick, 1.50* — each handsomely gift boxed.

*plus Federal tax.

Mail And Telephone Orders Invited
THE COUNTESS MARA SHOP
110 East 57th St. at Park Ave., PLaza 1-5322

d'ORSAY®
*finest achievement
in STRETCH hose*



You'll wear these handsomely ribbed socks everywhere and proudly so. d'ORSAY's velvety-feeling 100% Stretch Nylon "Super-Crepe 50" is easy to launder, dries quickly. One size fits all. In 7 fashionable colors. Ankle length — \$2.00. Full-length hose — \$2.50

The Halle Bros. Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO



Photographed by Jerome Zerbe

The light Scotch that's becoming the heavy favorite
...with both sides of the house



It's "HIS and HER Time" all over America...
when both settle down around HOUSE OF LORDS
and agree it's the best decision of the day.
Wonderful scotch. Try it at your house!

HOUSE OF LORDS
the 'HIS and HER' scotch

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED SOLELY BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY ©1959



*fall in love with
Plaisir by Raphael*

Perfume, toilet water, bath oil, soap and dusting powder. Every precious drop bottled, packaged and sealed in France.

about mind and body, but I did find them difficult. What do you think about them?"

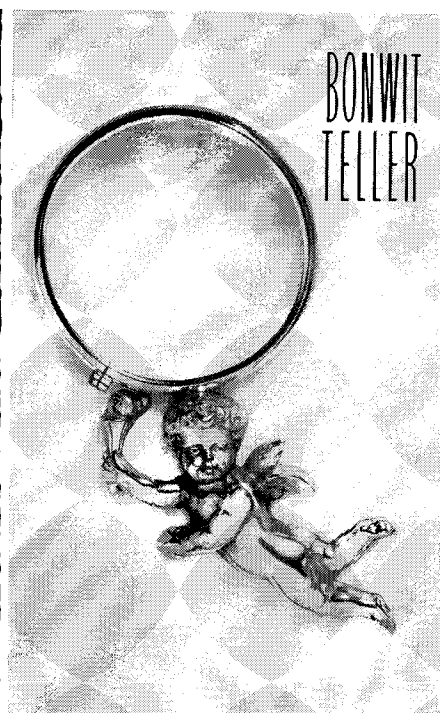
"As I told you in London," he began, reluctantly but good-humoredly, "I only skimmed the second half of 'Individuals.'"

"Yes, yes," I said. "Go on."

"The ideas contained in 'Individuals' have a very long history," John said. "Without going into all of it, you know that in the thirties Wittgenstein talked a lot about the problem of mind and body. His pupils kept elaborate authorized notes, which were only recently published as 'The Blue and Brown Books.' It was during his lifetime that Ryle brought out his 'The Concept of Mind,' which galled Wittgenstein very much, since it contained many of his unpublished ideas. Ryle had reached most of his conclusions independently, but this did not assuage old Wittgenstein, who had allowed himself to be beaten at the publishing game."

John swallowed some beer and then fumbled in several pockets for tobacco, pipe cleaner, and matches. As he filled his pipe, he blew a question in my direction: "Would you like to know something about 'The Concept of Mind?'"

I said I would, especially since Ryle, for personal reasons, was unable to see me. "Well, it is a great work and has had enormous influence," John said. "In this book, Ryle talks about the question 'What is knowledge?' and also talks, more significantly, about what he calls, or, rather, what he caricatures as, 'the dogma of the Ghost in the Machine.'" The behaviorists, he went on to explain, had maintained that there was no mind but only a body—Pavlov's dogs—and that all statements supposedly about the mind were covertly about the body. For them, thinking came down to merely a movement of the larynx, for when you think you can feel your throat move, as if you were talking to yourself. Ryle became convinced that the behaviorists had not conquered the classic problem of the mind and the body, and went on to ask the classic question of how one gets from the mind to the body—how the two halves meet. When I feel a pain, how do I get, say, from the pinched nerve ends to sensing a pain; or when I am revolted by a bad smell, how does, say, the sulphur applied to my nostrils find its way to the inside of my mind?" In "The Concept of Mind," Ryle, like the behaviorists, dismissed the commonly held theory, formulated by Descartes, among others, that the human person consists of two halves, the mind and the body, the



Christmas Angel Magnifier

Bonwit's own imported magnifying glass with angel handle. In gold electro-plate, with suede case... over-all size, 3 inches. 10.00 plus tax. Mail and phone orders filled. Add 30¢ shipping outside reg. del. area. No c.o.d.'s

Gifts and Antiques
At all Bonwit stores.

PILGRIM: a classic pattern re-interpreted for use with traditional or contemporary table settings. Fraser flatware is minted of WMF Cromargan stainless steel. It is weightier, more sensitively balanced, hand-finished to satiny perfection. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET 80 AND THE NAME OF THE STORE NEAREST YOU.

FRASER'S, INC. ■ 236 5th AVE. ■ NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

**FRASER'S
STAINLESS**

PILGRIM
5-piece
place
setting
\$9.95

WMF

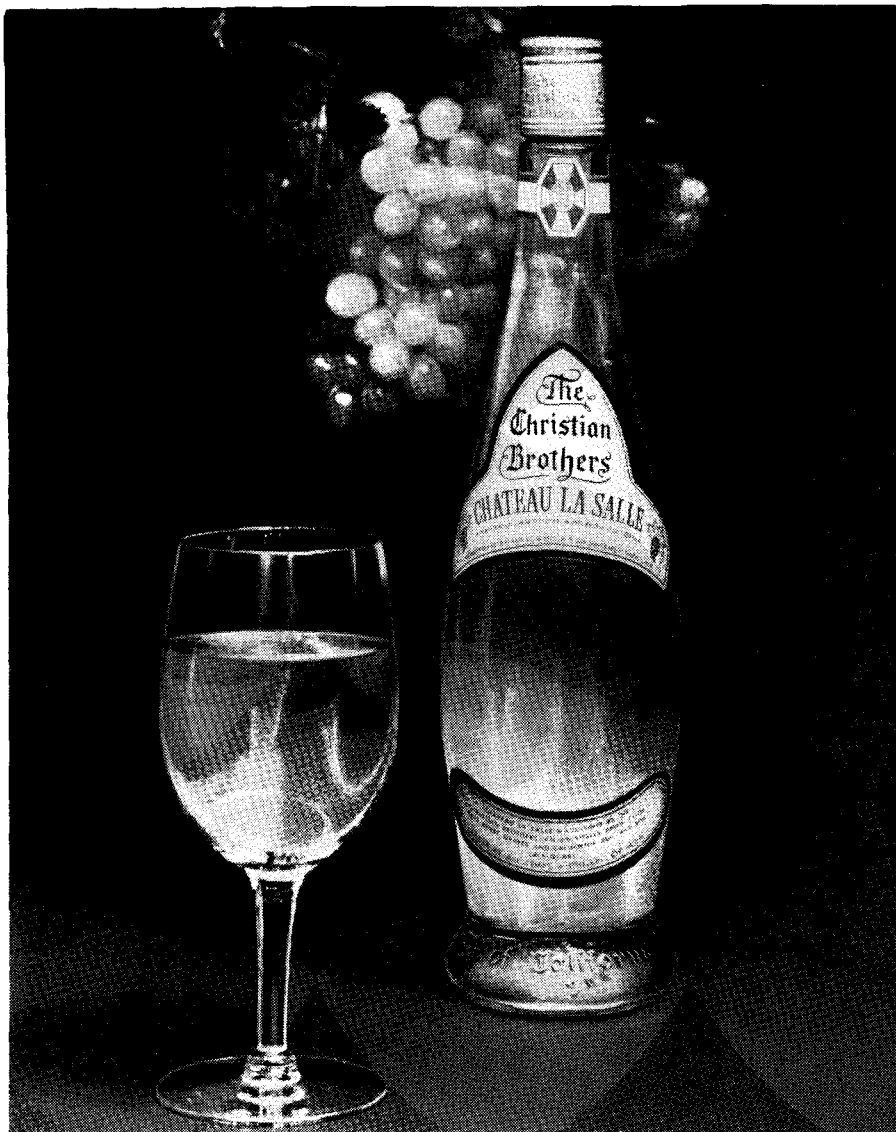
the
steel
they
should
weigh
in
karats



body being material, or visible, audible, tastable, touchable, and smellable, and the mind being spiritual, or invisible, inaudible, untastable, untouchable, and unsmellable. He caricatured this dualism as the Ghost in the Machine. The Ghost-in-the-Machine men thought that when one said "I feel a pain" or "I see a flash," one was referring to a private mental act; such acts, unlike the movements of the body, were not verifiable except by the person who performed them. "Ryle, agreeing with the behaviorists, said that in fact we know perfectly well whether other people want things and hate things and know things," John continued. "You tell whether someone knows something by his actions. If I say 'I know how to read,' this doesn't say anything about the private state of my mind, invisible, inaudible, and so on, but just means that if you put a book in front of me I can read it. That kind of thing. There's a whole series of potential statements that can thus be 'unpacked'—Ryle's expression—at will. Ryle reached the triumphant conclusion that there are not two parts to the person but, rather, one entity, which is—well, it's not just body. This conclusion is not quite behaviorism—which doesn't recognize any mind—but posits a machine with a plus. As always, though, various people were soon as dissatisfied with Ryle as he had been with the behaviorists, and as the behaviorists had been with Descartes's Ghost-in-the-Machine man. For my part, I've never been very clear what's supposed to be wrong with 'The Concept of Mind,' except that I myself do believe that there is a ghost in the machine and I do not see how you can get on without one. I realize that this attitude is disreputable. I mean *absolutely* disreputable, not just unprofessional, for *today* my belief would be considered full of logical lacunae."

Because I wanted John to make a connection between Ryle and Strawson before I lost "The Concept" in the philosophical fog in my mind, I didn't pause to commiserate with him but pressed on. "How does Strawson improve on Ryle?" I asked.

"Strawson is very good in this, because he tries to preserve something from Descartes, on the one hand, and behaviorism revised by Ryle, on the other," John said. "He says that you can't understand the meaning of the word 'thinking' unless you can understand both its mental and its physical aspects. Take pain, for example. Descartes would have said that pain was only a mental occurrence; the behaviorists, with modifications from Ryle, said



A new wine classic is born: Chateau La Salle by The Christian Brothers

A refreshingly light wine—soft and blond, with a touch of *natural* sweetness. Chateau La Salle won *nine gold medals* at the official California wine judgments.* Serve well chilled at cocktail hour, with dessert, or whenever friends drop in.

Patience is the precious element in every bottle of The Christian Brothers Wines.



Mont La Salle Vineyard—Napa, California

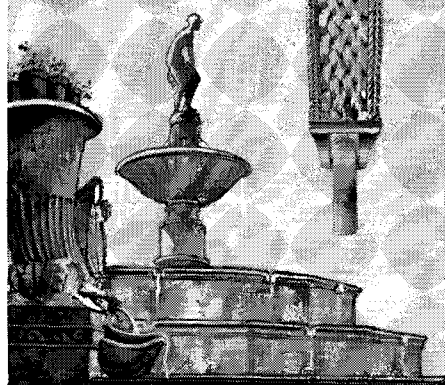
*Sacramento State Fair; Los Angeles County Fair.

A naturally sweet light wine from California. Produced and bottled by The Christian Brothers of California, makers of fine wines, sparkling wines, vermouths and brandy. Sole Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Concord

"The Swirl"
14K 17 jewel
concealed dial.
\$360.00

A vision of elegance sculptured in gold by CONCORD, creators of outstanding original designs in watches for over half a century.



At fine jewelers or write for brochure to:
Concord Watch Company
720 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

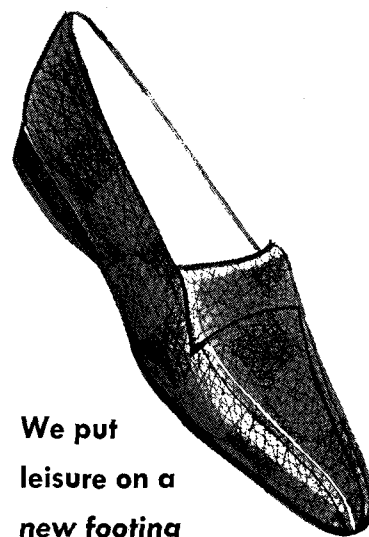
that pain was mere physical behavior—hopping up and down and going 'Ow!' or something like that. But Strawson says that you can't understand the word 'pain' unless you understand both its aspects: (1) the hopping around and (2) the feeling of pain; and that since *both* other people and I hop around when we are in pain, and since *both* also feel it, pain is checkable, is, in a way, objective. Thus, by including both these aspects in the concept of 'persons' (which in turn includes oneself and other people), he is able to add further pluses to the old machine. Strawson's on to something new, but all the philosophers here are niggling at one or two logical flaws in his chapter on persons, because most of them still tend to cling to behaviorism. There's one chap who carries behaviorism to such an extreme that he says that even to dream is merely to acquire a disposition to tell stories in the morning."

John rose to go. "I must get to the Bodleian before it closes," he said.

"One or two minutes more, John," I begged, and he accepted another half pint.

John told me a few things about Ryle. He came from a family of clerical dignitaries, and this probably explained his anticlericalism. He was educated in a "marginal public school" and at Queen's College, Oxford. He read both Greats and P.P.E., with enormous success, and managed at the same time to be on the rowing crew. The Senior Common Room atmosphere—any Common Room would do—fitted him like a glove. He essentially liked drinking beer with his fellow-men. He pretended to dislike intellectual matters and publicized his distaste for reading, but he had been known to reveal encyclopedic knowledge of Fielding and Jane Austen. He loved gardening, and he also loved going to philosophical conventions, where his charm overwhelmed everyone. Young philosophers swarmed round him and he was too kind to them. He was a perfect Victorian gentleman; he would have been a sitting duck for Matthew Arnold's criticism of Philistinism, just as he actually was for Gellner's attack on idle philosophy. "Once, Ryle saw Isaiah Berlin coming from a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass in the Sheldonian Theatre," John said. "Berlin was totally absorbed by the moving experience he had just undergone. Ryle shouted to him across Broad Street, 'Isaiah, have you been listening to some tunes again?'"

John put down his mug and stood up. "I really must go," he said. "I hope you won't assume from my hasty picture of Ryle that I don't like him. Actually, he's



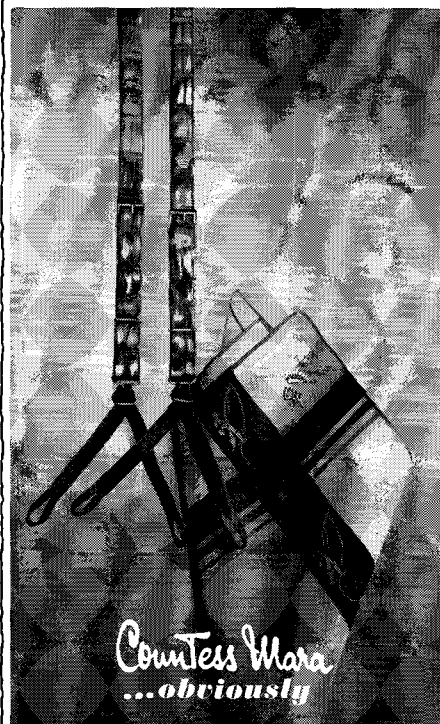
**We put
leisure on a
new footing**

with our soft-grained, supple goatskin casual. Exceptionally lightweight, it is elasticized for snug heel fit and comes in black, olive or white bro-goat by Fleming-Joffe. 6-13 sizes, 15.50. Men's Shoes, Street Floor. Mail, phone orders filled; no C.O.D's.

THE MEN'S SHOPS

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

New York • White Plains • Springfield • Chicago
Detroit • Beverly Hills • Miami Beach
Ft. Lauderdale • Palm Beach • Palm Springs



Countess Mara
...obviously

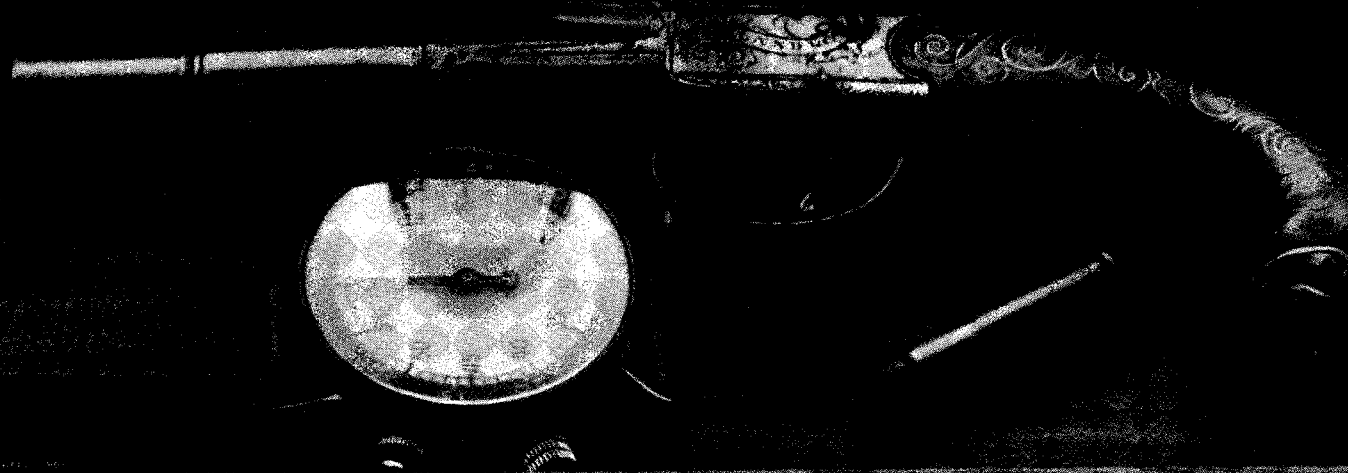
BRACES with CM coronet; crocodile, pigskin, capeskin or suede, 12.50 to 26.50.
HANDKERCHIEFS, hand-woven in France exclusively for Countess Mara; in colors, with sporting motif, 4.50. White on white, 3.50.

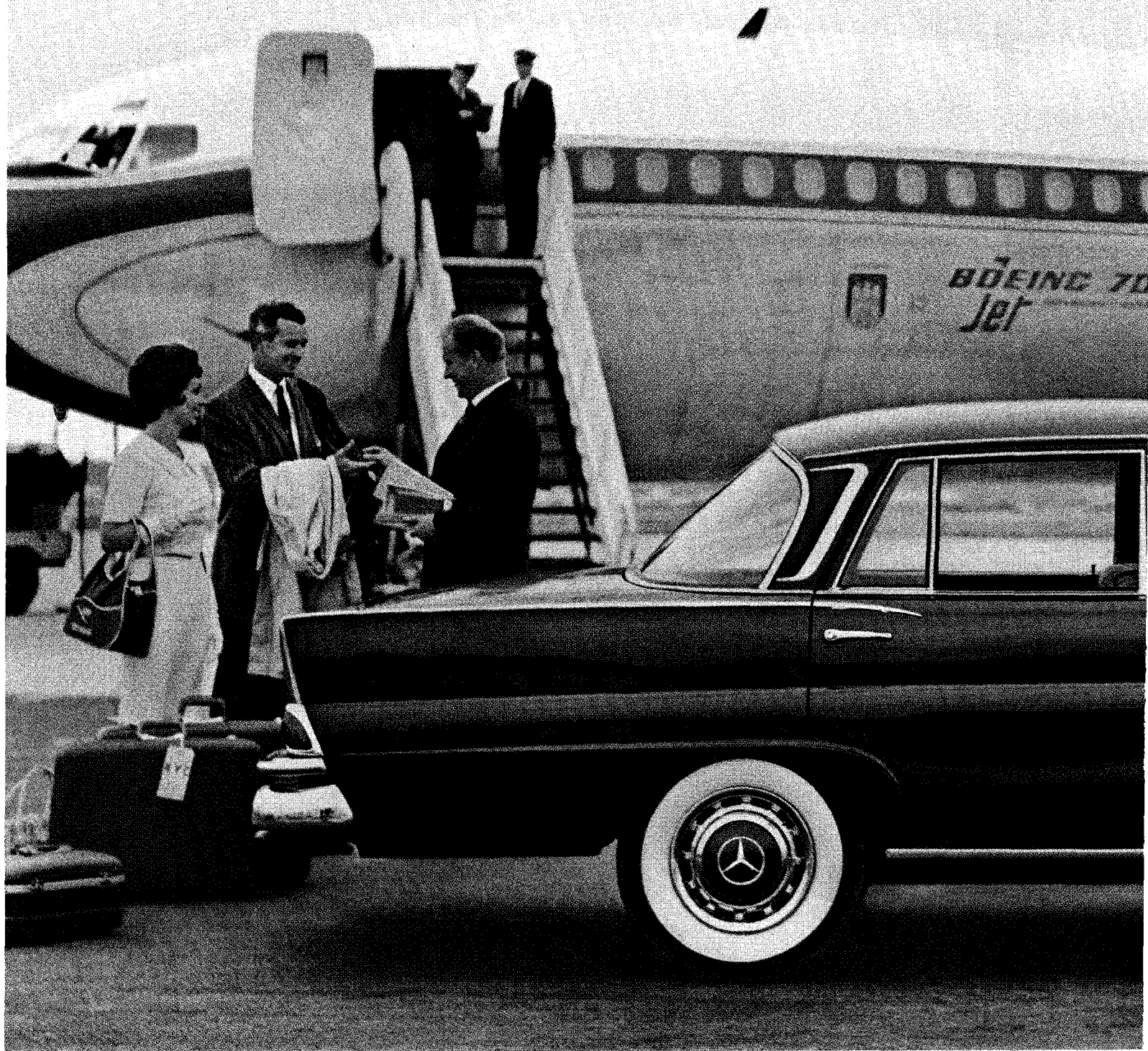
COUNTESS MARA

110 EAST 57TH ST., AT PARK AVENUE
3 EAST 58TH ST., AT THE SAVOY HILTON
designs for one man in a million



Among the special possessions in a man's life, Lenthéric for Men. In the distinctive pinch bottle. After Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne, Tanbark Body Rub Cologne. \$1.50 and \$3.50. **LENTHÉRIC** for Men.





Perfect Combination for *fly Lufthansa to Stuttgart*

Here is a most unusual opportunity to jet luxuriously round trip to Germany, tour the Continent, and own a fine motor car—at savings sufficient to cover your Holiday.

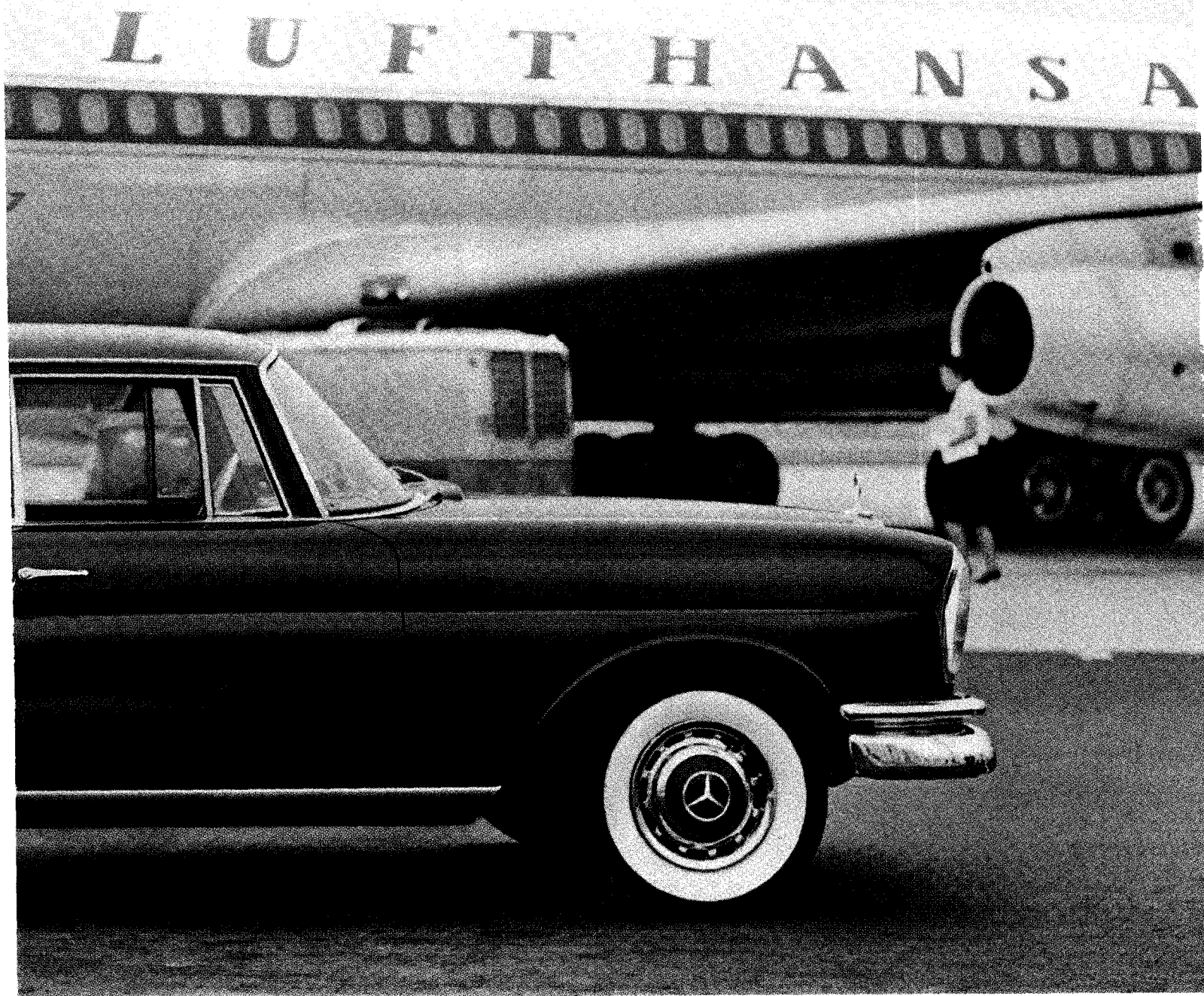
The arrangements are very simple. You place your order for the Mercedes-Benz of your choice at your local dealer, specifying delivery at the Mercedes-Benz plant at Stuttgart; and, of course, at the remarkably advantageous point-of-origin

price. You then fly to Stuttgart, in lovely Württemberg, via Lufthansa German Airlines.

Your overseas flight aboard Lufthansa's luxurious 707 Jet Intercontinental will be a unique experience in comfort and serenity. No airline in the world offers quite the same measure of courteous service and thoughtful stewardship you find on all Lufthansa flights.

Rested and relaxed, you arrive in Stuttgart where





The airplane—Lufthansa Boeing 707 Jet Intercontinental/The car—Mercedes-Benz 220SE Sedan

the Perfect European Holiday

drive away in your new Mercedes-Benz

the Mercedes-Benz people will greet you, show you their flourishing modern home plant and deliver your new Mercedes-Benz to you.

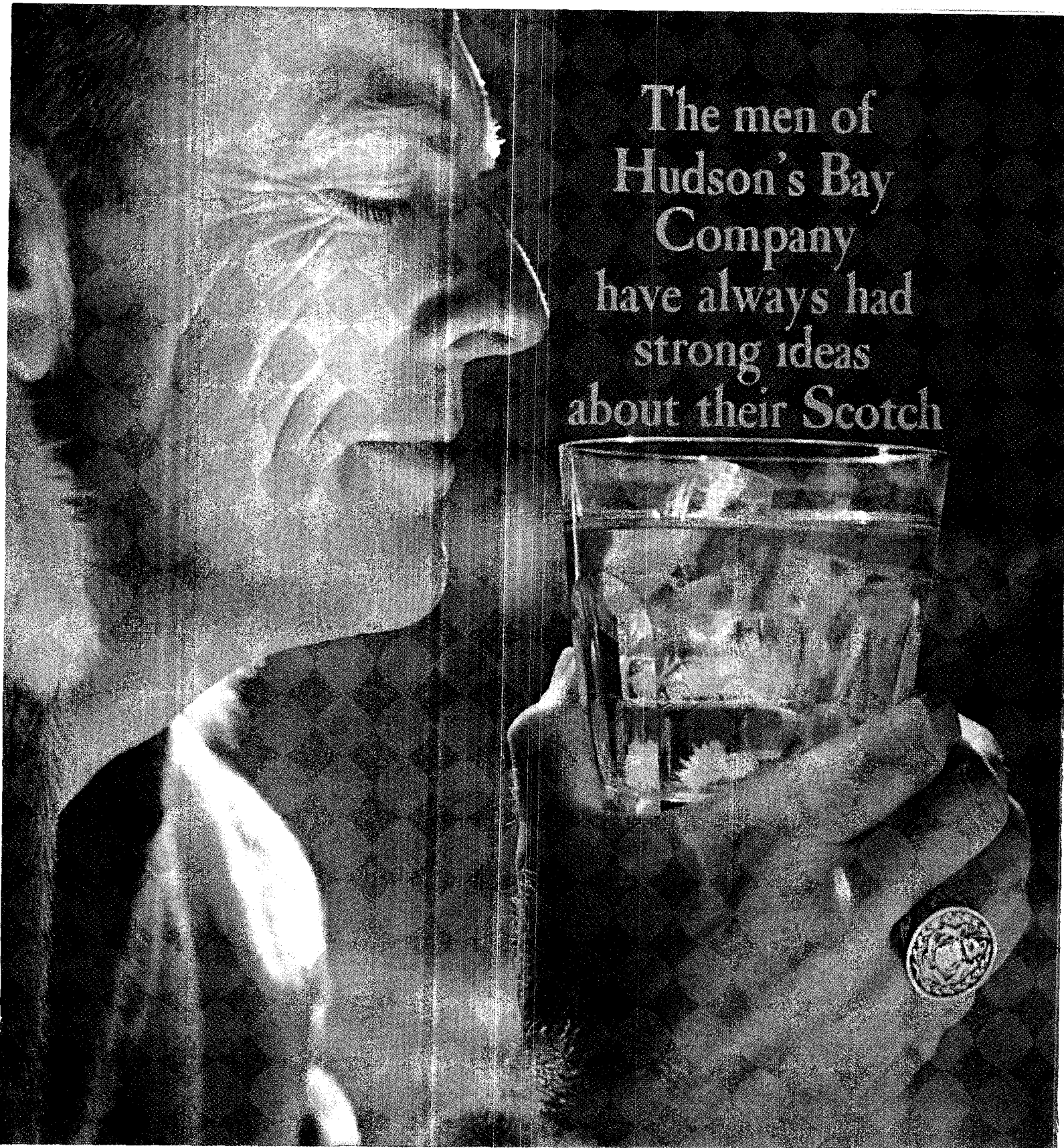
From Stuttgart, equidistant from most of Europe's enchanting vacation centers, you embark on your holiday, enjoying the prestige and trouble-free touring that are the rewards of Mercedes-Benz ownership throughout the world.

When you again turn homeward, you jet back in

superlative comfort via Lufthansa, leaving from any of its several convenient gateways. Your Mercedes-Benz will follow you to the United States, where your local authorized dealer will be your service headquarters.

Truly, this is an enticing prospect for all who enjoy both the finest in air travel and the permanent luxury of owning an automobile without peer. We invite your inquiry.





The men of
Hudson's Bay
Company
have always had
strong ideas
about their Scotch

Ring made from a "Beaver" coin, the Company's currency formerly worth one beaver pelt.

This is Scotch for the man among men...
robust, rewarding, redolent of history.
Proudly descended from Scotch distilled for
that intrepid company of adventurers who
carved an empire out of the wilderness some
290 years ago. The very same Scotch raised
to toast the Queen by Officers of Hudson's
Bay Company today. Savour it with a sense
of the past and a warm glow of discovery.



Distilled and bottled in Scotland since 1701 for
***The Governor and Company
of Adventurers of England
Trading into Hudson's Bay***

86.8 PROOF • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • IMPORTED FROM SCOTLAND BY HUDSON'S BAY CO., INC., N. Y.

a very lovable man, and a highly intelligent one. I simply don't share his distrust of imagination. You know, Hume devoted very little space in all his works to the imagination. He said that it was only a peculiar faculty of mind that could combine primary experiences, enabling one to picture centaurs and mermaids. Well, Ryle has very much the same conception. His own images are mundane, like so many gateposts, firm in the ground." John waved and departed.

MY next call was at Professor Ayer's rooms, in New College. He was sitting at his desk, writing, and after he had risen to greet me, he said, rather grandly, "Would you terribly mind waiting a bit? I'm just writing the last paragraph of my address." His professorship at Oxford was recent, and he still had to deliver his public inaugural lecture. I sat down and watched the philosopher at work. His whole appearance was very striking. He was a rather small man, with a fine, triangular face and a slightly hooked nose. His curly hair, turning silver gray, was beautifully brushed; he seemed to have just come out of a barbershop, and had a sort of glamorous sheen that I had not theretofore met up with among the philosophers. He was smoking not a pipe but a cigarette, in a long holder. And now, instead of writing, he was leaning back in his chair and impatiently twisting his hands. He looked rather self-consciously thoughtful. Then he leaned forward and started writing rapidly, and a few moments later he laid down his pen. "There!" he exclaimed. "I have written my last sentence." Talking in a somewhat birdlike voice, he explained that his lecture surveyed postwar philosophy in England and interpreted the philosophical handwriting on the wall. If one thought of philosophers as idealists and realists, the idealists were out—had been since the demise of Josiah Royce (1916) and F. H. Bradley (1924). The army of philosophers thus lacked a soft, or idealist, wing, though it did have marginal people like Hare, Foot, and Anscombe. Its tough wing was made up of Wittgenstein, Wisdom, Austin, Ryle, Strawson, and Ayer himself, with his logical positivism. "But then," Ayer chirped, "it's very unprofessional to talk about philosophers as tough or tender, dry or wet. The whole idea is quite absurd, quite absurd." He would leave all that out of his final draft, he said.

We had a quick drink and then walked out of his beautiful college and up Cattle Street and down the High to the Mitre Hotel for some dinner. On

Where did you get your Rolex?



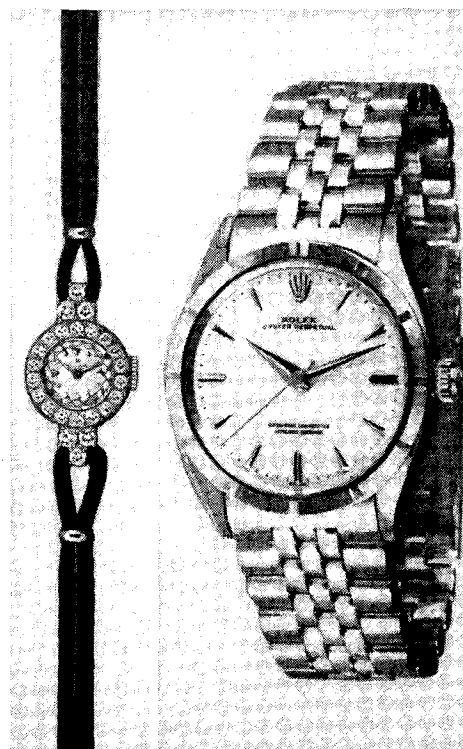
Jinx Falkenburg, famous radio and TV personality, interviews William Murphy, President of The Grolier Society Inc., publishers of the renowned Book of Knowledge.

Pride of Rolex ownership starts conversations . . . makes strangers friends and distinguishes each as a person of taste and judgment. *Why* did they buy their Rolex? Rolex owners unhesitatingly agree: "Because it's the world's finest!" Undeniably a strong superlative. But it's backed by an undeniable fact: Rolex has produced more Swiss Government officially certified chronometers than all other watch manufacturers combined.

Style 6016—Platinum case with diamonds full circle around the face, a trio of diamonds at 12 and 6 o'clock. Twenty-four full-cut diamonds in all. \$750.00.

Style 1007—25-jewel Oyster Perpetual Chronometer (waterproof,* self-winding), in 14K gold with matching bracelet, \$600.00. With strap, \$325.00.

All prices include Federal Tax.



*When case, crown and crystal are intact.


ROLEX
OYSTER PERPETUAL


Official timepiece,
Pan American World Airways

American Rolex Watch Corp., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Give yourself a Shave Break



This is the kind of break your beard could use these days — Arden for Men After Shave Lotion. Its cool, tangy refreshment leaves your skin feeling great, looking great. A smooth finish for the light, rich and lathery action of Arden for Men Foam Shaving Cream. There you have it! Arden for Men who want to give their skin a real break. After Shave Lotion 3.50, 6.50 plus Fed. tax.

Foam Shaving Cream 1.50

Write for the Arden for Men Catalogue

Mail and phone orders filled

ARDEN FOR MEN

1 East 54, N. Y. 21, N. Y. PL 9-2940

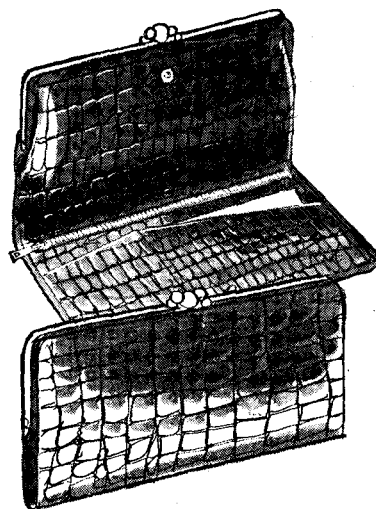
In N. Y. C. add 3% Sales tax.

the way, I told Ayer which philosophers I had met. "A very good selection it is, too," he said. "Hampshire is the only other one I wouldn't miss if I were you." Hampshire had left Oxford to take Ayer's former chair at London University. "Why don't you catch the train with me to London this evening?" Ayer suggested. "I honestly think more Oxford philosophers will simply mix you up."

I said I would think about it over dinner.

We were soon dining, and during the meal I learned something about Ayer. Like the great Berlin, he was born of foreign parentage—his mother was Dutch, his father French-Swiss—and the father, like Berlin's, had been a timber merchant. "Though Isaiah's father was a successful timber merchant, mine wasn't," he added, playing with a silver watch chain and smiling. Ayer had been a scholar at Eton. He had come up to Christ Church in 1929; most of his Oxford contemporaries were rather undistinguished and had been forgotten. "It wasn't like the late thirties, which were really the vintage years of undergraduates," Ayer explained. "Oxford owes many of its great philosophers to the pre-war harvest. Some of my friends, post-university acquisitions, are Left Wing playwrights and novelists—I mean people like John Osborne, Kingsley Amis, and John Wain. I just like their society and their way of living, and perhaps this explains why I find London much more exciting than Oxford—also, incidentally, why people sometimes connect me with the so-called Left Wing Establishment. As for my interests, I rather like rereading old novels. I only go through the new ones when they're written by people I know. I love being on television and I love watching it, and I do think the B.B.C. is a wonderful institution. They used to invite me at least once every six weeks to lecture or to appear on the intellectual discussion program, 'The Brains Trust,' and they show those wonderful Westerns and programs like 'Panorama' and 'Tonight.' Both my stepdaughter, Gully, who is nine, and I enjoy them very much. I actually don't think my television discussions interfere with my philosophy, because if I consistently worked a four-hour day on my subject I could produce a philosophical work every six months. Though I came to philosophy from Greats, as almost everyone here did—for that matter, all recent English philosophers except Russell, Wittgenstein, and Strawson were first Greek and Latin scholars—language qua language has never been a great passion of mine. This makes me temperamen-

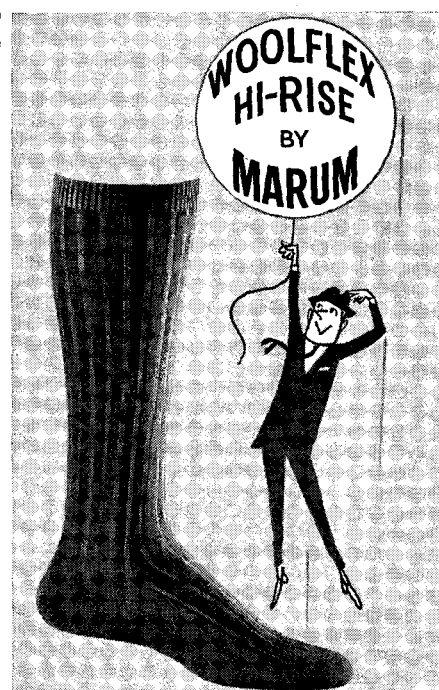
our gifted continental purse of alligator-calf



This triple frame continental bears the markings of the alligator, impressed in supple calfskin, for a very impressive Christmas offering. A compact 7" x 3½", it has 2 leather lined purses, a zippered bill compartment, and 2 card or key sections. Red, black or bone, 11.00, plus 10% Fed. tax. Small Leather Goods, Street Floor. Mail and phone orders filled.

Very SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

New York • White Plains • Springfield • Chicago • Skokie
Detroit • St. Louis • Beverly Hills • San Francisco • Pittsburgh
Miami Beach • Ft. Lauderdale • Palm Beach • Palm Springs



Rising executives and all others practicing the art of CLOTHESMANSHIP prefer the sock with STAYUPMANSHIP (no garters), WOOLFLEX HI-RISE BY MARUM. Made of 65% Zephyr Wool and 35% Stretch Nylon, they will never let you down, in addition to giving you true comfort, perfect fit and machine washability. All this at \$2.00 a pair, stretch sizes, Regular 10-11½, King size 12-14. Ankle length at \$1.50 a pair. Colors: Black, Charcoal Heather, Dark Brown Heather, Navy, Dark Olive, Maroon.

BULLOCK'S

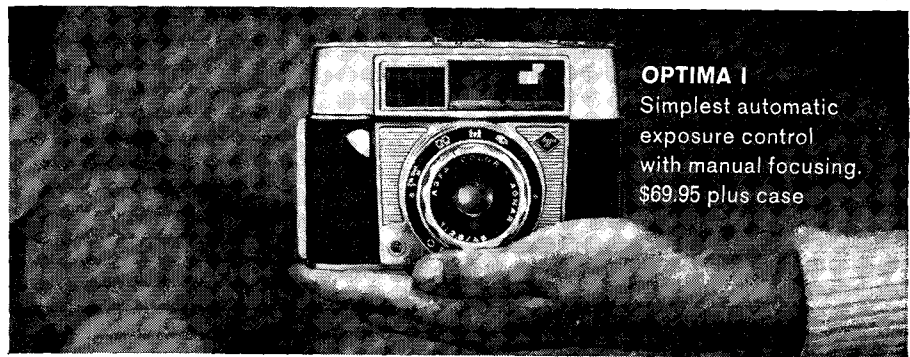
Los Angeles, Pasadena,
Santa Ana, Westwood, California

tally closer to Russell than to anybody else, and probably rather a freak at Oxford."

By the end of dinner, I had decided to catch the train with Ayer. He had a first-class return ticket, so I joined him, and we had a big carriage to ourselves. He pulled Amis's "Take a Girl Like You" out of his briefcase and laid it beside him, and then he put his legs up on the seat opposite and asked me, with a little smile, if I had any burning philosophical puzzles.

I said I really felt I was steaming away from the subject, but perhaps he could separate Wittgenstein and Austin for me, since they had now got linked in my mind like Siamese twins.

"Wittgenstein was interested in fundamental philosophical problems, Austin in language for its own sake," Ayer said. "Yet Austin, despite Gellner, was not a linguist, in any ordinary sense of the word; he was not interested in etymology or in the growth of language. He applied himself only to the function of words." He agreed that there was some truth in the view that philosophy for Austin was an impersonal investigation but for Wittgenstein was intensely personal. Indeed, Wittgenstein thought of himself as a living philosophical problem. "I think that before you finish your researches, you ought to read Norman Malcolm's memoir of Wittgenstein," Ayer said. "The book is in a sense a piece of destructive hagiography; the genre is hardly a model for anyone—in any case, it's not well written—but it does incidentally reveal a few things about the saint of postwar philosophy." Ayer also said that Wittgenstein often made friends not because of their intellectual gifts but because of their moral qualities, so that some of the stories passed around about him were a little fuzzy. Until the middle thirties little was known about Wittgenstein's ideas outside Cambridge, for to give his teaching continuity he preferred the same band of disciples year after year. And although some of his students' lecture notes were authorized and circulated, his ideas of the thirties were available only to the elect until the posthumous publication of his "Blue and Brown Books." Wittgenstein's pupils were very remarkable for their intelligence and sometimes for their reproduction of the Master's mannerisms. His eccentricity was contagious, and few people came in contact with him without acquiring a touch of his habits, which fitted him, as a genius, but did not always suit others, who were just great intellectuals. His most conspicuously distinguished pupil was Wisdom but the closest to him was Miss Ans-



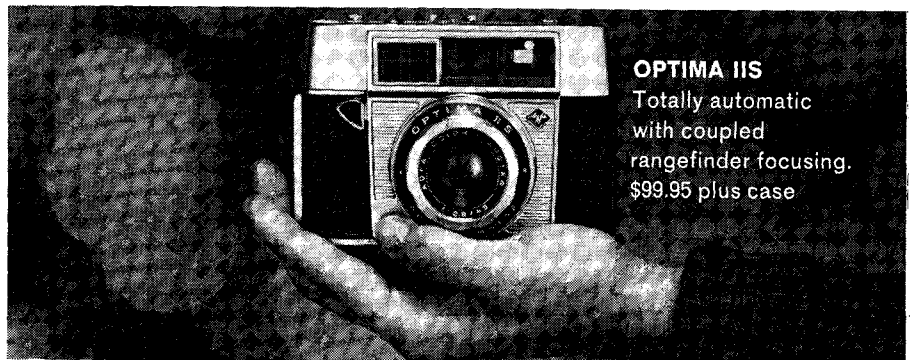
OPTIMA I
Simplest automatic exposure control with manual focusing.
\$69.95 plus case

GIVE THE FUN



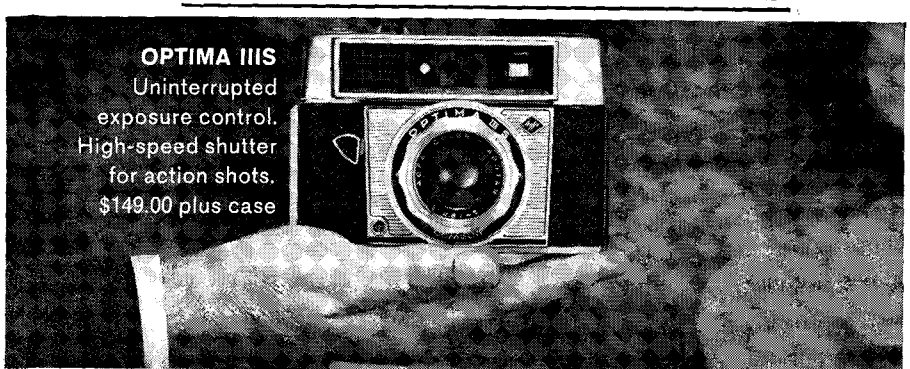
OPTIMA REFLEX
Brilliant prism viewfinder for precise picture composition.
\$169.00 plus case

WITHOUT THE FUSS...



OPTIMA IIS
Totally automatic with coupled rangefinder focusing.
\$99.95 plus case

A FULLY AUTOMATIC



OPTIMA IIIS
Uninterrupted exposure control. High-speed shutter for action shots.
\$149.00 plus case

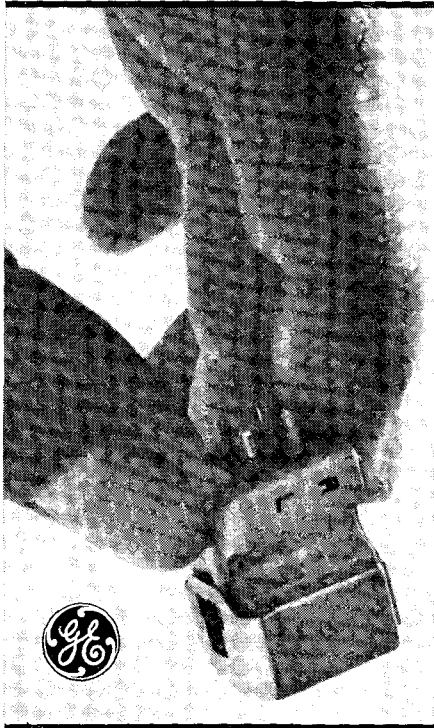
Agfa OPTIMA!

The electric eye of each of these 35mm cameras does for you *automatically* what a professional photographer does with his camera after reading his light meter. Agfa Optima sets the lens opening automatically. Sets the shutter speed, too. Gives you a *green* signal if there's enough light to shoot, *red* if there isn't. Perfect pictures—just like that! Make someone a pro this Christmas—give an Optima, made with West-German precision! Models from \$69.95 to \$169 plus case. (For a fun-filled booklet on automatic photography, "Photography Without Fear," send us 25¢.) Agfa, Inc., 518 W. 34th St., New York 1.



Only General Electric gives you this:

New Orthonetic Stereo Cartridge



**Purest musical response ...
even beyond 20,000 cycles!**

Breakthrough in musical reproduction! General Electric's new ORTHONETIC Cartridge gives precise, undistorted reproduction of every note on your high-fidelity records—even at frequencies above the normal range of human hearing!

**Even the most subtle overtones
come through ...**

Ordinary cartridges shave off the higher harmonic frequencies that give orchestral instruments their characteristic color.

Thanks to a revolutionary new suspension and damping system, the ORTHONETIC Cartridge fully reproduces these harmonic frequencies, with barely measurable loss or distortion.

This means that every instrument has its true coloration; even the most sensitive ear can listen without the fatigue caused by musical distortion.

**Tracks at pressures as low as one
gram—prolongs record life ...**

The low-moving mass of the ORTHONETIC assures highest fidelity even on the fastest passages, minimizes record wear.

Provides up to 30 decibels per channel stereo separation. Ask your General Electric dealer for full specifications.

Audio Products Dept., Decatur, Ill.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

combe, whose brilliant translations of his German works would have been enough in themselves to earn her a place in the English pantheon of philosophers. Wittgenstein had a pathological fear that his ideas would be perverted by anyone who did not understand them fully. Although Ayer had never been a pupil of Wittgenstein's, once he had pieced together a statement of Wittgenstein's current ideas and published it in *Polemic* in the forties. This had enraged the Cambridge philosopher, and for a while he showed a snarling hostility. "He had that side to his character also," Ayer said.

Ayer picked up "Take a Girl Like You" and started leafing through it. "I don't really think it's as good as 'Lucky Jim,'" he said. "In its way, that was a first-rate work." The train was jerkily jogging its way through the night. A look out the window was drowsy-making, but Ayer seemed very fresh.

I racked my sleepy brain for some more questions, and finally asked him whether there was one particular quality that all philosophers shared.

He was thoughtful for a moment and then said, "Vanity. Yes, vanity is the *sine qua non* of philosophers. In the sciences, you see, there are established criteria of truth and falsehood. In philosophy, except where questions of formal logic are involved, there are none, and so the practitioners are extremely reluctant to admit error. To come back to Austin, no one would deny the incisive quality of his mind, and yet when Strawson defeated him in an argument about Truth, it never seemed to have once crossed Austin's mind that he was the vanquished. To take another example, Russell attacks Strawson as though he were just another Oxford philosopher, without reading him carefully. But perhaps at his age Russell has a right to make up his mind about a book without reading it." Some of the philosophers were vain not only about their thoughts but about their personal influence, Ayer added. Wittgenstein dominated his classes, and, of course, Austin was an absolute dictator at his Saturday mornings.

"Is there anything like those groups now?" I asked.

"Well, I've just organized one," Ayer said. "We meet Thursday evenings, but I hope we do things in a more relaxed way than either Austin or Wittgenstein did." His Thursday meetings were very informal, he explained. There was no preordained leader, but to make the discussion effective only a handful of philosophers were allowed to join in. Disputation took place after dinner over whiskey or beer, and it centered on one subject, chosen for the term. The top-

Note:

THE SLIGHT SUPPRESSION AT WAIST
COMBINED WITH PAUL STUART'S OWN
NATURAL SHOULDER TREATMENT. THE
FABRIC, A "BEEFY" FLANNEL IN NAVY OR
HUNTER GREEN. BRASS BUTTONS.

TAILORED BY
SOUTHWICK. \$75



at
Paul Stuart

18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



**The
ENCHANTMENT
Only a Man Can Give!**

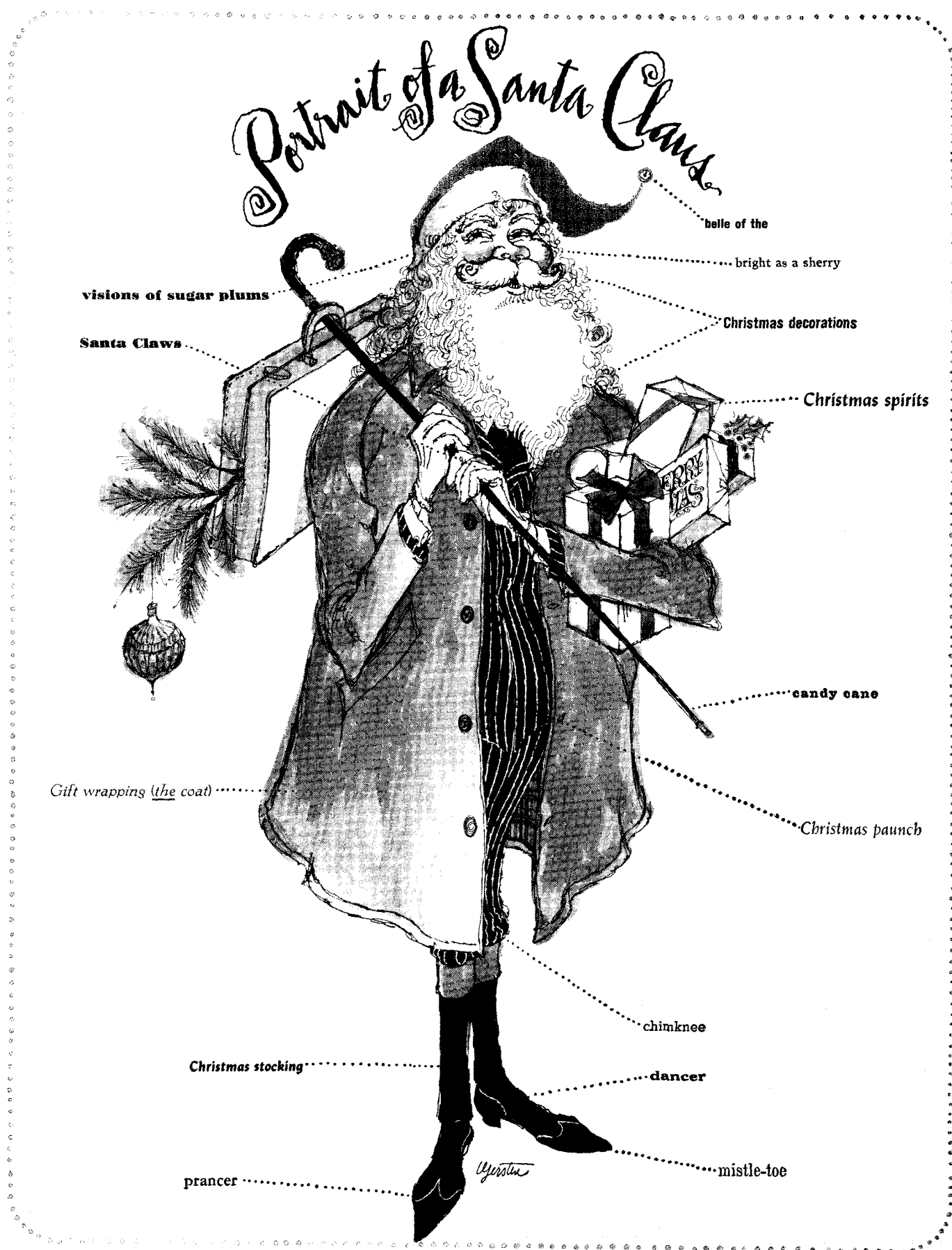
Chaqueneau, the haunting distillation of old world essences, is the perfume a woman cannot buy ... only a man can give her. Choose Chaqueneau I (New World) III (Old World) or IV (Exotic) in three sizes: \$8.80; \$15.40; \$27.50. Federal tax included.

Mail orders invited.

479 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
Phone: MUrray Hill 2-8170

**Rogers Peet
company**

NEW YORK • BOSTON
WASHINGTON



in his London Fog coat (no "L")

Santa wears THE HEATH. For this is the exciting London Fog coat that has earned Christmas cheers—all year. It's jersey (80% Orlon, 20% Wool) laminated to Scott Apparel Foam and lined with Dacron and Cotton Glen Plaid. You can lift it with your pinky... yet it's a wonder for winter... for any weather! About fifty dollars at fine stores. Londontown Mfg. Company, 3600 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore 11, Md. A Maincoat® by

LONDON FOG

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *fils*

business

The younger Dumas had a very succinct definition of it. "Business?" he said. "It's quite simple. It's other people's money."

A little too simple, perhaps . . . but in our case, it's really quite true. Our business is other people's money . . . the money corporations need, for new capital . . . the money other people want to invest. As underwriters and distributors of capital issues, we serve as a catalyst, bringing together the latter group with the former.

As an underwriter we consider it our responsibility not only to develop the most satisfactory financial program for our clients' immediate needs, but also to develop plans tying in current requirements with future capital needs. Working closely with the issuers of securities, we frequently find that an examination of future financial requirements reveals important considerations not ordinarily anticipated. It's that sort of careful planning that has made our professional services especially valuable to our clients.

If your company is considering an offering of securities, it could be highly useful to you to talk it over with us first. We welcome your inquiries.

Smith, Barney & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange
and other leading exchanges

20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
BOSTON • SAN FRANCISCO

Albany • Allentown • Cleveland • Dallas
Hartford • Milwaukee • Minneapolis

ic for the next term was "Time." "Truth' may be going out," Ayer said, "but 'Time' is coming back into the philosophical purview."

"What is the spread of Oxford philosophy?" I asked. "Is it practiced far and wide?"

"There are some exceptions, but I should say that you find at Oxford a fair representation of the kinds of philosophy that are studied in England, for the simple reason that Oxford staffs other universities with philosophers," Ayer said. "The real spread of Austin's linguistic philosophy is in the Dominions and the United States. For this, Ryle must take some of the responsibility. He likes Dominion and American students, and some people feel that he admits too many of them to Oxford for postgraduate work. Most students arrive already intoxicated with the idea of linguistic philosophy, but they soon find the scene much more diversified than they had expected. Not all of them profit by the discovery. So, many return to their countries to practice Austin's methods wholesale. The first-rate people in America, like W. V. Quine, at Harvard, and Ernest Nagel, at Columbia, and Nelson Goodman, at Pennsylvania, don't give a curse for Oxford philosophy, but I should imagine there are more second-rate people doing linguistic analysis in America than in England and the Dominions put together."

We pulled into the Paddington station and, taking separate taxis, closed the philosophers' shop for the night.

I SPENT that night at John's. He was in bed when I arrived, and he had left for the British Museum library when I woke up, so I didn't get a chance to talk to him until the middle of the afternoon, when he returned from the Museum to make himself a sardine sandwich.

"What's on your philosophical agenda?" he asked, between bites.

"I'm having a drink with Hampshire," I said.

"You'll like him very much," John said. "He's still the idol of all the young Fellows of All Souls, where he spent many years before coming to London." He added that Hampshire was a great figure, who was not only still admired by All Souls men but looked up to by the whole of Oxford. This I could easily believe, because I remembered how highly he had been regarded in my own undergraduate days. He had also been passionate about Socialism in a youthful kind of way, which had made the undergraduate societies court him as an after-dinner speaker. Intelligent Oxford—at

KIMONAROBES

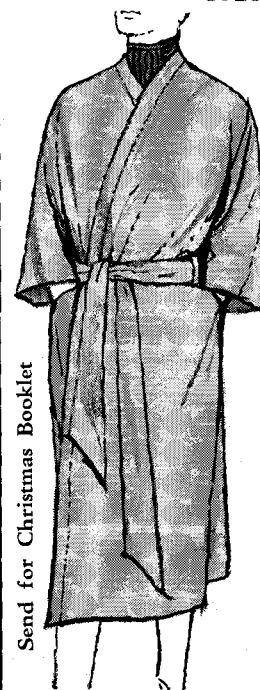
ARE

THE MOST COMFORTABLE

COLORS—Red, Ivory,

Blue, Green,

Taupe, Orange



Send for Christmas Booklet

DACRON &
COTTON \$26

IMPORTED
SILK \$36

ORLON &
WOOL \$40

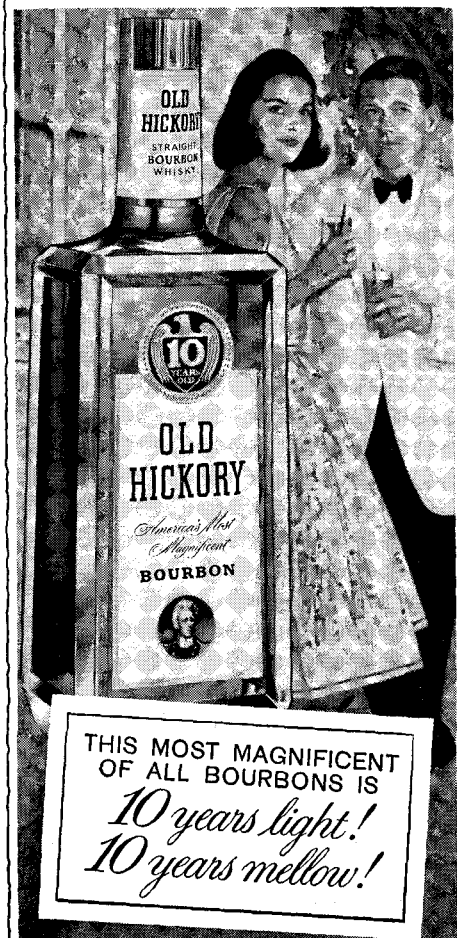
TURKISH
TERRY \$46

SILK
ASCOT
8.00

DESIGNED AND MADE FOR MEN BY

Alexander Shields

484 PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK 22.



THIS MOST MAGNIFICENT
OF ALL BOURBONS IS
10 years light!
10 years mellow!

10 YEARS OLD • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
86 PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.

least, since the thirties—was Left Wing, and he had been a patron saint of the politically conscious university. His beliefs were reasoned, and he was emotionally committed to his ideas—a rare thing for an Oxford philosopher—and because his convictions were a matter of the heart as well as of the head, he had the rare ability to electrify clubs and societies. He might share his politics with Ayer, but Ayer had only recently returned to Oxford; besides, Ayer's Socialism was perhaps a little remote.

I asked John what he recalled about Hampshire.

"Well," he said, "as you probably know, he was a star pupil at his school—Repton—and was very much under the influence of one of its masters. Hampshire inherited his liberal principles from his mentor. Sometime in the early thirties, he came up to Balliol, where he fortified his Leftist views with wider reading. The last year of the war found him in the Foreign Office, and they didn't know what to make of him, because he used to start discussions by saying, 'The first thing to do is to find out if our foreign policy is Socialistic.' Hampshire claimed he started doing philosophy because he liked to argue, but in fact he avoided philosophical arguments."

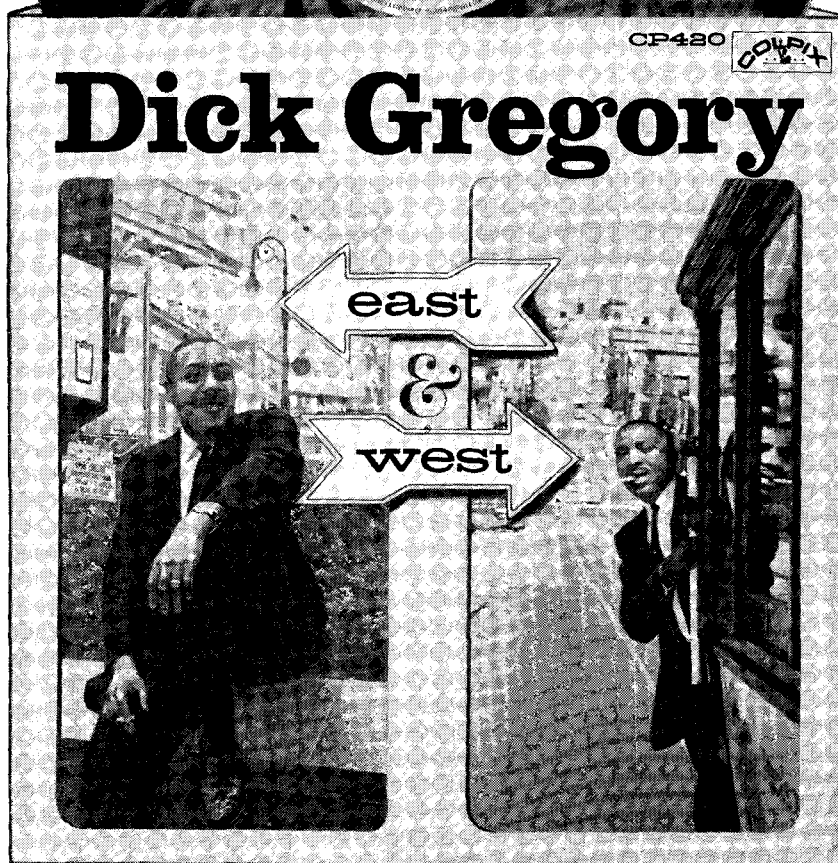
Leaving John, I taxied to University College (this time, of London University), and found Professor Hampshire standing on the steps of the building where he had his office. His hands were clasped rather bovishly behind his back, and his curly blond hair was flying in the wind. "Hello!" he called. "I've just locked myself out of the office." He looked at me expectantly, as though I might have brought him the key. Taking hold of the handle of the door, he shook it vigorously and waited in vain for it to spring open. "I like the Oxford system of not locking doors," he said. "This sort of thing would never have happened to me there. There isn't a pub for some stretch." Nevertheless, we started in search of one. We came upon a Lyons Corner House, and ducked in for some tea, because Hampshire was thirsty. Sitting down, he surveyed the motley tea drinkers in the room and said, "This is what I like about London. You always feel close to the people." But the clatter and noise of Hampshire's people were so deafening that we were soon driven out.

We finally spotted a pub. When we had settled down in it, I asked him about his latest book, "Thought and Action."

"I'm not very good at summing up my own arguments," he said. "But my view of philosophy couldn't be further

OUR FUTURE SECRETARY OF STATE* GOES ON RECORD FOR THE SECOND TIME!

(and he's funnier than ever)



*"The Will Rogers of the atomic age... Dick Gregory would make a dandy Secretary of State!" — Robert Ruark, noted columnist and author.

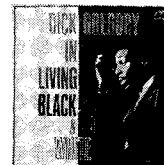
Have you missed Dick Gregory's first launching from the laugh frontier?

It's **"DICK GREGORY IN LIVING BLACK AND WHITE."**

Buy them both!

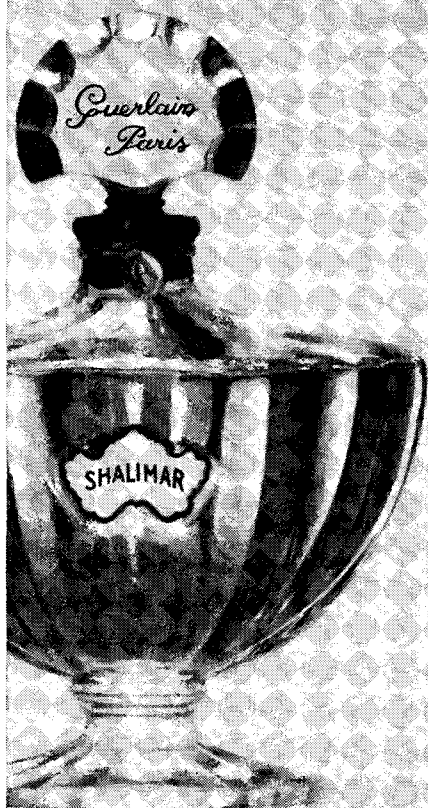


A DIVISION OF COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP.



SHALIMAR

the gift
that says
so many
flattering
things



GUERLAIN

parfumeur

Shalimar Perfume
\$6, \$10, \$12.50, \$25, \$50.
Prices plus tax.

from Austin's. Like the ancient philosophers, I feel our function is really to advance opinions, and I think philosophy should include the study of politics, aesthetics... In fact, I think it should be an all-embracing subject. I also think English philosophers ought to take cognizance of Continental thought. I feel uncomfortable talking about philosophy. I don't really like to talk about things when I'm writing about them, and since I write philosophy, I try to avoid it in conversation as much as possible." But he went on to say he hoped that his new book had put him in the middle of the cultural stream of Europe. He said that, like Miss Murdoch, he was very much interested in Existentialism and literature, and, indeed, was now mostly working on aesthetics.

He and Ayer shared many friends, but his closest friend was Isaiah Berlin. He had just spent two weeks with him in Italy. "Isaiah, rather indirectly," he said, "does illustrate one great aspect of Oxford philosophy—the boon of just talking. As you know, he learned most of his philosophy at the feet of Austin. They were both at All Souls at the same time, in the thirties, and they used to sit around in the Common Room and talk philosophy day and night. During the war, once, Isaiah found himself in a plane, without Austin, and some mysterious thing happened that made him decide to give up philosophy." Hampshire thought that Berlin now regretted giving up philosophy, mainly because he missed the intellectual stimulation of talking. He had no one to talk with about his subject—the history of ideas. There were only one or two great historians of ideas, and they were not at Oxford, so Berlin was forced to work in solitude. Since his great conversational gifts could not be exercised in the course of his work, he relied on an occasional American postgraduate student who was studying ideas to bring him out of the isolation ward of his subject. The reason Berlin could not be counted as an Oxford philosopher was simple. He worked not at pure but at political philosophy. Where a pure philosopher might begin by asking the meaning of the word "liberty," Berlin opened one of his lectures by saying, "There are two sorts of notions of the word 'liberty'—negative and positive—in the history of thought. Kant, Fichte, Hegel believed..."

Hampshire rose to get another drink and was pounced upon by an African youth of about sixteen who had heard him speak in a public lecture hall. "Sir, do you mind if I join you?" he



Heart aflame with fiery DIAMONDS

Precious pendant on a platinum chain

If you have but one heart to give, give it in these luminous Jaccard diamonds. The center stone is heart-shaped, approximately one carat, surrounded by eleven marquise-cut diamonds and one baguette... platinum-set. \$2900 (including federal tax).

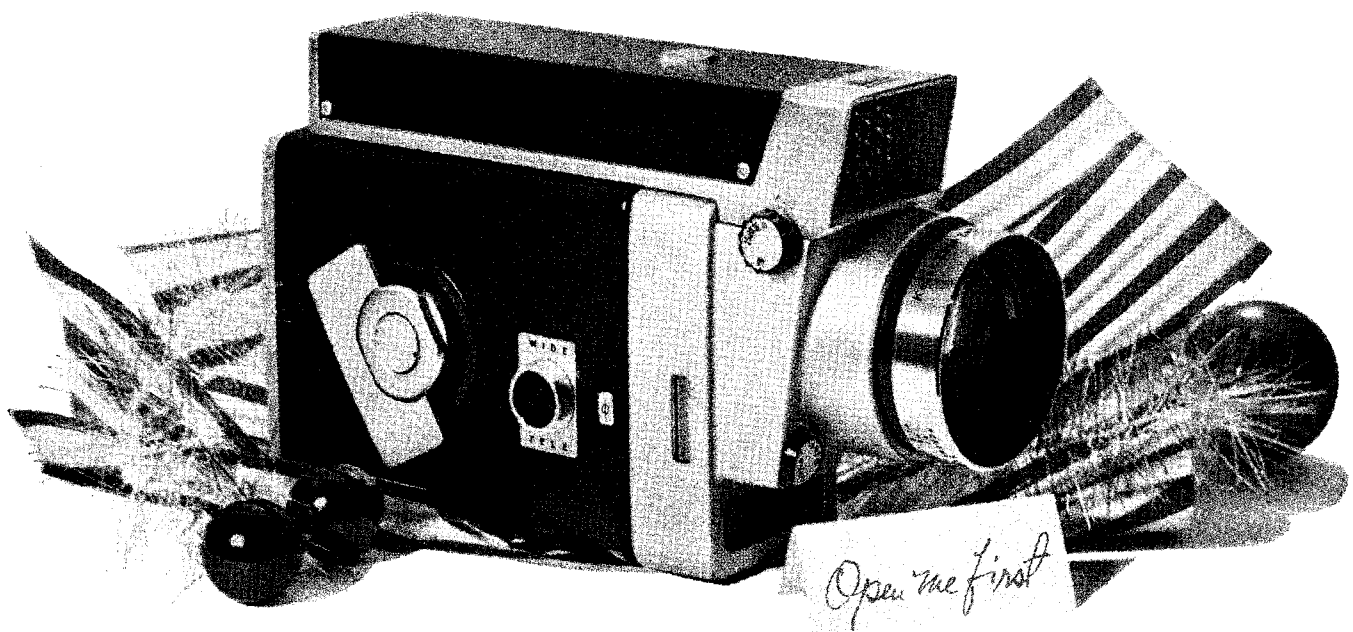
JACCARD'S
SAINT LOUIS 1 MISSOURI
JEWELERS TO AMERICA SINCE 1829



Calf and bamboo

together—our unique black bag with swagger pockets. A smaller edition: black suede and Florentine gilt "bamboo". Either bag, 50.00 plus tax.

Lord & Taylor—all stores

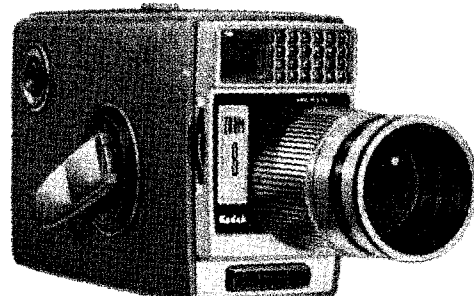


Push-button zooming! Fully automatic! This de luxe 8mm *Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex Camera* lets you make zoom shots with push-button ease. You view through the lens. Electric eye sets exposure. Less than \$200.

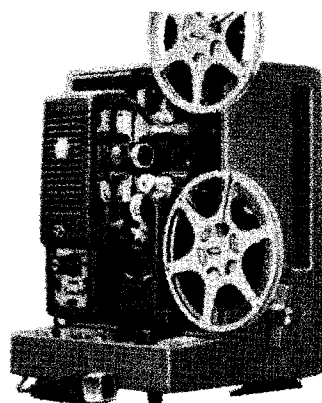
Kodak gifts say "Open me first"
...and picture all your Christmas fun!



New automatic 8mm movie camera—budget price! *Kodak Automatic 8 Movie Camera* sets its own lens and has filter built in. Less than \$50.



Get dramatic 8mm movie zoom shots with the new *Kodak Zoom 8 Automatic Camera*. Has electric eye, built-in filter. Less than \$110.



Add quality sound to your movies! *Kodak Sound 8 Projector* lets you add your own commentary, music and sound effects to 8mm films. Less than \$350.

New! *Kodachrome II Film* is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as fast, gives you better color, greater sharpness, and wider exposure latitude. Here's an ideal stocking filler for movie fans.



Prices subject to change without notice.

Kodak
TRADEMARK

Enjoy Walt Disney's "Wonderful World of Color" Sunday evenings, NBC-TV

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.



doesn't
everybody
know I make
20 flavors?

I, Pierrot, am honored that my masterpiece, Cointreau Liqueur, is world renowned as an after dinner drink...as the vital ingredient in the Side Car and other cocktails...and as an important flavoring in such gourmet dishes as Crepes Suzette. But I am a versatile artist. Every one of my 19 *other* Cordials by Cointreau has the same quality. And incidentally, I have written a book, "Gourmet's Guide to Dining and Drinking." You may have a copy with my compliments and learn to enjoy all 20 flavors in main dishes and desserts as well as drinks. Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof, produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.

asked, edging his way over to our table.

"If you really want to," Hampshire said, sounding a little discouraged. He bought the boy a double whiskey and placed it before him.

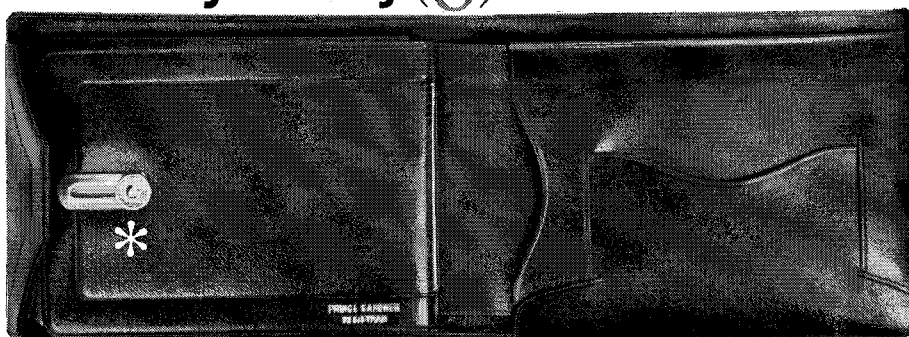
The boy only sniffed at it, while discomfiting Hampshire with repeated compliments. "I heard, sir," he said, "you're a man of great vision, really very great vision, and you believe in equality—independence for Algerians and Maltese."

Hampshire asked him about his interests, and the boy said that he'd always wanted to be an engineer, but that since hearing Hampshire he had wondered whether he ought not to be a philosopher. "I'm torn in my conscience," he remarked, with a sigh.

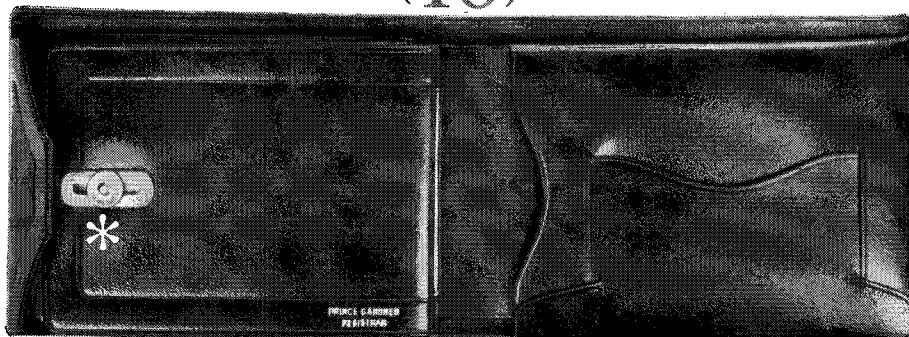
Hampshire counselled him to be an engineer. "In that way, you can do more for your country," he said.

After a while, the boy left, but the philosophical calm—if it could be called that—of our conversation had been shattered. Hampshire moved his hands restlessly, and, after some nervous false starts, began reviewing the gallery of Oxford philosophers. His words were reeled off in the rapid fashion of All Souls conversation, and the philosophical lights whizzed past. "On occasion, Wittgenstein would say, 'Wittgenstein, Wittgenstein, Wittgenstein,' the 'W' Anglicized into a soft sound, instead of the Teutonic 'V,' 'you are talking nonsense,' and he would smite his brow. He was the only person permitted—and no doubt the only person qualified—to utter that particular proposition. . . . Among other things, Austin was a super ad man. He was the chairman of the financial committee of the Oxford Press—the biggest university press in the world. He occupied the post with an enveloping halo, and his terrifying efficiency raised him above all past and future chairmen. . . . Elizabeth Anscombe, in some ways, is like Wittgenstein—she even has his mannerisms. Her classes, like the Master's, are brooding séances. She wrote a series of letters to the *Listener* in which she opposed awarding former President Truman an honorary degree, because of his responsibility for dropping the atom bomb. She made an extraordinary speech at the concilium, saying, 'If you honor Truman now, what Neros, what Genghis Khans, what Hitlers, what Stalins will you honor next?' . . . Hare is a little puritanical in his views. . . . Miss Murdoch is elusive. . . . Warnock talks slowly—a thin sheath over his sharp mind for those who've only met him once. . . . Strawson, very exciting. Though sometimes may build a spiral staircase for his

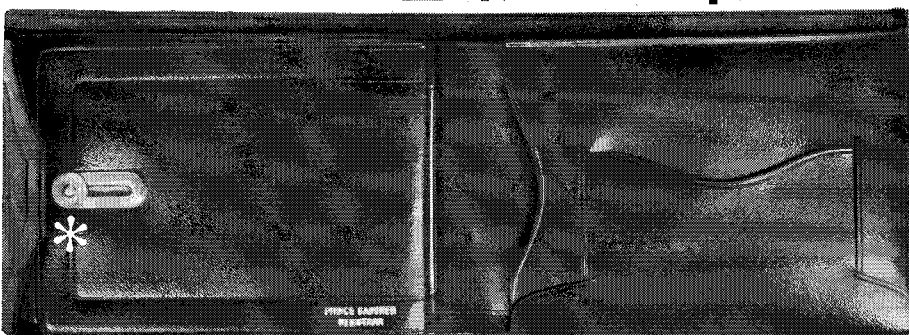
whether you carry (8)



(16)

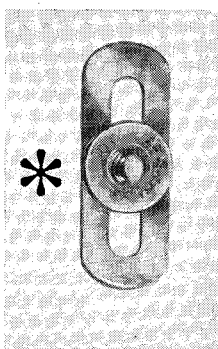


or (24) cards or photos...



the Registrar® Billfold has a new expanding feature* that adjusts to prevent bulging!

This ingenious expanding feature adjusts automatically to allow ample room for all your cards and photos, yet keeps your Registrar Billfold looking neat and trim and flat. To allow you to add or remove cards with the greatest of ease there's a special "Show-a-Card" clip, too. Billfold from \$5 plus tax. At fine stores everywhere.



*PAT. PENDING

PRINCE GARDNER®

PRINCE GARDNER COMPANY, 1234 SOUTH KINGSHIGHWAY, ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI



PATINA...THE POLISH OF URBANE LIVING...

suit of Forstmann 100% wool, \$115. At:

WITTY BROTHERS NEW YORK
L & D BROWN WASHINGTON
JOSEPH'S WATERBURY
LEW HUBBARD KALAMAZOO



FORSTMANN
Men's Wear Division of
J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.

FINE FABRICS MADE IN AMERICA SINCE 1813

thought out of hairsplitting distinctions. . . . Ayer, like Russell, well known as a philosopher, brilliant performer on television, who, among all his other achievements, can simplify. . . . Gellner's charge that these philosophers have things in common will not bear examination. Sociology can be bad history. Sometimes classifies its subjects of study indiscriminately. Gellner may be a victim of his own art. Good with the Berbers."

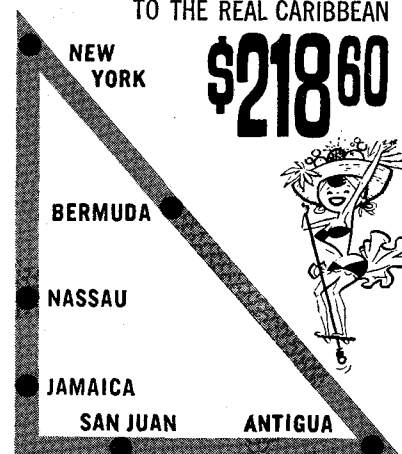
AFTER saying goodbye to Hampshire, I returned to John's rooms and took from the shelf "Ludwig Wittgenstein: A Memoir," by Norman Malcolm, with a prefatory biographical sketch by Professor Georg Henrik von Wright, of the University of Helsinki. Because each meeting with a philosopher had made me more curious about Wittgenstein, I set myself the task of finding out more about him.

Ludwig Josef Johann Wittgenstein was born in 1889. His parents were Saxon, but at the time of his birth they were living in Vienna. His paternal grandfather was a convert from Judaism to Protestantism; his mother, however, was a Catholic, and the child was baptized in her faith. His father was an engineer, whose remarkable intelligence and will power had raised him to a leading position in the steel-and-iron industry of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Ludwig was one of eight children. Both of his parents were extremely musical, and their home was a center of artistic activity. He received his early education at home, learning mathematics and the clarinet, and acquiring a burning boyhood wish to become a conductor. At fourteen, he was sent to a school in Linz, and after three years there he was ready for the engineering course at the Technische Hochschule in Berlin. He completed his Berlin course in two years and went to England, where he registered at the University of Manchester as a research student. His first step on the path of philosophy was the reading of Bertrand Russell's "Principles of Mathematics," published in 1903, to which he turned when he wished to plumb the foundations of mathematics. After Russell, he read Gottlob Frege, the German mathematician, thus coming face to face with the two most brilliant exponents of the "new" logic. He sought out Frege in Jena, only to be directed by him to go back to England and study with Russell. By 1912, he was housed in Trinity College, Cambridge, whose walls also enclosed Bertrand Russell, G. E. Moore, and John Maynard Keynes. Young Wittgenstein was

BEST BUY

TO THE REAL CARIBBEAN

\$218.60



THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE

Fly to Bermuda, Antigua, Jamaica (Kingston and Montego Bay), Nassau—all at one low fare. Start in either direction any day of the week, any week of the year. Made possible only via BWIA and BOAC services. See your travel agent or call BOAC, General Sales Agents for British West Indian Airways.

BWIA

THE AIRLINE OF THE CARIBBEAN

English Leather®



... the gift set of ALL-PURPOSE
LOTION and DEODORANT STICK

\$3.00 plus tax

Individually, ALL-PURPOSE

LOTION **\$2.00 \$3.50 \$6.50**

DEODORANT STICK **\$1.00**

MEM COMPANY
67 Irving Place, New York

immediately befriended by them, and he found himself part of the golden years of Cambridge. He was there for eighteen months, and, in addition to his other work, did some psychological experiments in rhythm and music. Even though he was on intimate terms with the leading minds of England, he did not take to the relaxed atmosphere of Cambridge life. In the autumn of 1913, he visited Norway, and he returned there later that same year in a sort of intellectual huff, to live in seclusion near Skjolden; he soon became fluent in Norwegian. His father had died in 1912, and his stay at Manchester and Cambridge had simply driven him deeper into a depression whose history was as long as his life. "It is probably true that he lived on the border of mental illness," Professor von Wright says at the opening of his sketch. "A fear of being driven across it followed him throughout his life." The outbreak of the First World War found him a volunteer in the Austrian Army, and he eventually fought on both the eastern and southern fronts. For Wittgenstein, war was a time of personal crisis and of the birth of great ideas. At one moment he was calmed by Leo Tolstoy's ethical writings—which led him to the warm light of the Synoptic Gospels—and at the next he was excited by his own revolutionary views.

Wittgenstein's earthquake hit the philosophers of the twentieth century as hard as David Hume's cyclone—which swept away cause and effect from the human experience—had hit their eighteenth-century predecessors. The new philosophical shudder started at the Austrian front. One day in the middle of the war, while Wittgenstein was reading a newspaper in a trench, he was arrested by a sketch of a possible sequence of events in a car accident. As he studied it, he became aware that the diagram of the accident stood for a possible pattern of occurrences in reality; there was a correspondence between the parts of the drawing and certain things in the world. He noticed a similar correspondence between the parts of a sentence and elements of the world, and he developed the analogy, coming to regard a proposition as a kind of picture. The structure of a proposition—that is, the way in which the parts of a statement were combined—depicted a possible combination of elements in reality. Thus he hit upon the central idea of his "Tractatus": Language was the picture of the world. The "Tractatus" and the Wittgensteinian revolution in philosophy were under way.

When Wittgenstein was captured by



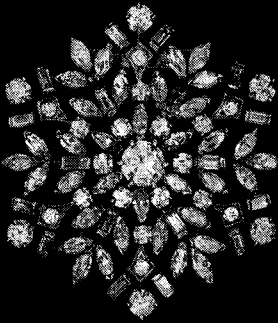
Hennessy is there—not just after dinner, but for the whole evening.
Enjoy its delightful flavor on the rocks or in highballs.

**HENNESSY SUPREMACY
IS MAINTAINED BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST STOCKS
OF CHOICE COGNACS.**

84 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York

Treasures From The House of YARD

Here at Raymond C. Yard, jewelers, you will discover a complete collection of the world's rarest gems . . . exclusive, unusual jewelry . . . such as this delicately fashioned diamond snowflake clip pin



these matching
diamond snowflake
ear clips.



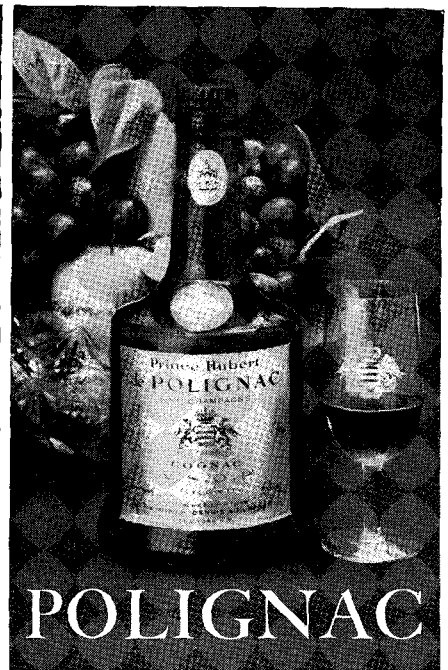
We invite you to visit us soon. Yard's skill and knowledge . . . wide, unique collection of the world's rarest, most perfect gems . . . will help you select your most perfect gift.

RAYMOND C. YARD, Inc.

Jewelers

SIXTEENTH FLOOR—CANADA HOUSE
680 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK
Circle 7-6222

the Italians, in 1918, he had the manuscript of his first great philosophical work in his rucksack, and he was able to bring it through the war intact. He thought his masterpiece had solved all philosophical problems, and when the work was published (first in Germany, in 1921, and then in England, the following year), some leading minds agreed, with him, that philosophy had come to the end of its road. Wittgenstein, on the other hand, was at the beginning of his. Both his livelihood and his reputation were assured. He had inherited a large fortune from his father, his genius was proclaimed to the world, and he was free to live in leisure and intellectual preëminence. But such safe ways were not those of Ludwig Wittgenstein. In the first year after the war, he renounced his fortune, became indifferent to the success of the "Tractatus," and enrolled in a teachers' college in Vienna. When he had completed his education course, he taught in schools in Lower Austria for six years, wandering from one remote village to another. Being a schoolmaster enabled him to lead a life of simplicity and seclusion, but Wittgenstein was not at peace with himself or the world. He gave up the profession and for a time became a gardener, working mostly at monasteries, and, as he had done in the past, considered joining a religious order. Once more, however, the monastic life did not seem to be the answer. Terminating his restless wanderings, he returned to Vienna, and spent two solid years designing and constructing a mansion for one of his sisters. A modern building of concrete, steel, and glass, it provided an outlet for his particular architectural genius, and according to Professor von Wright, "Its beauty is of the same simple and static kind that belongs to the sentences of the 'Tractatus.'" But architecture could not contain Wittgenstein's soaring genius, and he spent some time sculpturing at a friend's studio. Again according to Professor von Wright, his sculpture of an elf has a perfection of symmetry that recalls the Greeks. Wittgenstein's period of withdrawal from philosophy was now nearing an end. In Vienna, he heard a philosophical lecture and decided that perhaps philosophy did have a little way to go, so he allowed his old friend Keynes to raise some money for his return to Cambridge. He arrived at his college in 1929, and presented his "Tractatus" as a dissertation for a Doctorate of Philosophy—a degree that was a negligible accolade to a philosopher with a worldwide reputation. A year later, at the age of forty-one, he was



COGNAC OF THE COGNOSCENTI . . .

Cognac Polignac offers leisurely pleasures for an educated palate—a seductive bouquet to savor slowly, the deep classic flavor of a great cognac. After dinner, of course—but as appropriate over ice any time. Polignac is the only cognac that is controlled from grape to glass by the Cognac Cooperative of France. 80 PROOF COGNAC, IMPORTED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE BY DENNIS & HUPPERT, NEW YORK.



... our new British spread collar, in shirting stripes of blue and black, red and black, on white ground ... exclusively Sero's.

... at better stores, naturally.

WHITEHOUSE & HARDY... New York, N.Y.
HABERDASHERY BY BORISH
Bala Cynwyd, Pa.
COUNTRY SQUIRE... Salt Lake City, Utah
MR. GUY... Los Angeles, Calif.

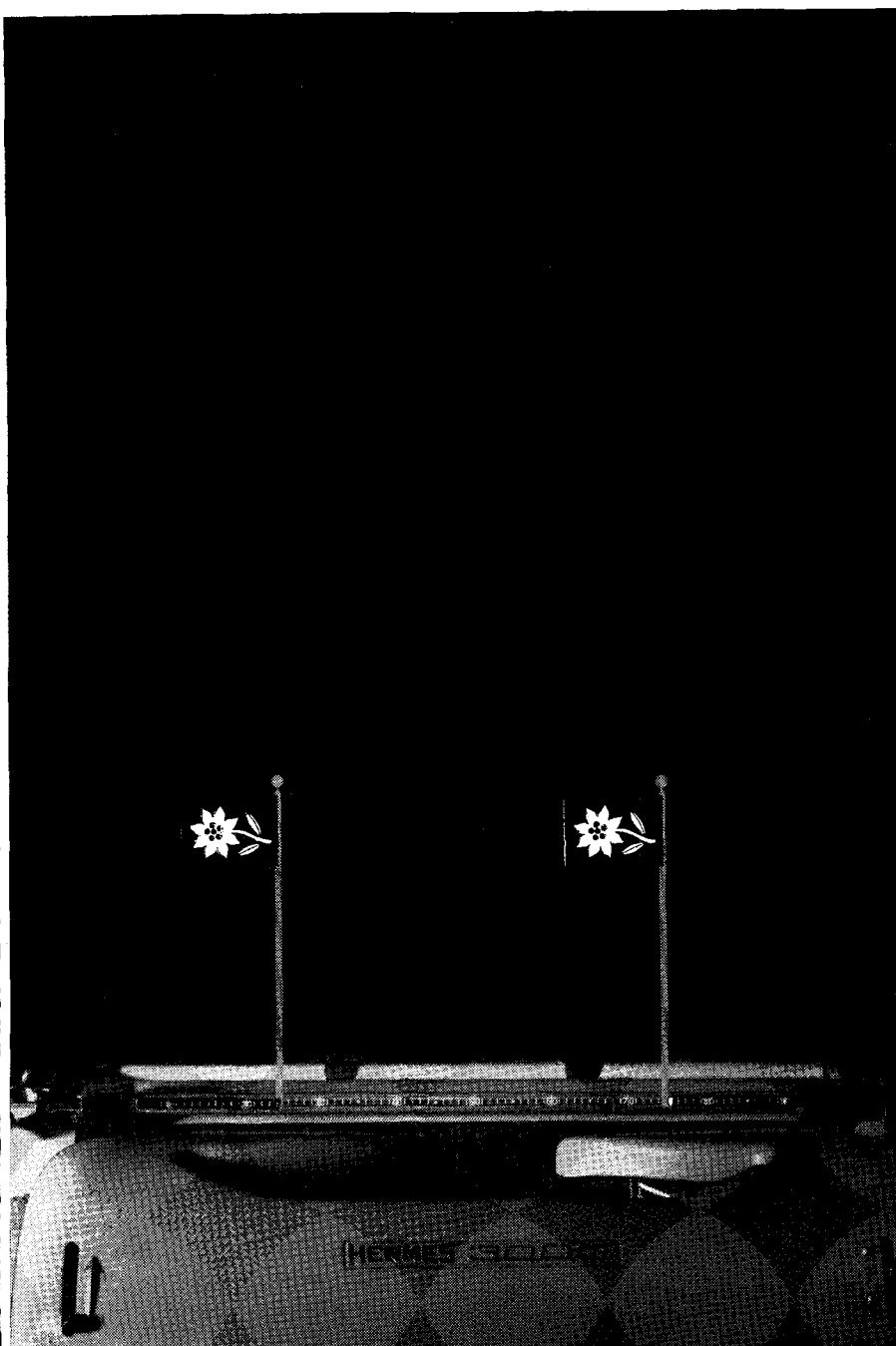
Sero OF NEW HAVEN
new haven, connecticut

elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

As suddenly as a sketch of a car accident had inspired the ideas in "Tractatus," so a gesture of an Italian friend destroyed them. The gesture that divided Wittgenstein I from Wittgenstein II was made sometime in the year 1933. "Wittgenstein and P. Sraffa, a lecturer in economics at Cambridge, argued together a great deal over the ideas of the 'Tractatus,'" Professor Malcolm records. "One day (they were riding, I think, on a train), when Wittgenstein was insisting that a proposition and that which it describes must have the same 'logical form,' the same 'logical multiplicity,' Sraffa made a gesture, familiar to Neapolitans as meaning something like disgust or contempt, of brushing the underneath of his chin with an outward sweep of the fingertips of one hand. And he asked: 'What is the logical form of that?' Sraffa's example produced in Wittgenstein the feeling that there was an absurdity in the insistence that a proposition and what it describes must have the same 'form.' This broke the hold on him of the conception that a proposition must literally be a 'picture' of the reality it describes." It was many years before Wittgenstein II worked out his new ideas, but the old views, which at one time had finished philosophy forever, were discarded in the train.

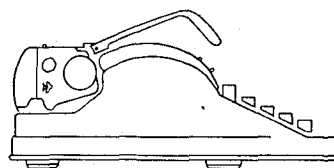
Wittgenstein II, though he spent thirteen years at Cambridge, did not surround himself with any of the atmosphere of an English college. The stark simplicity of his way of living would have put any undergraduate to shame. His two rooms in Whewell's Court were like barracks; he did not have a single book, painting, photograph, or reading lamp. He sat on a wooden chair and did his writing at a card table. These two objects, with two canvas chairs, a fireproof safe for his manuscripts, and a few empty flowerpots, constituted the total furnishings of the room that served him as both study and classroom. His other concession to life was a cot, in the second room.

His classes were held late in the afternoon, and his pupils arrived carrying chairs from the landing. They always found the philosopher standing in the middle of the room, by his wooden chair. He was slender, of medium height, and simply dressed, habitually wearing a flannel shirt, flannel trousers, a leather jacket, and no tie. Unlike the other Fellows, he did not have any notes or set procedure for his lectures; he just sat on his wooden chair and, according to Malcolm, "carried on a visible strug-



THE SWISS TOUCH: FLYING RED MARGINS (PIN POINT TYPING AREA. ONLY HERMES HAS IT.)

Leave it to the Swiss to take the guesswork out of setting a margin! Press the margin release and lo! two moving red indicators streak by to show you exactly where your line begins and ends on a page. It's a feature you'll find only on a Hermes Portable 3000. Advanced Swiss design like this available now at your Hermes dealer's in a full line of typewriters: Standard Electrics, from \$455; Manuals, from \$179.50; full-featured portables, from \$129.50. Adding machines, too, from \$229.50. Paillard Inc., 100 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, New York.



HERMES

By the makers of the world famous Bolex camera

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Detroit
Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Atlanta • St. Paul
Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City
Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence



Southbound: Liberty print

linen The "art nouveau" feeling, interpreted by Liberty of London, in an early season sunprint. A crisp...fresh...indispensable linen. With contrast piping on white with green/blue or rose/grey. 8 to 18, 4500

gle with his thoughts." His lectures were simply a continuation of his other waking hours; as always, he thought about problems and tried to find new solutions. The principal difference between his lonely hours and the lecture time was the difference between a monologue and a dialogue. He would direct questions to the members of the class and let himself be drawn into discussions, but whenever he sensed that he was standing on the edge of a difficult problem or a new thought, his hand would silence his interlocutor with a peremptory motion. If he reached an impasse or felt confused, he would say, "I'm just too stupid today," or "You have a dreadful teacher," or "I'm a fool." He worried about the possibility that his teaching might stop the growth of independent minds, and he was also besieged by a fear that he would not be able to last the period, but somehow he always managed to go on.

The years of the Second World War found Wittgenstein working as an orderly, first at Guy's Hospital, in London, and then in an infirmary at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Toward the close of the war, he returned to Cambridge to take up the Chair of Philosophy. When Malcolm returned there to study with him, in 1946, he found Wittgenstein trying, with strenuous work, to dam the depression that always threatened to flood him. Wittgenstein was composing his "Philosophical Investigations" (which he kept on revising for the rest of his life). "One day," Malcolm recounts, "when Wittgenstein was passing a field where a football game was in progress, the thought first struck him that in language we play *games* with *words*. A central idea of his philosophy [in "Investigations"], the notion of a 'language game,' apparently had its genesis in this incident." At this time, most of his day was spent teaching, talking, and writing the "Investigations." His only relief from the constant motion of his thoughts was an occasional film or an American detective magazine. But this was no opiate, and he ultimately felt compelled to tender his resignation to the Vice Chancellor of the university. Late in 1947, when the decision was taken, he wrote to Malcolm, "I shall cease to be professor on Dec. 31st at 12 P.M." He did. Now began the loneliest period of his never convivial life. He first moved to a guesthouse a couple of hours' bus ride from Dublin, where he lived friendless and in a state of nervous instability. He tired easily, and his work on "Investigations" went slowly and painfully. He wrote to Malcolm that he did not miss conversation but wished for



THE FASCINATION OF FALCONRY

Any sportsman would appreciate this reminder of a famous medieval pastime. "The Falconer" is a colorful hand-painted English character jug by Royal Doulton's master potters. An interesting collection piece for gun room or study. Size 7½" — \$12.50, 4" — \$6.00, 2¾" — \$3.50. Other subjects also available.

Send 25¢ for collectors' book #7 showing many Royal Doulton Character & Toby Jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. N5, 11 E. 26th St., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

Royal Doulton



Christmas BY THE SEA HOTEL Dennis ATLANTIC CITY

Wouldn't it be fun to see our halls decked with holly, listen to joyous Christmas carols, enjoy relaxing comfort and delightful sea air? And, then be here for New Year's and our three gala parties? Holidays are wonderful — dancing, cocktails by the hearth, planned children's activities and new friends to meet. Attractive winter rates. Write for our new color brochure.

On the Boardwalk at Michigan Avenue
Telephone—(Area Code 609) 344-8111

OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE
BUZBY FAMILY

"someone to smile at occasionally." After five months at the guesthouse, he migrated to the west coast of Ireland, where he became a legend among the primitive fishermen for his power to tame birds. But there was no rest for him. He went to Vienna, visited Cambridge, returned to Dublin, rushed again to Vienna, where a sister was now dangerously ill, proceeded from there to America to see the Malcolms, and was forced back to England and Cambridge by an undiagnosed illness. He was eventually found to have cancer. His father had been destroyed by this disease, and his sister was even then dying of it. He left for Austria and his family, but some months later he returned to England—this time to Oxford, which he quickly came to dislike. He called it "the influenza area" and "a philosophical desert." After spending some time at Miss Anscombe's house in Oxford, he visited Norway, only to return to Cambridge and live with his doctor. Never a happy man, he became convinced during the last two years of his life that he had lost his philosophical talent; he was also haunted by the suicides of three of his brothers. He died in April, 1951.

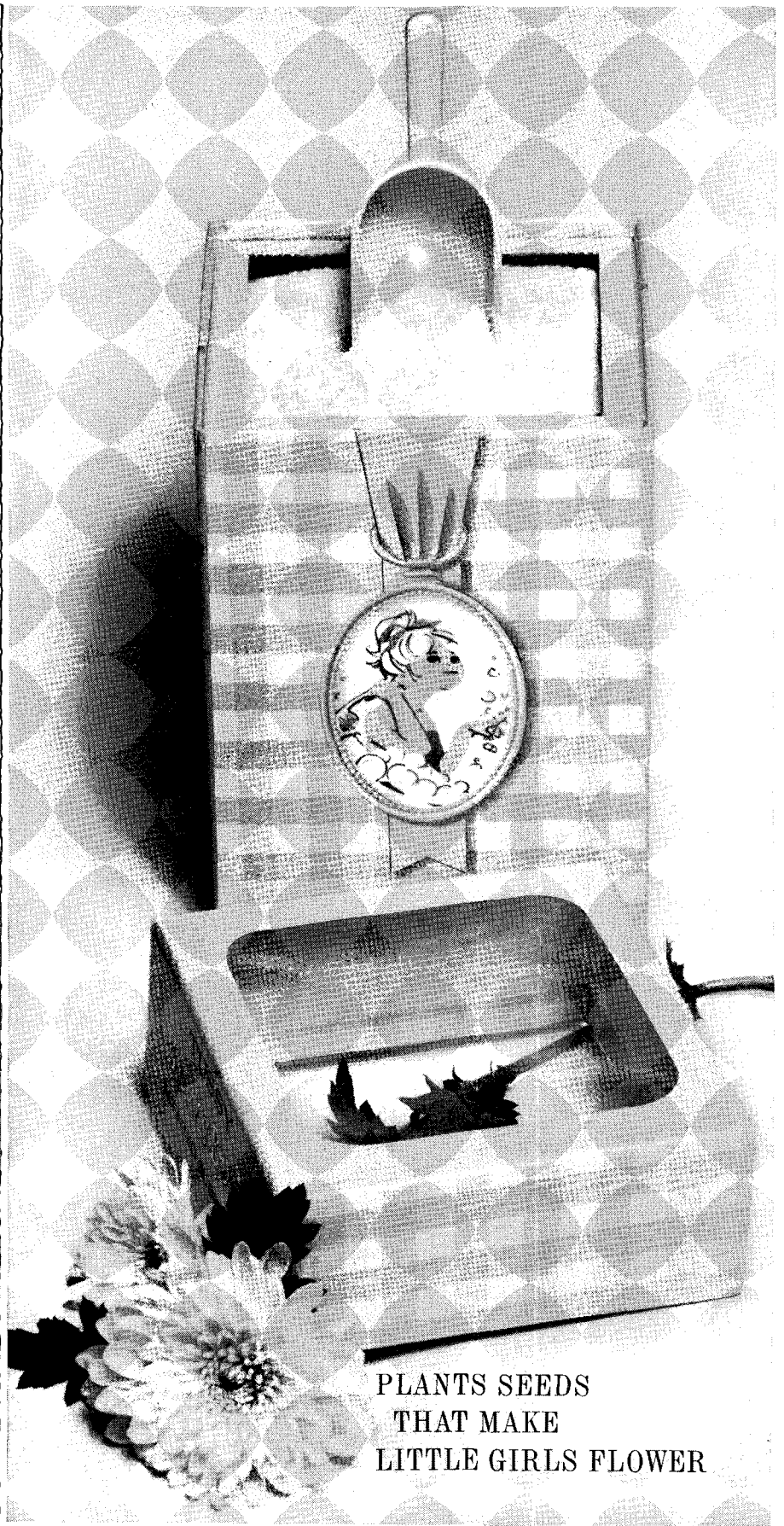
I read the last paragraph of Malcolm's memoir: "When I think of his profound pessimism, the intensity of his mental and moral suffering, the relentless way in which he drove his intellect, his need for love together with the harshness that repelled love, I am inclined to believe that his life was fiercely unhappy. Yet at the end he himself exclaimed that it had been 'wonderful!' To me this seems a mysterious and strangely moving utterance."

When John returned, he found me in a sombre mood.

"Yes," he said. "Wittgenstein was a tortured genius. He could have been a first-class conductor, mathematician, architect, or sculptor, but he chose to be a philosopher." He started leafing through "A Memoir," and read aloud: "A person caught in a philosophical confusion is like a man in a room who wants to get out but doesn't know how. He tries the window but it is too high. He tries the chimney but it is too narrow. And if he would only *turn around*, he would see that the door has been open all the time!"

To both of us, this particular passage seemed to stand as an epitaph for Ludwig Wittgenstein.

NEXT morning, I rolled out of my makeshift bed and, with the help of my jottings, started writing furiously the conclusions of my researches. To my great surprise, complicated sentences



PLANTS SEEDS
THAT MAKE
LITTLE GIRLS FLOWER

TUSSY Budding Beauty

Tussy believes beautiful habits begin the day a girl steps out of her bassinette. That's why Budding Beauty Bubble Bath was born. 4

ounces, \$1.35 (plus tax) at stores who think it's nice to spend Saturday night with a little girl—even if you're only a bubble bath.

INDIVIDUAL ITEMS FROM 85¢; SETS FROM \$1.00—© 1961, TUSSY, INC., 445 PARK AVE., NEW YORK



CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Tiffany watch concealed in a bracelet of textured and polished eighteen karat gold set with diamonds. Seventeen jewel Universal movement. 1,600, including federal tax.

TIFFANY & Co.
NEW YORK

streamed out of my pen, and I discovered that I had a philosophical voice keyed somehow to the right pitch.

"Modern philosophy," I wrote, "has had two great pushes, one from Russell and one from Wittgenstein, and we're now waiting for another one. Like all philosophies, its claim to be heard rests on two assumptions: first, that what it says is true and lucid; second, that these particular truths are more satisfying than any alternative answers to the inquiring and reflective mind. Naturally, not all reflective minds will be better satisfied at Oxford than, say, in Paris, Damascus, New Delhi, or New York, but some clearly are. Oxford philosophers do not claim to be sages. In few cases, indeed, would the claim be credited if it should be made. By their own admission, they are not wiser than other men. They often assert that their researches do not lead to wisdom but only relieve certain feelings of puzzlement (which you are bound to have if you ask their questions). Once they have found answers to their questions, they go on living just as before, and, unlike their French contemporaries, many remain *dégagé*; they lead don's comfortable lives in north Oxford (though even so a few manage to be evangelists, Socialists, or great eccentrics). This has led Gellner to ask what the point of their activities can be, since they seem to cure only a disease they have induced in themselves and, in many cases, in their students. Why should one pay philosophers, he asks, if philosophy really, as Wittgenstein said, 'leaves the world as it is'? Gellner's is a mistaken objection. Certainly many philosophers are unadventurous, prosaic, and boring, but there are also Strawsons and Ayers and plenty of others who are not. Whatever they may do in their private lives, it cannot correctly be said that in their work they 'leave the world as it is.' If one man begins to see more clearly how the *rest* of the world is, then the world is not as it was. One man sees more truth than was seen in the past; the more widely this truth is disseminated, the more the world is changed. Indeed, once one considers this, Gellner's criticism seems absurd. For philosophy has never changed the world except by bringing to consciousness in the minds that engage in it certain truths that they did not know (or did not know clearly) before. Oxford philosophers are fond of quoting a remark of Wittgenstein's to the effect that there need be nothing in common among all the members of a class of things called by the same name. If we must generalize about the Oxford philosophers and their sub-



DINNER

in the exciting

Embassy Club

Dinner from 6:30 P.M.
After Theatre Supper
Dancing from 8:30 P.M.
to the incomparable
music of

QUINTERO

AND HIS
CONTINENTAL ORCHESTRA

Closed Sundays
Reservations: PL 5-1000

Sheraton-East

PARK AVE. at 51 STREET
HAROLD P. BOCK
Vice-Pres. & General Mgr.
Member of Diners' Club



TRIC-TRAC



\$284

For your leisure hours

a unique French Tric-Trac
games table—chess—backgammon—
reversible felt top for cards or as a
writing table. Made from mellow old pearwood.
Luscious patina. 34 1/2" x 23" x 28" high. Limited
Edition. Mail orders F.O.B. N.Y. C.—Add \$15
for crating beyond local delivery area.

Visit LLOYDS and discover exciting antique and reproduction furniture and decorations, distinguished pieces from old estates, and just plain good used furniture. You'll find it a rare and very worthwhile adventure.

Send for free 48 page catalog

LLOYDS

116 E. 60th St.
N.Y. 22, N.Y.
PLaza 9-7313



Shalimar Perfume
\$18, ¥12.50, £25, \$50
Plus tax.

SHALIMAR
...international symbol of elegance... memorable gift

GUERLAIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BARON RICASOLI'S ITALIAN CLASSIC BROLIO

People who know choose Brolio. It's the classic Chianti produced by the Baron Ricasoli at ancient Castle Brolio, near Florence—from the vineyards that filled his ancestors' wine casks, over 800 years ago. Delicious with Italian specialties,

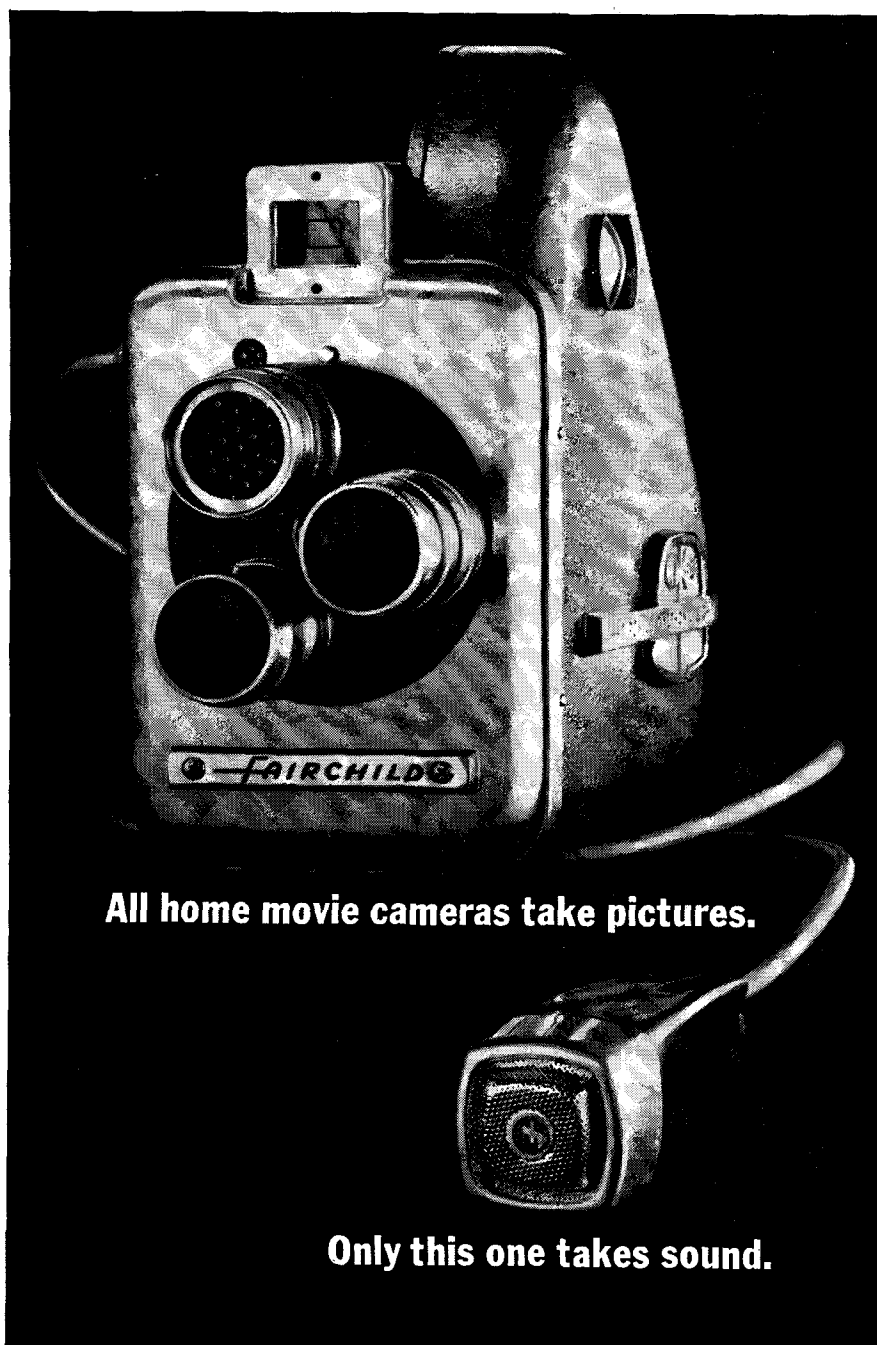
NOTE the black rooster on the Brolio seal—the mark of a 'Chianti Classico', a true Chianti from the de-limited district of that name. Note, too, this seal's golden border—inscribed

Brolio is equally rewarding with American dishes or French *haute cuisine*. Take your choice of either *vintage Brolio* in the typical basket bottle or the even older *Brolio Riserva* in the traditional chateau bottle. Two choices—one name—Brolio!

'Chianti Superiore'. Of all imported Chiantis, only Brolio bears this gilt-edged assurance of the highest quality grading. BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y. Sole Distrib. for U.S.A.

ject, their philosophy is essentially agnostic, not in respect to the question of God's existence but in relation to many of the great problems whose definitive solution has in the past been taken as the aim of philosophy: questions like whether life is meaningful, whether history has a purpose, whether human nature is good—in fact, all the questions that have to be asked when a man reflectively considers the question 'How should I live?' It is true that most Oxford philosophers are not agnostic in religion; on the contrary, several are Catholic or Protestant communicants. But they regard these matters as being outside their philosophy. As men, they decide to answer these questions in one way; as philosophers, they teach and develop techniques that are neutral in respect to the different answers to them.

"Oxford philosophers tend to talk chiefly to each other—and, in cases like Wittgenstein's, to themselves. These practitioners are highly technical (even if they claim they make a 'technique of being non-technical'). There are exceptions: Ayer is one; another is Hampshire, who on some subjects—especially literary subjects, as opposed to philosophical ones—succeeds in being illuminating to the simple. Still, most of the philosophers go on thinking that technical philosophy is a good thing, necessary in order to keep the subject from 'popularization,' which they interpret as oversimplification or quackery. The pity is that their insistence on professionalism means that 'ordinary men' are left not without any philosophy at all but with old, dead, or quack varieties of it. Oxford philosophy, by comparison with the past, is non-systematic. Where traditional practitioners thought it right to deal with questions like 'What is Truth?', Oxford philosophers are liable to say, following the later Wittgenstein, 'Look at all the different ways the word "true" is used in ordinary speech.' (They refuse to look into the uses of words in extraordinary speech, like poetry, because English philosophy has been dominated since Hume by a prosaic contempt for the imagination.) When you have considered all the ways 'true' is used in ordinary speech, they say, you have understood the concept of 'Truth.' If there is a further question lingering at the back of your mind ('But all the same, what *is* Truth?'), this is the result of a mistake—a hang-over from reading earlier philosophers. This approach—philosophy as the study of language rather than as the means of answering the big questions about life and the universe—which is basically that of the later Wittgenstein,



All home movie cameras take pictures.

Only this one takes sound.

Except for the microphone, the Fairchild Cinephonic looks like any other 8mm movie camera. It works like any other, too. With one amazing difference. This one takes sound!

The Fairchild's entire recording mechanism is *inside the camera*. A single button controls both pictures and sound—and there's no outside power source to plug into, because the Fairchild is battery operated. Even hand winding is eliminated.

To take sound movies, simply give the microphone to your subject, or place it close by, in the scene. As you shoot, sound is recorded "live"—automatically synchronized with the action *right on the film*.

Cinephonic color film comes in 100 ft. rolls, pre-edged with a permanent magnetic recording stripe. You get superb, lifelike reproduction of both pictures and sound.

The new Fairchild 8mm sound camera is priced at \$249, including 13mm f/1.8 Cinphar lens. And you get an introductory roll of Cinephonic color film with processing *absolutely free*.

Most dealers offer attractive terms, plus a generous trade-in allowance on your old silent camera. Come in for a demonstration soon. Once you've seen how incredibly real Fairchild sound movies can be you'll never settle for 'silents' again.

FAIRCHILD 8MM SOUND

FAIRCHILD CAMERA AND INSTRUMENT CORPORATION



LINEN AS YOU LIKE IT

David Crystal's chic shift-waistline nipped or nonchalant, as you please. South sea shades in luxe Ros Comain Irish linen by William Ewart & Sons. Daffodil, star blue, alpine pink or navy.

Sizes 8 to 16. **30.00**

SPORTS SHOP, THIRD FLOOR

Mail, phone PL 7-9000,
add 35¢ beyond delivery
Also at Westchester

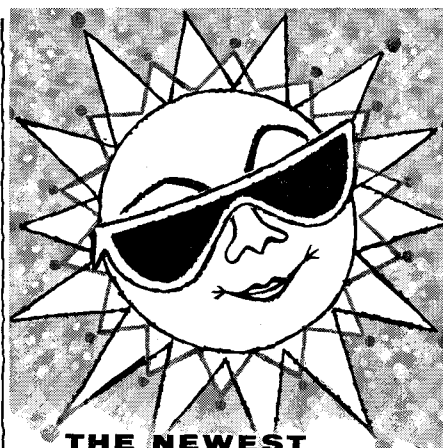
FIFTH AVE.
AT 52nd ST.

dePinna

NEW YORK • WESTCHESTER
MIAMI BEACH • FORT LAUDERDALE

has given Oxford philosophy a tendency to formlessness. Until recently, the body of philosophical thought has existed mainly in a vast number of small articles minutely considering a few uses of some single concept. Only the aesthetic sense of some of its practitioners—Wittgenstein I, Ayer, Hampshire, Strawson, and a few others—has kept it from overwhelming diffuseness.

"Now there is a change coming. The Oxford school is breaking up; all the signs are that there isn't going to be an orthodoxy much longer—that things are going to get eccentric again. Austin is no more, and at the moment Ryle is not producing. Strawson is going in for talking about metaphysics in the old vein, and there is every indication that the Wittgenstein wave is petering out rather rapidly. In the ten years since Ryle tried to solve the mind-body problem by a vast number of small chapters on different psychological concepts in 'The Concept of Mind,' Oxford philosophy has begun to develop its own system builders. Probably the strict discipline of the late Austin helped induce guilt about the looseness and untidiness that these uncoordinated researches—each one precise and tidy—were creating in the subject as a whole. Two recent books, Hampshire's 'Thought and Action' and Strawson's 'Individuals,' offer quite systematic approaches to some of the most puzzling traditional problems in philosophy: the value of freedom of thought and the relation of intelligence to morality, in the first; the problem of sense data and the mind-body puzzle, in the second. The new systematic quality comes from a recent insight: that while linguistic philosophy is the study of language, certain wider truths *can* be deduced from the conditions that must be presupposed if there is to be language at all—or language of the kind we have. On propositions deduced from the statement of such conditions, necessary truths (like the relation between the mind and the body) can be built systematically. The non-systematic decades may have been an aberration—partly, no doubt, owing to the tendency of philosophers to imitate Wittgenstein II and his stylistic lapses from the poetic and architectural sensibility he displayed in the 'Tractatus.' As Shakespeare said of the pedants in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. O! they have lived long on the alms-basket of words.' But then, as the proverb, more than two thousand years old, has it, 'Those that study particular sciences



**THE NEWEST
RESORT HOTEL
UNDER THE SUN**

Executive House
ARIZONIAN

SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA
(Bordering Phoenix)

A luxury hotel... a glamorous resort... an informal motor hotel—all blended into one unforgettable spot—for vacation or convention. Putting green and nearby golf course

In New York, Call JUdson 2-3780
for color brochure: or write
Dept. NY, Executive House Arizonian
Scottsdale, Ariz.

also visit...

Executive House • Chicago
Executive House • Washington, D.C.



KINGFISHER
...ITS JEWELLED EYES
A VIVID ACCENT
UNDER THE
FEATHERED CREST.
PIN \$7.50
PLUS FED. TAX

design copyrighted
shown actual size

NANCY FLEMING SHOP, ALEXANDRIA, VA.
FOR OTHER FINE STORES, WRITE
CASTLECLIFF, INC., 366 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 1

and neglect philosophy'—however defined and however studied—are like Penelope's wooers, who made love to the waiting-women.' ”

These sentences were no sooner out of my pen than they seemed to have been written by a stranger. Reading them over, I couldn't shake loose the feeling that they were one more walker on that common street where on a morning stroll I'd first met Lord Russell.

—VED MEHTA

O PIONEERS DEPARTMENT

[From the Girl Scout Leader]

Dishes washed according to the recommended Girl Scout method will meet the health department regulations of all fifty states in the Union and, in addition, teach the campers something about proper sanitizing. This method calls first for carefully washing dishes in hot soapy water, rinsing them in clean hot water and then placing them in a long-handled dish basket. This basket of dishes is then dipped in a deep sink full of water at a temperature of 180°, then drained; the dishes dry of their own heat, or sometimes a battery of infrared lamps is used to hasten the drying process. Often, the dishes for a table are stored in the baskets, which are later used to transport them to the table for setting. In Los Angeles' Camp Osito dining hall, which seats 250 girls and staff members, the dishwashing job is done according to the method described above. It is completely accomplished inside of twenty minutes after the meal is over.

If a camp has sinks of ample size, conveniently located, and has installed a water heater that is required to produce 180° water in large quantities, a dishwashing machine is not a necessity. We do not recommend their installation in Girl Scout camps. Rather, let us keep alive the pioneer spirit of self-reliance and dependability, by continuing to do our own dishes.

I recall one meeting in particular. There were thousands present, all farmers. In the midst of my speech one man arose and said: "Chauncey Depew, we appreciate your coming here, and we are very anxious to hear you. Your speech is very charming and interesting, but I want to put this to you personally. We here are suffering from market conditions for the products of our farms. The prices are so low that we have difficulty in meeting the interest on our mortgages and paying our taxes, no matter how seriously we economize. Now you are the president of one of the greatest railroads in the country. It is reported that you are receiving a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. You are here in a private car. Don't you think that the contrast between you and us makes it difficult for us poor farmers to give you the welcome which we would like?"

I saw at once I had lost my audience.
—From "My Memories of Eighty Years,"
by Chauncey M. Depew.

Still had the private car, though.



ron MERITO makes your holiday drinks SC RUM PTIOUS

It's the finest
tasting rum
from Puerto Rico

Our great reserves of fine, light, dry Puerto Rican rums—plus the craftsmanship that comes from generations of fine rum making—give Merito unmatched delicacy and deliciousness. This holiday, serve Merito and, quite simply, you'll be serving the best.



Holiday drinks made more delicious with

MERITO RUM

Eggnog

You can now buy excellent eggnog mixes. Simply add 8 oz. of Merito Rum to each quart of mix.

Hot Rum Toddy

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in 1 oz. hot water in mug or glass. Add 1½ oz. Merito Rum, clove-studded lemon slice. Fill with 4 oz.

boiling water, add cinnamon stick.

Hot Buttered Rum

Place 2 oz. Merito Rum, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 stick cinnamon, pinch of nutmeg, in preheated mug or old-fashioned glass. Fill with boiling water. Drop in generous pat of butter. Carefully float a tablespoon of flaming rum on top.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N.Y. • 80 PROOF.



THE CASE FOR NON-VIOLATION

"SHALL I remain *virgo intacta* and be for the rest of my days a maiden all forlorn, or shall I succumb to the blandishments of members of the opposite sex on the off-chance that one of them will have the decency to make an honest woman of me?" This question, or one very much like it, has been a staple of every lonely-hearts column I have ever followed, and I have yet to see a vote cast for promiscuity, however hopeful its motivation. Now, I like such old familiar patterns, and I wouldn't be without my "Dear Abby" during a coffee break, but when the same question and the same inevitable answer are tossed around as an oral volleyball for seven aimless scenes, as they are in the first act of "Sunday in New York," at the Cort, I have a feeling that something worth a few minutes of my time has been expanded to outrageous

proportions. True, the author, Norman Krasna, has invented a funny interlude in the second act (by this time, thank God, we've given up on virginity and got onto mistaken identity), during which the actors go through various comical gymnastics of a sort that might make an acceptable TV show. But the joke and the body English are a long time coming.

Mr. Krasna, to whom somebody should send the collected works of Havelock Ellis, doesn't appear to know whether it's sex sad or sex happy that he's after for a good part of "Sunday in New York," and since the script is lumpy, we are bound to get occasionally lumpy performances. Perhaps—or let us say probably—because of the limitations of the script, therefore, Pat Stanley, who plays our tentative virgin, seems rather strident as she goes about

discussing her alleged dilemma in the first act, and her unease is apparently shared by Robert Redford, who plays the man she eventually yields to. The show is also at a disadvantage in that it starts out with quite a literal set representing an apartment in New York and then tries to persuade us that with a regrouping of chairs in this same apartment we are seeing a Fifth Avenue bus, a banquette in a restaurant, and, finally, a balcony in a movie house. The realistic set, I'm afraid, doesn't float away into fantasy, one reason being that the characters are as remote from a fairy tale as a bunch of used-car dealers. Besides Pat Stanley and Robert Redford, the cast includes Sondra Lee, Conrad Janis, Pat Harrington, Sr., and Ron Nicholas, and they labor meritoriously.

"DAUGHTER OF SILENCE," at the Music Box, is another problem play, but this time the aim is to excite shudders instead of chuckles. It misses its goal by a wide margin—mostly because the author, Morris L. West, who also wrote the novel on which the play is based, has not devised characters who can command much sym-





"Bon Vivant" ... lives it up! "Bon Vivant" by After Six lives the high life in top form. Doesn't wrinkle, rumple or wilt... goes on into the wee small hours, if you're so inclined. Pacific blends wool, Dacron® polyester and mohair to create this perfect fabric expressly for formal wear. And you don't even have to worry about stains; the Syl-Mer® silicone finish sheds them pronto. So live it up with "Bon Vivant" tailored by After Six. Better stores feature "Bon Vivant at" \$79.50, slightly higher in the West. For the name of nearest dealer, write Dept. B1, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16

*Du Pont's TM

Pacific Burlington
PACIFIC MILLS WORSTED COMPANY
 A Division of Burlington Industries



**Arpege
Spray Mist**

No bottles to break
—just hearts.

LANVIN

1000 Sprays, refillable

TWO OUNCES, \$6.00; REFILLS, \$4.00. (PLUS TAX)

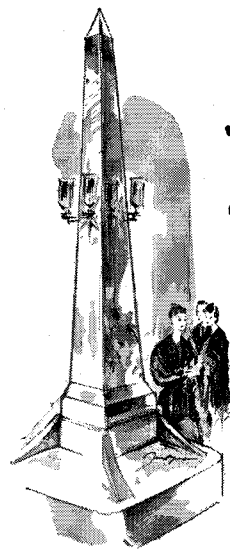
pathy. "Daughter of Silence" has to do with a young lady who murders a big wheel in an Italian town and is presently befriended and defended by a gallant young lawyer against the advice of his father-in-law, another lawyer, who, fancying himself a veritable Italian Blackstone, decides that the case is hopeless, and tries to interfere with the young legal eagle. As it goes along, with the defense making much of the fact that our heroine became unstrung at the age of eight, when her mother was killed before her eyes by the character that the girl ultimately felt compelled to knock off, we grow less and less interested in these people. The play, however, does have the valuable services of Emlyn Williams, as the intrusive father-in-law; of Frederic Tozere, as a prosecutor; and of Rip Torn, as the young defender.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Pressed Flowers

"RED ROSES FOR ME," Sean O'Casey's play about a young transport worker in a Dublin slum who in 1913 joins a strike for a shilling raise and is shot to death by the Irish constabulary, was done on Broadway in 1955 and has now been revived at the Greenwich Mews. In spite of honest work by almost everyone concerned, and good work by a few, it does not—and perhaps cannot—come off, because of another tragedy, which lies outside the action: O'Casey has tried (and failed) to cram his comic, original genius and his private lifelong war against calousness into the mold of a conventional drama of social protest. What happens is that the conventions tame his principal characters into stand-ins for well-worn ideas and take the bite and eloquence from his poetry—and our sympathy with his theme changes nothing. Certainly the transport workers can use that shilling, and of course the young man is right to stand by them, at the risk of losing his girl, even though he is in love with painting and ideas and Shakespeare, and takes care of his widowed mother. But the young man doesn't ring true; Ted van Griethuysen's performance, admirable as it is, cannot disguise the fact that the hero is a romantic synthetic. And so is the girl. (Rebecca Thompson's playing of her is awfully synthetic, too.) Martyn Green, as a pesky neighbor named Brennan o' the Moor (a rehash, in a way—but an amusing rehash—of the Paycock and Fluther), sings delightfully the nice mu-



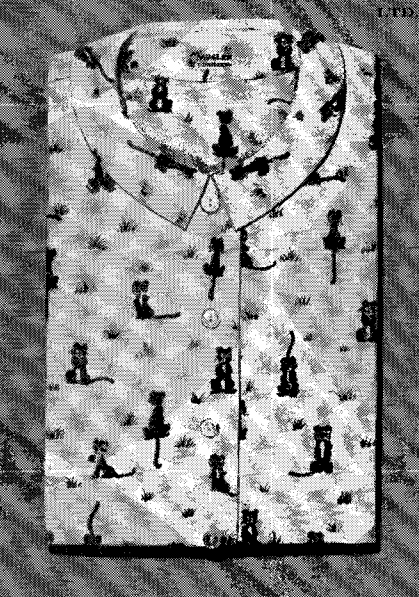
**"Meet me
at the
Obelisk
for
Cocktails!"**

Meet at the Obelisk, in the "new" Commodore's newly redecorated lobby. Enjoy luncheon, cocktails or dinner at one of the delightful Commodore restaurants...the talk of everyone but the Sphinx. Have you seen the new Commodore?

HOTEL **Commodore**

42nd St. at Lexington Avenue New York 17, N. Y. • MU 6-6000

THE BERMUDA SHOP



"TIGER, TIGER..."
...another enchanting McMullen animal series. Blue, cherry or brown tiger on white cotton. Short sleeves. Sizes 10-16. **9.95**

PLEASE ADD 35¢ FOR SHIPPING.

545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22



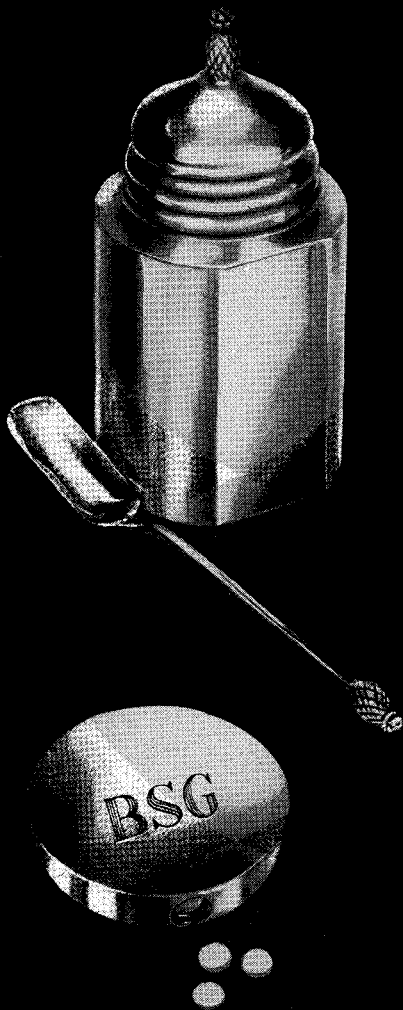


"With 63 regional editions, it's our best buy for dealer tie-ins."



BLACK STARR & GORHAM

*Instant
Elegance*



Sterling coffee box for table, tray or office desk. 4 ounces \$14.50.

Measuring spoon \$3.25.

Both with pineapple finials.

Saccharine case in sterling, 1 1/4", for purse, pocket or desk. \$5.

Federal tax included. Jean Tree, PL 7-8100

Shipping: box or spoon, 55c each.

Saccharine case, 33c.

Monogramming shown, \$1. additional.

BLACK STARR & GORHAM

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

sic to which Peggy Stuart has set the songs, and is as funny as anyone who happens not to be Barry Fitzgerald could be. Kipp Currie is also good, as a Protestant minister who is sympathetic to the strikers. It is almost impossible, though, for a bunch of actors who are not Irish, and whose brogues come and go, to convince us that they are a bunch of Dubliners. Some authentic O'Casey gets through, especially in the first act, which takes place before the violence starts—I enjoyed the rather special bickering between Catholics and Protestants, and particularly enjoyed the needling of a pious young man (Ted Chapman) by an atheist (George Martin) who is a convert to the theory of evolution—but it is warmed-over O'Casey all the same. The background, by the way, is an actual transport workers' strike—the one that, according to a program note, "was the spark which flamed into the bloody Easter Week Rising of 1916." —EDITH OLIVER

DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION

[From Chemical & Engineering News]

AUTOMATED CHEER LEADING

Stanford (Calif.) University's football team has a new rooter—a Burroughs 220 computer that never leaves the school but guides some 3500 students in the cheering section through their card stunts. The machine helps routine the stunts and prints instruction cards accurately (one for each rooter).

Students at Stanford now flip their cards about 100 times during the performance of a dozen stunts. With the computer's help, though, the flips can be increased to at least 200, permitting the design of a greater variety of stunts with more unusual flips.

Two Stanford math majors, Larry Breed and Earl Boebert, started the automated card project about nine months ago on a suggestion from math professor George E. Forsythe. Now they hope Stanford will build a library of stunts, making use of the computer's storage capacity. Any card stunt could then be repeated just by asking the machine to reprint the instruction cards. The computer does this job in "nothing flat," compared to the 400 hours of work previously required to prepare homemade cards for a game.

President Morris has asked me to remind you that the Arts Council of Harris County will meet at 4:00 P.M. Wednesday, November 8, in the Club Room on the main floor of the Houston Public Library, 500 McKinney Street. The San Jacinto Museum is closed for hurricane Carla repairs and Mrs. Reynolds has kindly stepped into the gap.—Notice received by a lady in Houston.

America needs more women like that.

when
feminine
strategy
calls for
wiles
a ruffled
blouse
most
beguiles
4.98



Ship'n Shore

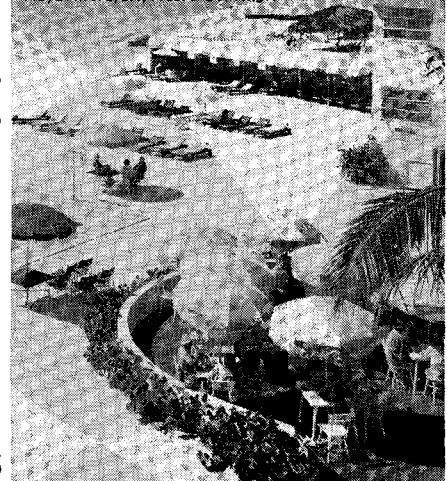
YOURS TO ENJOY

The warm blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico . . . snow white sands of a safe private beach . . . sophisticated club-like setting. New 18 hole golf course, tennis, fishing, sailing. Superb food.



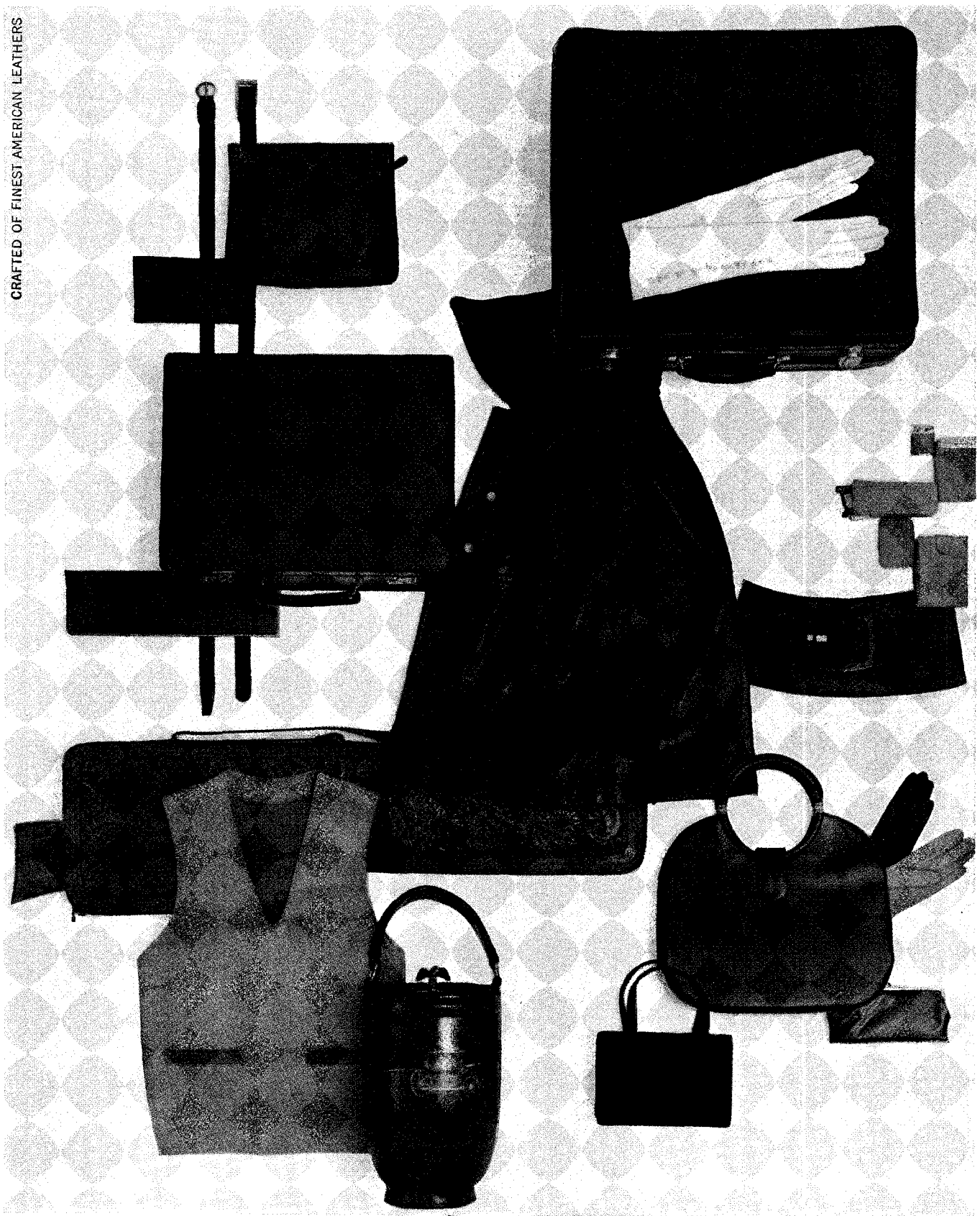
For rates, reservations and color folder, see your travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. LT 1-3462

Lido Biltmore
CLUB HOTEL
Floyd Alford, Jr., Pres. & Gen. Mgr.



LIDO BEACH • SARASOTA • FLORIDA

CRAFTED OF FINEST AMERICAN LEATHERS



every gift on this page bears the tag of a discriminating giver!



Leather Industries of America, 411 Fifth Ave., New York 16

SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK, IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



Sable by Constantino, Christie Bros., N. Y.

For Memorable Moments...

MOËT CHAMPAGNE

...The Great Champagne of France

Since 1743—produced and bottled where Champagne was born.

THE ART GALLERIES

Sculpture and Italy



ITALIAN painting, for some reason, lags a little in the contemporary current. With a few important exceptions, even the younger Italians appear to lack inventiveness, and in Italy there is, or there was when I was there, a considerable load of conservatism, not to say academicism, in the work of the established artists on view in the galleries. On the whole, the sculptors are more venturesome, and there has been a degree of sometimes uneasy overlapping between the two forms—sculpture expanding to encroach on the traditional confines of painting, and painting reaching out to borrow some of the freedom of sculptural expression. This week, we have two Italians, both newcomers to this country, to illustrate in one way or another some of the present trends.

One is Dino Basaldella, who is showing abstract sculptures in welded iron and steel at the Viviano; the other, Lucio Fontana, has a series of what he calls "spatial concepts"—superficially, paintings with some details of sculpture added—in a combined exhibition at the Martha Jackson and the neighboring David Anderson. Both shows are interesting, if scarcely wildly exciting, performances, and the Fontana affair is the more demanding, in the requirements it puts upon the spectator, and also the more rewarding.

Fontana is one of those artists who inhabit that slightly uneasy overlapping area I spoke of a moment ago. Born in 1899 and a long-time resident of Milan, he has been known throughout most of his career primarily as a sculptor. But his sculpture, to judge by what I have seen of it—and I admit that I am speaking from fairly slight acquaintance—has often embodied many of the characteristics of painting. Working rarely in the round, he seemed always to tend toward the two-dimensional, with what three-dimensional, or truly "sculptural," references there were either held down to abstract patterns in low relief or incised or intagliated into the primary plane. In a sense, his present efforts represent an application of the same method to painting—the basic structure now being a thick layer of pigment on canvas, instead of metal, and the design being formed by building up the surface with bits of glass,



You economize—We don't

Eastern romanticism simply won't let us skimp on you. We want everyone to feel like a maharajah on AIR-INDIA. It has just never occurred to us that a mere difference in fare should have any bearing on the warmth of our hospitality or the thoughtfulness of our service.

That's why we pamper our economy class passengers with such extra niceties as a fresh flower on your dinner tray . . . hot and cold towels for freshening up . . . soft music . . . lavish Indian atmosphere . . . and charming sari-clad hostesses who are attentive to your every comfort.

Needless to say, there are no boundaries when it comes to the

swift serenity of our Boeing 707 Rolls-Royce Jets and the surety of our multi-million mile pilots.

Also magnifico (as well as incredible) is AIR-INDIA's exclusive Fall and Winter tour which includes two days each in Paris and London, plus 11 sun-filled days in Spain for just \$559* from New York. *Your travel agent can supply all the details . . . or write to us for "El Tour-O Magnifico" brochure.*

*Including economy jet-fare

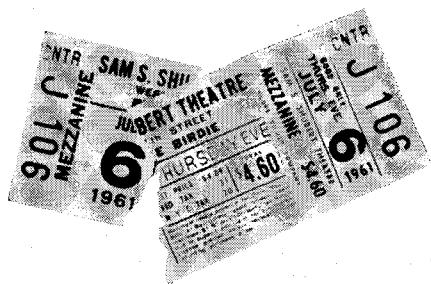


AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah

New York to London, All Europe and the East

AIR-INDIA, 565 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK
CHICAGO—CLEVELAND—LOS ANGELES—PHILADELPHIA—WASHINGTON, D.C.—TORONTO



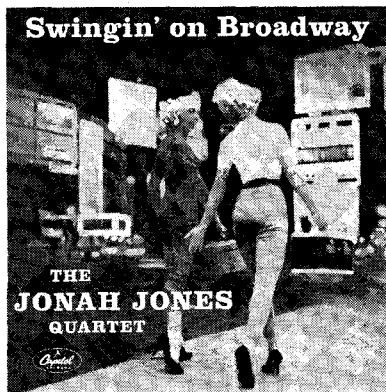
JONAH JONES SWINGS THE BEST OF BROADWAY

The amazing Jonah Jones does it again with a jumping package of hit tunes from top Broadway musicals.

Fiorello, 'Til Tomorrow; Brigadoon, Almost Like Being in Love; Wildcat, Tall Hope; Camelot, If Ever I Should Leave You; Tenderloin, Good Clean Fun; Babes in Arms, I Wish I Were in Love Again; Bye Bye Birdie, Put on a Happy Face; The Sound of Music, The Sound of Music; My Fair Lady, Get Me to The Church on Time; Do Re Mi, Make Someone Happy; Wildcat, Hey, Look Me Over; Gypsy, Together Wherever We Go.



And don't miss Jonah's other album of great Broadway hits.



©CAPITOL RECORDS INC.

pebbles, or other materials or, conversely, by cutting or drawing into it.

All this is in accordance with Fontana's theory, for, as the founder and principal exponent of a new and highly personal system of art called Spatialism (as I understand it, a doctrine that is largely a sort of latter-day extension of Futurism, similarly celebrating man's mechanical and scientific accomplishments but now enlarged to include the exploits of the "space age"), he maintains that all the arts are more or less identical, with space functioning as a fourth dimension, as he calls it, that is common to all. I must say that I found the theory nebulous, and its application—as embodied in the paintings—unclear.

Twenty-seven canvases, plus a couple of abstract sculptures called "Natura I and II" and derived, as the name suggests, from natural subjects, make up the collection, with ten large paintings, all with Venice as their theme, forming the center of interest. Though the theoretical background of these last does little to differentiate them from a good deal of other work in the non-objective, partly constructivist field, they still have considerable impact, particularly in their tonal exuberance. Fontana is clearly no man to stint on bright pigment, and the layered planes of flat color on which his "reliefs" are constructed range from the most dazzling of reds and blues ("Fiesta on the Grand Canal" and "The Sky of Venice," respectively) to "The Gold of Venice," in which, living up to the title, the basis is a dazzling expanse of glittering yellow. The trouble rests in a certain paucity of emotional content and compositional interest, with the result that after that first impact the feeling begins to seem a trifle superficial. Moreover, the elements of design are held far too close to the minimal, and though this makes for a clean-looking canvas, it also, unfortunately, reduces the work pretty close to the level of the merely decorative. I really liked only "Moon Over Venice," with its looping, circular design, and the blazingly yellow "Piazza San Marco in the Sun" among the ten big paintings. I was more interested in the group of smaller pieces, all called "Spatial Concept" and also numbered. I enjoyed the one numbered 7, with its slashing, diagonal stripings; No. 2, in which blacks are played dramatically against white patternings; and No. 1, with its swirling, reticulated design.

DINO BASALDELLA fits rather comfortably into the general line of the established international constructivist style. Basaldella, born in 1909 in the



PLEASE
SANTA

Rappaport's
TOY BAZAAR INC.

1381 Third Ave., New York 21, N. Y.
our address since 1892

Send for new catalogue "R."



Bonwit Teller

Snake in the Grasp

Our French purse in genuine cobra skin, handy and handsome in brilliant colors: cherry, nut brown or black. By Bond Street.

6.95 plus fed. tax.

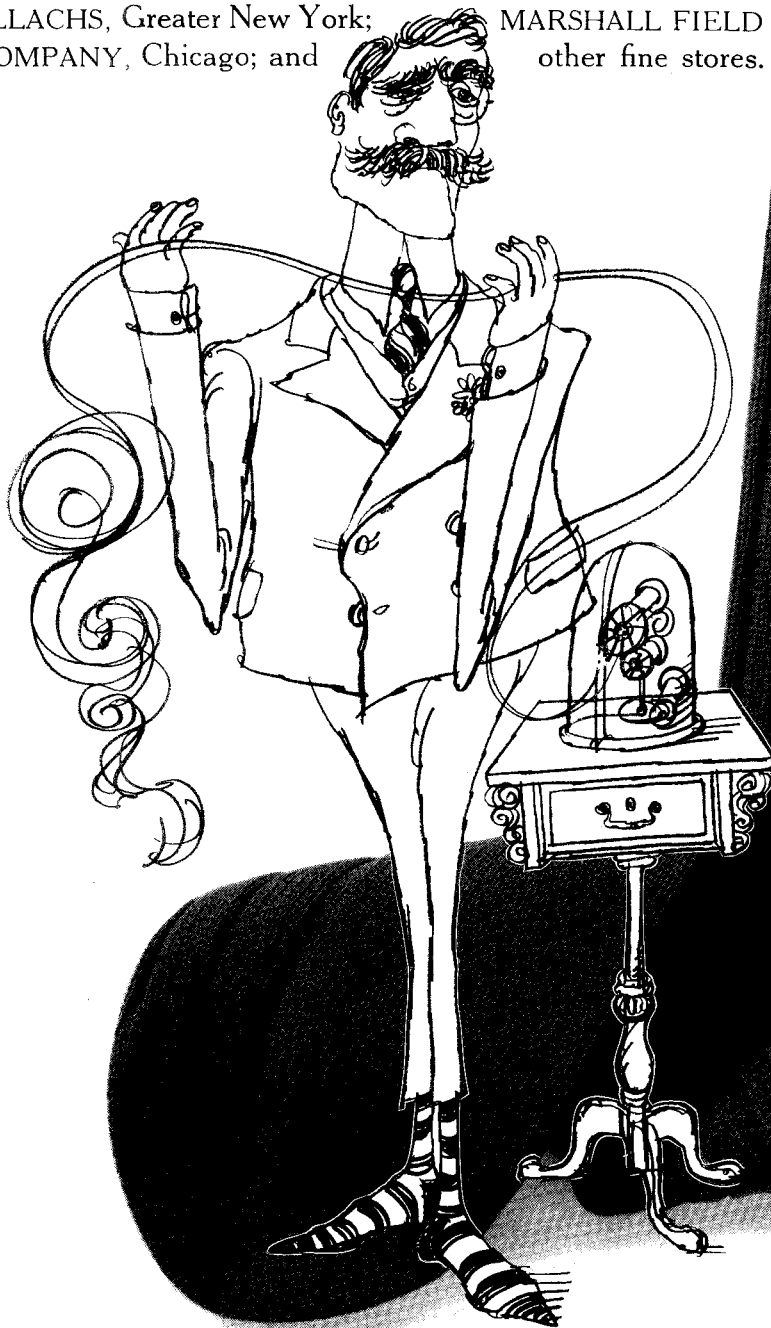
Mail and phone orders. Purse Accessories

At all Bonwit stores
now including Short Hills

Christmas Guide to Successful Sock-ery

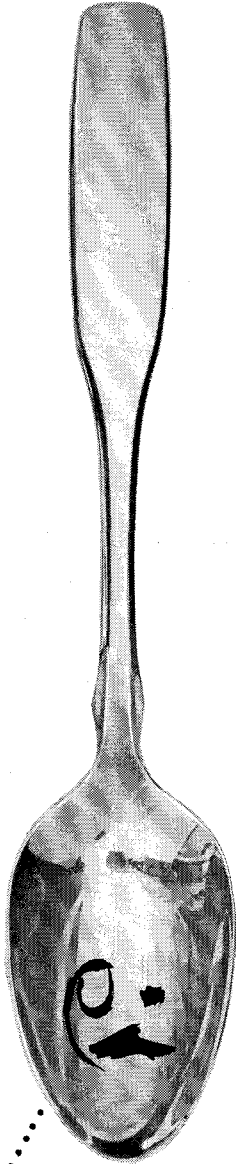
FOR HOW TO GIVE HIM KNEE-HIGHS
THAT DON'T KNUCKLE UNDER

Seek 100% "Tycora"®* textured Du Pont Nylon. RECOGNITION: Hearty knit look. Pleasing soft touch. CHARACTERISTICS: Stubborn. Refuse to slip down, twist or turn. Magnanimous. One size fits 10-13. HABITS: Goes to the office regularly. Frequents the automatic washer and dryer without shrink or stretch. FOUND: In pairs. In one perfect-fit size (knee or ankle length). In black, navy, charcoal or cordovan. At WALLACHS, Greater New York; MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, Chicago; and other fine stores.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

*"TYCORA" is the registered trademark of Textured Yarn Co., Philadelphia.



The British are coming... for dinner

Naturally I, Paul Revere, was chosen for this important occasion. And wait till they see my perfect design, my faultless craftsmanship. Wait till they learn that my soft, satin luster never needs polishing. And—wait till they discover that I come from the family of Oneida[®]craft *Premier Stainless and cost only \$22.95 for a 16-piece service for four. Why I could start a revolution!

**Solid Stainless by
Oneida Silversmiths**

*TRADEMARKS OF ONEIDA, LTD., ONEIDA, NEW YORK

city of Udine, in the northeastern corner of Italy, where he still lives, is a member of a family so generously gifted that his two younger brothers—the painter Afro and the sculptor Mirko, both fairly well known here—decided early in their careers to adopt their given names so as not to seem to be flooding the world with Basaldelle. Their father and an uncle were artists, too, which adds to the Renaissance flavor of the situation. To be honest about it, Dino's work, in its introduction to this country, is a bit heavy—not alone in the way of the materials, though he does use great slabs of steel and wrought iron, with the marks of the blowtorch, cold chisel, and other instruments that shaped them still evident, but in concept as well. Too often, because of this combination of factors, his larger pieces just miss the monumentality he is striving for, falling into ponderousness instead, as in the tall, squarish construction numbered 20 in the catalogue (there are no titles), while a few of the smaller ones, by reason of that same weight of material, are even more cumbersome.

This one fault aside, his work shows technical competence and good sculptural poise and balance, and there is ingenuity, as well as considerable variety, in his choice and treatment of themes. Despite the anonymity of the work as regards nomenclature, there are several wry, oblique references to the figurative. Nos. 9 and 15—the one rectangular and rearing almost menacingly, the other smaller and more rounded, but both masklike—are clearly abstract developments of the human head and upper torso. So is the jagged and imposing No. 18, while Nos. 7 and 17, both small and compact in design, are obviously based on the standing figure. The work lacks grace, but at its best it has a forthrightness that gives it value.

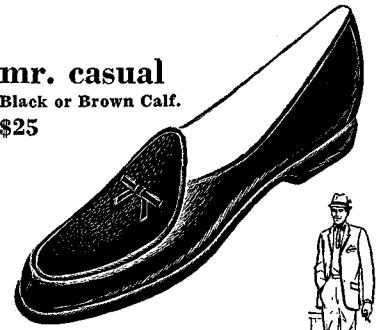
NOT all the sculptors working in Italy are Italians. The renaissance there in sculpture (plus, one also imagines, the presence of those wonderfully expert Italian metal founders) has attracted a number of Americans, one of these being Robert Cook, recently returned from a stay of some years in Rome, and whose latest pieces, all bronzes, are now on display at the Sculpture Center. What influences he may have absorbed there I cannot say, but the work, almost incredibly lacy in pattern and fluent in movement, puts him far more closely in line with the baroque tradition than with the styles now current here. He is unique, too, in the easy interplay of abstract and figurative suggestions he is able to

EAST BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56th Street, New York

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years



mr. casual
Black or Brown Calf.
\$25



For men—Barefoot freedom in this hand-sewn, hand-turned, soft-soled casual. Order card on request.

Under direct ownership of **MR. H. BENDEL**

WEST I. MAGNIN & Co.
San Francisco, Cal.



CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Tiffany's snowman
on skis: pin of
cultured pearls and
18 karat gold, with
diamond and ruby
cap, emerald eyes
and ruby mouth.
\$450, including
federal tax.

TIFFANY & Co.
NEW YORK

achieve—frequently, indeed, moving his main emphasis from one to the other in successive treatments of the same subject. "Merry-Go-Round I," with its circling design, is fairly realistic, except for somewhat telescoped forms and a certain amount of stylization of the horses, while Nos. II and III of the series grow progressively tighter and more abstract. Similarly, "Steeplechase II" is one long, oval network of intricate flying forms, with only those on the lower edge developed on a scale large enough for any detail (the upper ones being diminished as if in perspective), while its successor, No. III, is abruptly compressed to a wholly abstract, dense, overlapping pattern. Incidentally, Cook uses the same device of simulated perspective, much as the baroque painters used to do, in a number of his other studies, notably "Football II." Sports, however, are not his only field of interest; it is the portrayal of movement that attracts him, and his work reveals a remarkable sense of tension and vitality—especially in such pieces as "Swimmer," "Meridian Stretching," and the small, whirling, dancing figure called "At Spoleto V." —ROBERT M. COATES

TWELFTH NIGHT

OR, WHAT'S YOUR BILL?

Marie Tempest always said you ought to be able to write up your laundry bill in your head while you're acting.—*Sir John Gielgud in The New Yorker.*

OLIVIA: *I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labeled to my will . . .*

Oh! That reminds me of my laundry bill!

As, item, two lips, indifferent red . . .

Item, two sheets, indifferent pink;
But I do think
They bled them white.
A small adjustment would be right.

Two gray eyes, with lids to them . . .

Two gray shirts with cuffs to them.
Cuffs scuffed. Must deduct.
How much?

Item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.

One sock, one kitchen towel, and so on.
Oh! Must I add up my laundry bill
And play Olivia—or what you will?

—ROSALIND CONSTABLE

THE
Precious
LOOK

PERLE DE MER®
SIMULATED PEARLS

by
Richelieu



EVEN THE MOST DISCERNING OYSTER COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE . . .
that's how startlingly close-to-cultured is the magnificent iridescent lustre of opulent Perle de Mer® simulated pearls. Genuinely luxurious—in all but price. Double strand Princess length necklace, wagon wheel clasp, \$16. Earrings, \$4. Prices plus tax. At better stores everywhere.



THE RICHELIEU LABEL IS YOUR GUARANTEE. FOR THE NAME OF THE STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE: JOS. H. MEYER BROS., A DIVISION OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES, 393 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

WHILE VISIONS OF SUGARPLUMS DANCED IN THEIR HEADS



THIS week sees us over all but a couple of the major Christmas hurdles, since, having dealt in past reports with presents for the womenfolk and for the house, we come now to delights for the children and to an assortment of suggestions that we feel sure will be applicable to the men on your list. Next week, we'll talk about provender for the holiday table, and have a word or two to say about wrappings for the gifts and trimmings for the tree and its environs. Off we go now to look at:

Toys

IN the midst of all the jingling of Christmas bells, the spluttering and whooshing of wind-up playthings, and the tinkle of Brahms' "Lullaby" emanating from Teddy bears, we feel duty-bound to report a persistent note that has a melancholy sound. Maybe it's a knell, tolling for the days when parents could browse as they pleased through the toy stores and collect, on behalf of Santa Claus, a bagful of toys that would really astonish and delight the children on Christmas morning. Nowadays, with the incessant advertising of toys on TV, it appears that parents are losing all freedom of choice and are firmly instructed by their children on the subject of what toys to buy and how much money to take along. "Children are no longer an inarticulate market, who merely say 'Thank you,'" a leading toy designer remarked not long ago. "They now say 'Buy me that,' and they get it." Well, it seems to us that if children are going to start ordering Santa Claus about, the old gentleman won't be nearly as jolly as he used to be. Surely surprise is half the fun of Christmas. In the following pages, therefore, we hope to describe a few toys that Santa Claus hasn't been commanded to bring, and that just might

elicit an old-fashioned "Thank you" or two on the wonderful morning.

Having got this complaint off our chest, we can proceed to a more cheerful subject—the toys themselves. For several years, there has been a trend toward scientific kits that aren't so much toys as laboratory projects; this year, you could call the trend a driving force. In the past, such kits have usually been sugared up with names that at least made them *sound* like games—Crazy Atom Fiddlesticks, for example. Now there's no fooling around. The Calculo Analog Computer set, put out by Science Materials Center, contains the scientific materials for assembling a machine that will, we feel sure, compute analogs. With it comes a hefty booklet that explains how to put it together and how to use it for finding logarithms, figuring out radioactive decay, calculating missile trajectories, and solving other problems that we gather are harassing teen-age boys these days; \$16.98 at Bloomingdale and most of the other toyshops around town. The Solid Shapes Lab, another Science Materials Center contribution to future mathematicians, offers a collection of small stiff-paper panels and directions for putting them

together to form not only regular polyhedrons but rhombicosidodecahedrons, truncated icosidodecahedrons, and such. It costs \$6.95 at Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th), Bloomingdale, and elsewhere. General Electric, entering the scientific-toy field for the first time, calls its kits Science Kits, and is purveying five of them, all involving transistor electronics. One of them, for ten-year-olds and up, supplies everything that is needed for the construction of a transistor radio; \$17.95 at F. A. O. Schwarz and elsewhere. Lionel, which used to be known only for model trains, is another new contender in the arena, entering a series of six kits, each devoted to an important invention. Alexander Graham Bell's, for instance, contains the parts for making a working model of the original "Come here, Watson!" instrument, an instructive booklet, and, perhaps for inspirational purposes, a four-inch bust of Alexander G. himself; \$9.95. Other Lionel kits enable a determined boy to assemble and operate a weather-recording station, to make an electronics laboratory in which sound can be produced by heat, by light, or by humidity (\$19.95 for either set), or to turn out a plastic space capsule or



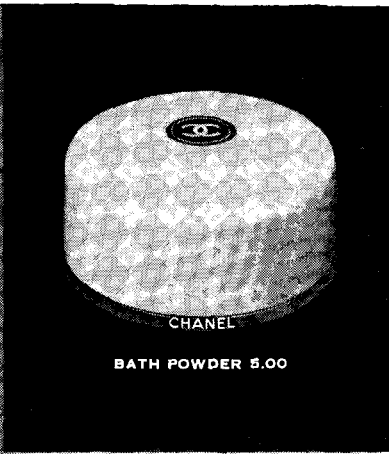
"I wasn't ho-ho-hoing at you. I was ho-ho-hoing at the world in general."



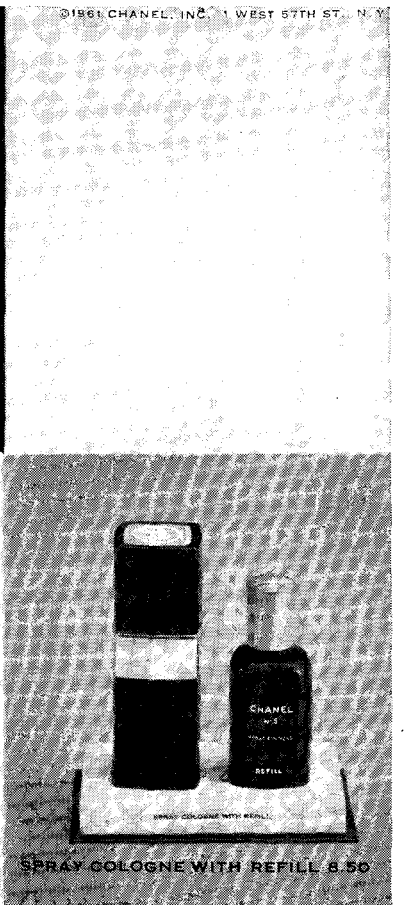
SPRAY COLOGNE AND PERFUME SET 10.00



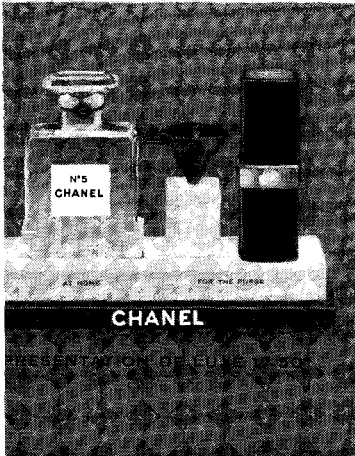
EAU DE COLOGNE FROM 3.50



BATH POWDER 5.00



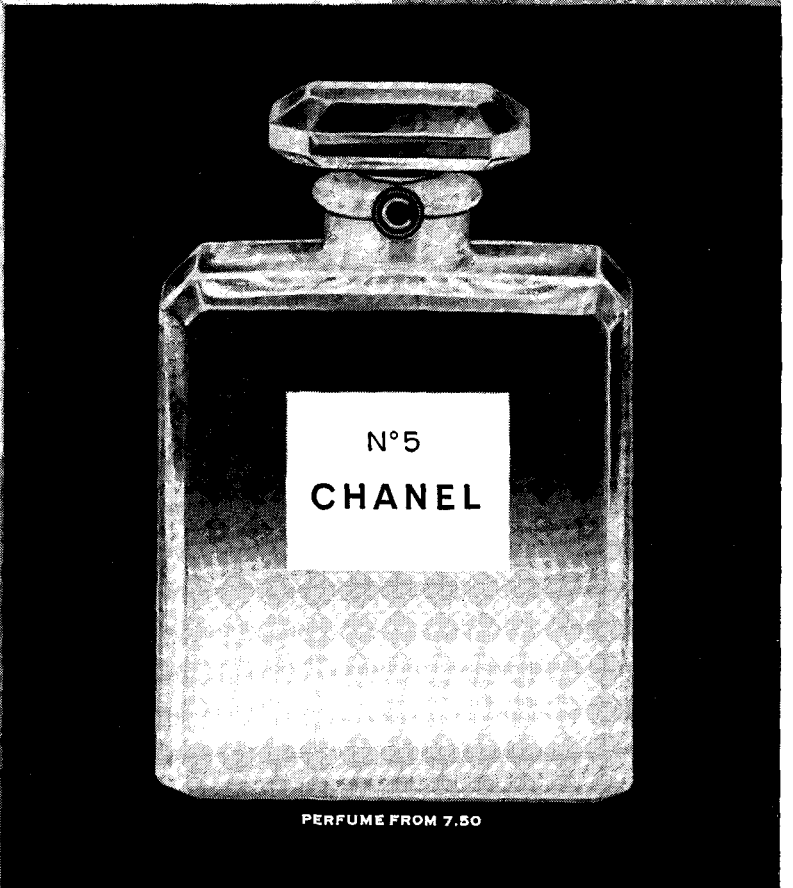
SPRAY COLOGNE WITH REFILL 8.50



CHANEL



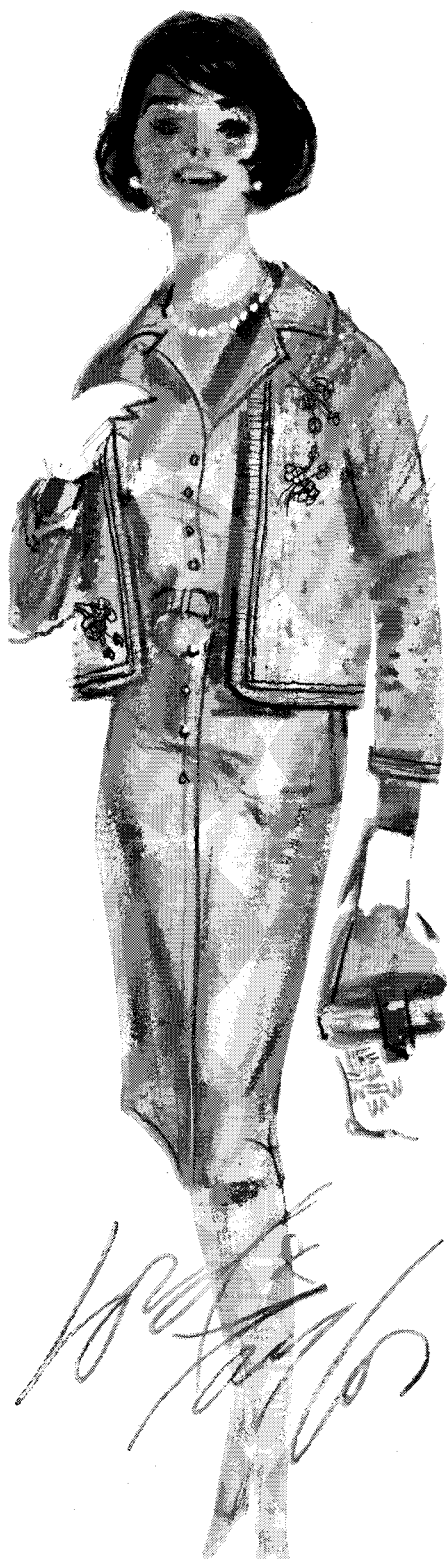
every
woman
alive
wants
Chanel N°5



PERFUME FROM 7.50

CHANEL

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX



Silk pongee

shirt-dressing with mohair jacketry—wonderful sunshine textures.

Adele Martin's ensemble, blue, beige or pale green, sizes 10 to 20, 39.95

Town Shop, Lord & Taylor and all suburban stores

a plastic chess set in his own model plastics plant (\$25). Rappaport is one place where you'll find all these.

The foregoing kits are presumably for people of at least junior-high-school age, but don't imagine that primary students have been excused from sugar-coated education. A series of kits known as Science Book-Labs are aimed at anyone who can read at the third-grade level—or who *knows* someone who can read at the third-grade level. The Science Book-Lab of Seeds, for example, offers a supply of fast-growing mung seeds (they become bean sprouts, same like those in Chinese restaurants), as well as some radish seeds and raw peanuts, some vermiculite to raise them in, a magnifying glass, and an illustrated book that tells the reader what he is expected to do with all this; \$2.95 at, among other places, Stern.

The Visible Man and the Visible Woman, plastic models to be put together and taken apart, have been so successful in recent years that we now have the Visible Dog (\$3.95) and the Visible Horse (\$5.95). The dog is an eleven-inch model of an adult boxer, composed of sixty-one Lucite and colored plastic replicas of viscera, bone, and skin; and the horse, fifteen inches long, has essentially the same components. These are at F. A. O. Schwarz, as are a Visible Eye and a Visible Heart—each a model of the human variety and each \$2.95. ("Mother, when you cleaned up my room, did you happen to find an aorta?")

Most little girls, at one time or another, are fascinated by sewing machines, but many of them get put off sewing, perhaps for life, by the fact that real sewing machines are complicated and toy ones are apt to be flimsy. In the hope of putting all this wasted sewing potential to use, Singer has devised a new machine, the Sewhandy, that is sturdy and simple and intended expressly for little girls of six and over. It is very hard to break or jam, it has a safety device that keeps fingers clear of the needle, and it sews a chain stitch, which is easy to pull out in case of mistakes. There are two Sewhandy machines—one operated by a hand crank (\$14.95) and the other by electricity (\$24.95). For nursery-school children, there's a scaled-down machine called the Trimhandy, which is operated by a hand crank and looks as important as a sewing machine, but instead of sewing anything it cuts out paper; \$4.95. The notions departments at Altman, Macy, and Stern have all three machines.

A young person who thinks he might like to be an architect can try his hand

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
Custom Tailors  Furnishers



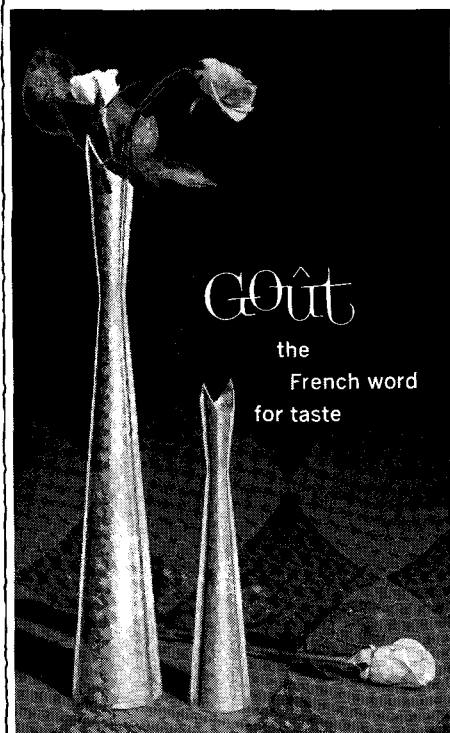
READY-CUT DINNER SUITS FROM \$85.00

Shawl lapel, satin faced, 10 oz. black tropical, center vent, flap pockets	\$ 85.00
Floor-level peak lapel, single breasted, 10 oz. black tropical, dull rib facing, silver striped lining, center vent, flap pockets	95.00
Notch lapel, single breasted, satin-faced lapels, 10 oz. black tropical, silver striped lining, center vent, flap pockets	95.00
Full dress, 10 oz. black tropical, satin or dull rib facing	125.00
Hand-tailored Dinner Suit	170.00

Chipp

14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

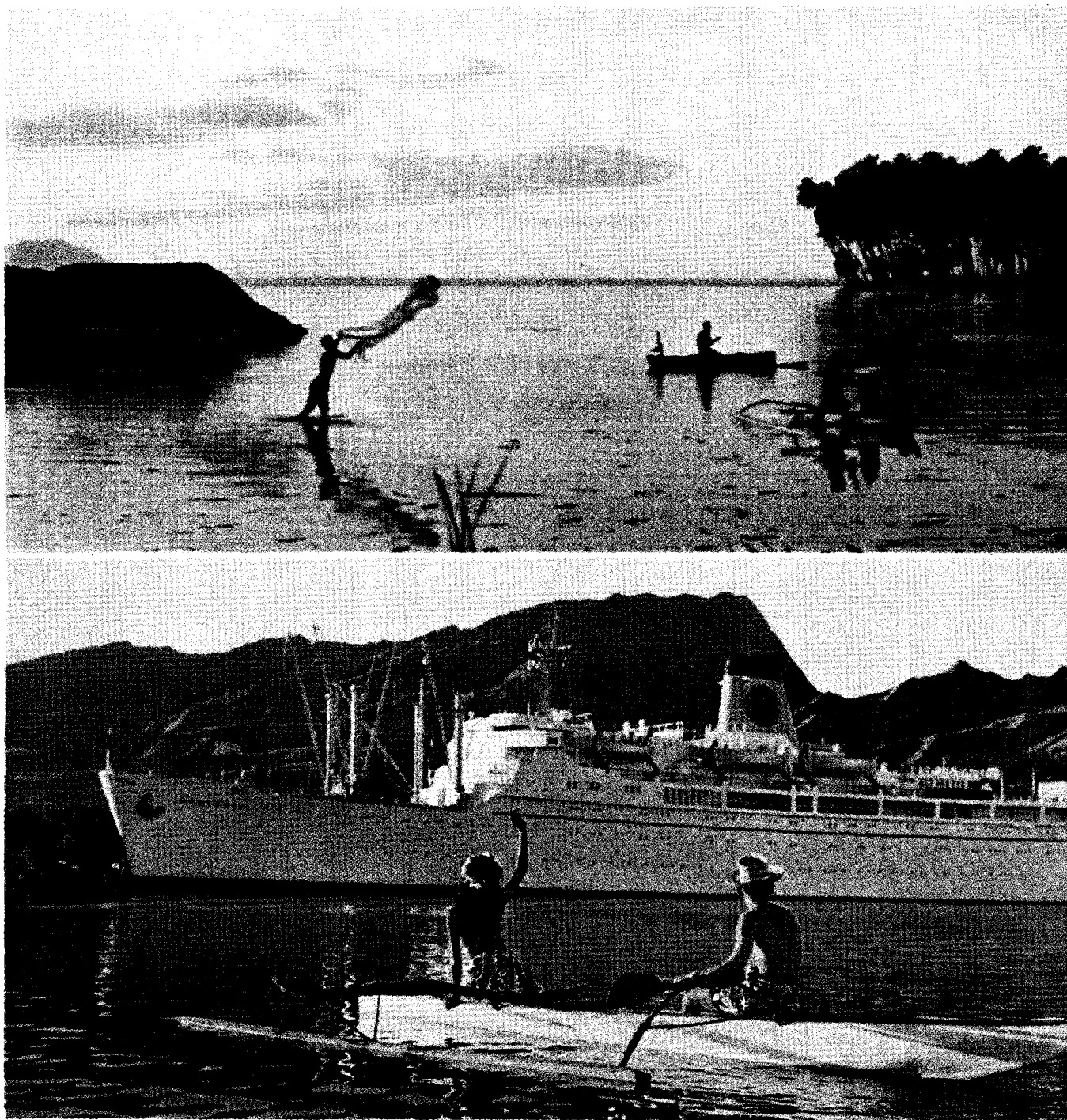


...and Christofle is the universal word for taste in vases. From France comes "Cardinal," an exquisitely elongated design rendered in heavy silver plate. 14 inches high, \$25.75. 8 inches high, \$14.50.

At discriminating American retailers. For illustrated brochure send 25¢ to Christofle Silver, Inc., Dept. N5, 55 E. 57, New York 22, N. Y.

Christofle

official table service to the courts of kings



SEA-ROVE THE SOUTH SEAS THIS SPRING...SAVE 25%

Sail away into peaceful Pacific springtime. Enjoy 42 days aboard the SS MARIPOSA or SS MONTEREY in unparalleled Matson luxury at unusual savings—25% reductions from regular one-way fares. For as little as 7¢ a mile (just about the cost of driving your car) you'll sea-rove through 15,000 miles of the tranquil South Seas . . . visit Matson's Ports of Paradise: Tahiti, Rarotonga, New Zealand, Australia, Fiji, Pago Pago and Hawaii. Fares begin at \$937.50 on these special spring South Seas Cruises. Four 1962 sailings—March 18, April 8, May 2 and May 23—to choose from. Make this spring the most romantic and exciting of your life.

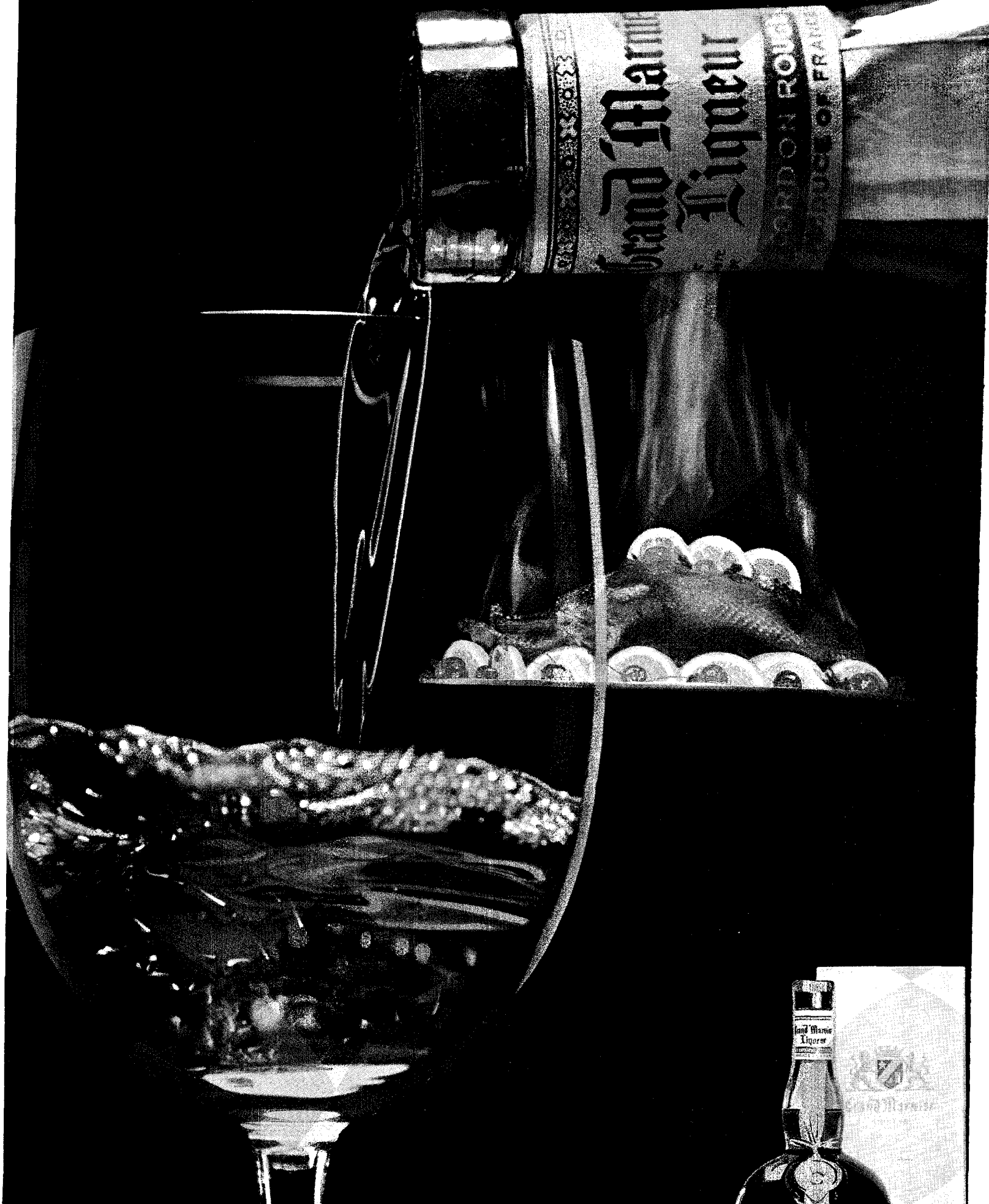
Matson Lines
SERVING THE PEACEFUL PACIFIC

WINTER CRUISES (REGULAR FARES)

SS MARIPOSA . . . January 7
SS MONTEREY . . . January 31
SS MARIPOSA . . . February 21

Each sailing from San Francisco, the following day from Los Angeles. For details, see your travel agent today, or write:

MATSON LINES
215 Market Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.



How to kindle the flame of hospitality: GRAND MARNIER Glamorous flambé or in a glass, Grand Marnier excites in so many ways. Sipped gently, after dinner, there's magic in its cognac-and-orange bouquet. Try a simple sour. Or crush some ice—frappé! No matter what you do with Grand Marnier, you'll discover why it has been enjoyed the world over for 144 years. For more hints on how, write for free booklet.



MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / PRODUCT OF FRANCE / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. Y12, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 19

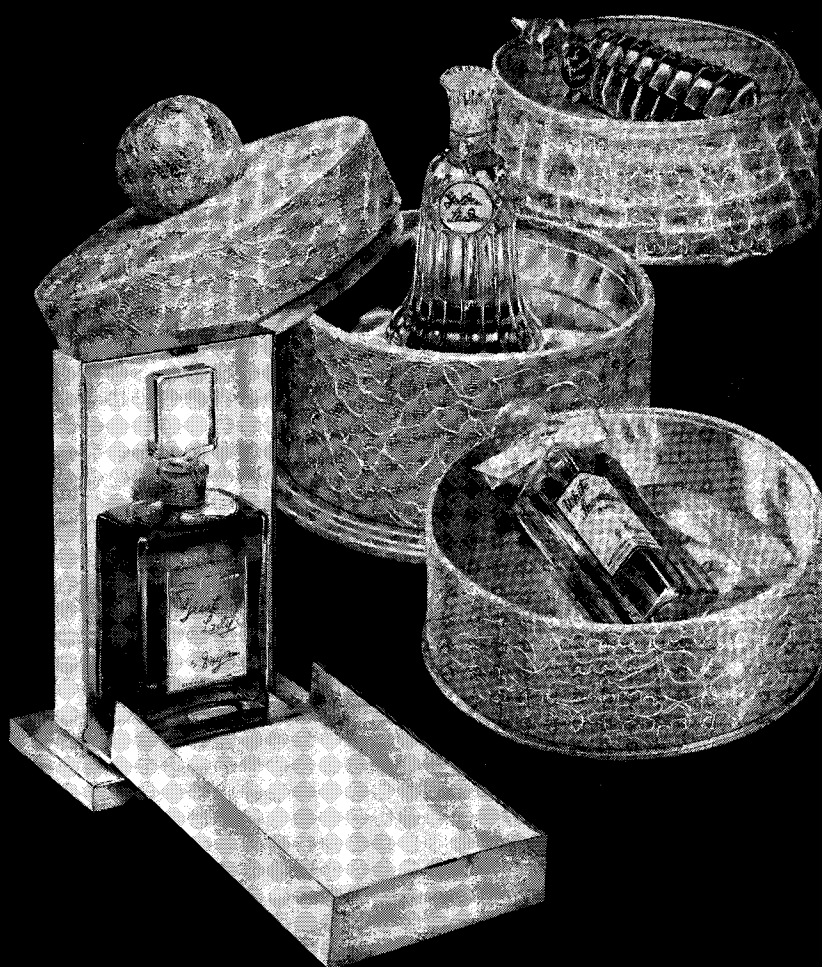
www.unz.org
 ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the job by means of the Draft-a-Plan Kit, which brings him a plug-in electric drafting board, nine and a half inches by fourteen and a half, with a glass top and a light under it, for tracing, plus a supply of blueprint paper (just to give tone to the set), a sheet of designs to copy, tracing paper, triangles, and so on; \$9.95 at Youth At Play, 1120 Madison Avenue (83rd). A child who doesn't yet know a logarithm from a truncated icosidodecahedron might enjoy putting together a model of an owl. The Museum of Natural History has one for \$2—just the plastic parts for making the outside of an eight-inch-tall owl (no viscera this time)—and when it's done it can be painted and admired. The paint and a brush come with the kit.

NOW for a few toys in which some of the triumphs of modern science have been harnessed to produce pure entertainment rather than instruction. Astro-Phone is a device that can send and receive vocal messages over beams of infrared light, provided a line of sight is maintained. Each Astro-Phone is a sort of wireless hand transmitter, and two Astro-Phoners can carry on a conversation from as much as a thousand feet apart, even through glass or, with the aid of mirrors, around corners; \$29.95 at Rappaport. From Italy to Saks Fifth Avenue comes a sending-and-receiving outfit that can transmit Morse code by means of a blinker light, a buzzer, or on tape; \$30, including about twenty feet of wire and four flash-light batteries. (Incidentally, when batteries are included with the toys, we say so. If they're not, we don't bring up the subject, but you'd be wise to check for yourself on batteries before Christmas morning, when the stores will all be closed and the new presents won't work.) At Bloomingdale and elsewhere there's a children's transistor tape recorder (A.C. only) that has a three-inch reel and a volume control, and is easy to operate; \$29.95. Aero-kite, at Gimbel, is a sort of kite-balloon, made of the same plastic as those inflatable water toys and shaped something like an airplane. It has a wing-spread of about two feet and comes with five hundred feet of line and a booklet about aerodynamic principles, and the idea is to blow it up and fly it like a tethered blimp; \$2.49.

WE are pleased to note that one by-product of the population boom is a corresponding boom in the number of good toys designed for babies and toddlers. So far, this group of citizens are not being asked to get on with their

Compliment her with elegance **** gifts by Goyard



WHITE SHOULDERS

Perfumes: \$2.75, 5.00, 10.00-
18.50, 35.00, 110.00
Colognes: \$2.75, 5.00, 9.50
Bath Perfume: \$3.50, 6.00

GREAT LADY

Perfumes: \$3.50, 6.50, 12.00
20.00, 37.50, 150.00
Colognes: \$3.50, 6.50, 10.00
Bath Perfume: \$3.50, 6.00

MOST PRECIOUS

Perfumes: \$2.75, 5.00, 10.00
18.50, 35.00
Colognes: \$2.75, 5.00, 8.50
Bath Perfume: \$3.50, 6.00

GOLDEN SHADOWS

Perfumes: \$2.75, 5.00, 10.00
18.50, 35.00
Colognes: \$2.75, 5.00
Plus Tax

EXCLUSIVE!

FROM ONE OF AMERICA'S
FOREMOST
LUGGAGE SHOPS



Stalwart ... Distinctive
Correct

FLITE-PAK



\$1850*

Smartly styled in suntan, hand boarded, pliable cowhide. Zipper closing and lock; bottom studs; welt edge construction.

- Weighs only 17½ lbs.
- Fits under your plane seat
- Measures 17" long, 12" wide, 2¾" deep
- Ideal overnighter, week-ender or attaché
- Mail orders beautifully gift wrapped — Initialing Free

*Plus 10% Federal Tax. Add 3% Sales Tax within N. Y. C. limits. FREE DELIVERY within 100 miles. Add 65¢ for delivery outside 100 mile radius.

Crouch & Fitzgerald

400 Madison Ave.,
New York 17, N. Y.

Send me..... FLITE PAK(S)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

☐ Check ☐ Charge my acc't.

careers but are being permitted to remain as guileless as they were before Sputnik. For any baby old enough to enjoy ripping open a package and biting or beating the contents, Bendel has prepared a gift-wrapped basket containing such items as tub toys, rattles, baby clothes hangers, and squeaky rubber spoons, each marked (four days) with the recipient's name; the price ranges from \$6.95 to \$10.95, depending on how long you want to keep this baby occupied. Among a lot of good new pull toys, available at most toy stores, we admired a white-and-blue pelican, about eight inches high, who slaps down his bright-red feet as he's pulled along, and also quacks, revealing as he does so that there is a fish in his bright-red bill (\$2), and the Talk-Back Telephone, which, when pulled by its receiver, emits a grunting sound and rolls a pair of lunatic eyes that peer out from just below the dial (\$2). Pull-A-Tune is just a toy xylophone that plays as it is pulled along by a string, but in case the owner is opposed to canned music and wants to make his own, there's a mallet tied to the end of the string; \$2. D/R International, 866 Lexington Avenue (65th), has imported from Finland a natural-wood pull toy that consists of eight pairs of square wheels connected by beads; the wheels somehow turn as the toy is pulled along, and the resulting motion suggests some sort of unusual caterpillar—a Finnish one, perhaps. This is \$2.75. Also from Finland and at D/R International are some X-shaped blocks, which make an interesting change from regular blocks, because balancing them is more of a trick; \$3 a dozen if they're made of plain sanded wood, and \$4 a dozen if they're painted in bright non-poisonous colors. A toy that looks at first glance like an undersized radio turns out to be a music box. When cranked, it gives out a nursery tune, and pictures revolve across the space where the dial might be. The manufacturers describe the speaker flatly as "unbreakable;" \$2.66 at Gimbel. A sturdy, sixteen-inch-long wooden wagon packed with twenty-four bright-colored polyethylene blocks (polyethylene blocks can be chewed or used as weapons without ill effects) comes to \$3.76 at Macy. Cepelia, 5 East 57th Street, has brought from Poland some child-sized stools in the shape of horses, with mustard-colored yarn manes and tails, or else in the shape of fawns. Either way, they stand two feet high over all, and are carved of fir with a strongly contrasting dark-and-light grain; \$25. A toddler might also be induced to take the weight

DRY FLY SHERRY



Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests

IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE

FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE

Sole property of and bottled by

Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London

U.S. Agent

ROBERT F. PHILIPP, STAMFORD, CONN.



Toast-warm without bulk—the Peerless Lanella® Robe. Imported blend of 50% wool and 50% cotton. Washable. Wonderful for traveling. Plaids or checks. About \$32.50 at De Pinna, New York and Westchester and other fine stores.

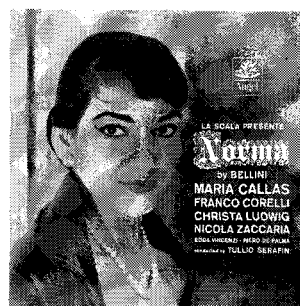
PEERLESS

PEERLESS ROBES & SPORTSWEAR, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
A DIVISION OF GORDON-FORD INC.

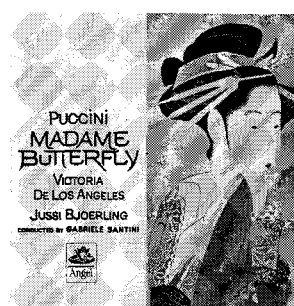
IT'S MORE THAN A GIFT, IT'S A COMPLIMENT



(S)3598 C & Highlights (S)35830



(S)3615 C/L



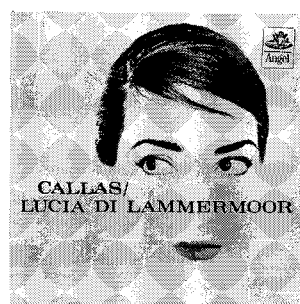
(S)3604 C/L & Highlights (S)35821



(S)3563 D/L



(S)3618 B/L



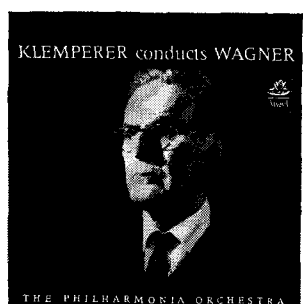
(S)3601 B/L & Highlights (S)35831



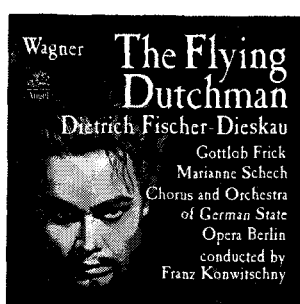
(S)3619 H



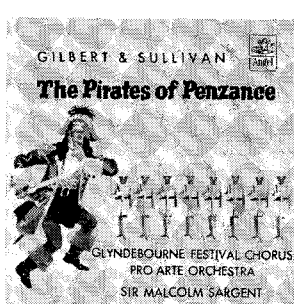
(S)3613 C/L & Highlights (S)35818



(S)3610 B



(S)3616 C/L



(S)3609 B/L



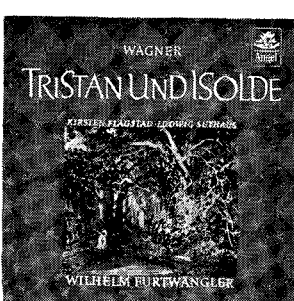
(S)3608 D/L



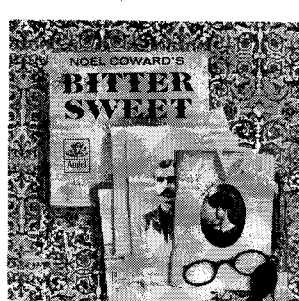
(S)35411



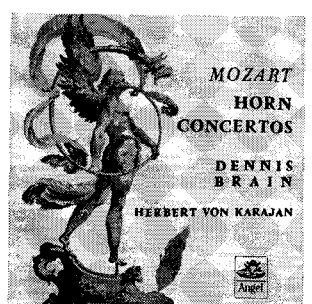
(S)35638



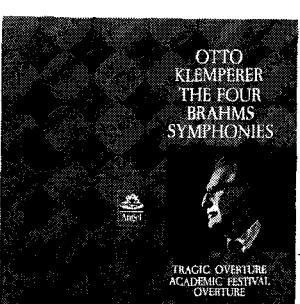
3588 E/L



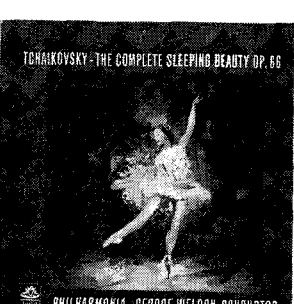
(S)35814



35092



(S)3614 D



(S)3579 B



(S)35839

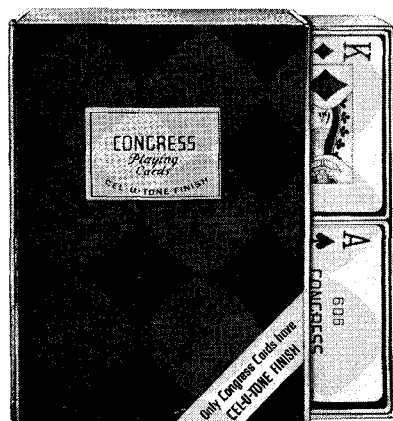
"LIVELY! LASTING! SNAP!"



"Finish like satin!"



"Regal choice of designs!"

Congress

PLAYING CARDS

CHOICE OF THOSE WHO KNOW QUALITY

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, O.
ALSO MAKERS OF BICYCLE AND OTHER FAMOUS BRANDS

off his feet if presented with a Colonial-style bucket rocker, thirteen inches high, made of hard elm relieved by a chintz cushion; \$15 at the Museum of the City of New York. At Lord & Taylor there's a fine painted wooden soldier, eighteen inches tall, who happens to be from Italy but looks as if he belonged in front of Buckingham Palace, since he wears a black bearskin hat, a smart red jacket, and blue trousers. He can sit, stand, and be taken apart. All in one piece, he's an *objet* for the nursery; \$4. Cine Cubes, at Bloomingdale, are red, orange, blue, white, cream, and pink plastic blocks, two inches square, with pictures on them that seem to move whenever the block is moved; they work on the same principle as those billboards with the girls who wink as you drive past, and a set of six costs \$1.75. For equestrians of four or so, Bergdorf Goodman has a stable of Danish rocking horses, beautifully made of hardwood and finished in clear lacquer. The most imposing is twenty-eight inches high at the ears and about three and a half feet long, and is saddled, bridled, and stirrured in real leather; \$85. For even smaller children, Bloomingdale has a rocking swan, mounted on blue-painted metal rockers and wearing a blue satin bow around his neck. The swan, a French import, is not only life-size but remarkably lifelike, being made of curly white plush that looks a lot like swan feathers; \$49.95.

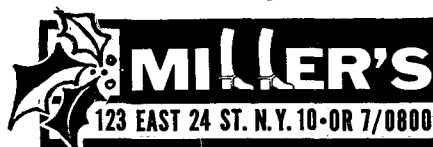
TO get on to children who are a bit too old for nursery ways of locomotion, the Supre-Macy, at guess which store, is a splendid beginner's bicycle, imported from Italy, where bicycles are for transportation, not just amusement. This one stands twenty inches high and has a chrome luggage rack, a headlight, a rear reflector, white-walled tires, and twenty-four-spoke wheels, which will give the proud owner two more spokes per wheel than most other kids. Its frame is welded, instead of just screwed together, as in less serious bicycles, and it costs \$29.99, complete with trainer wheels. Macy also has a three-foot pedal-car fire engine, with such amenities as a hose (which winds and unwinds but can't squirt anybody), a flashing red light, and a three-rung ladder (\$14.98), and also a scat car that runs on the same sort of motor as a rotary lawnmower. Meant for a child of between five and ten, this scat car can go up to fifteen miles an hour, and since it operates on gasoline (four to five miles to the half pint), the law says that it must be used on private property only; \$49.99. At Stern there's a one-pas-



Santa Won't Forget You

Make holiday wishes come true . . . for youngsters you know with a passion for ponies . . . for grown-up horsemen, too. Send to Dept. NY for MILLER'S new 16-page Xmas brochure, aglow with the newest in riding clothes, accessories, saddlery, riding books and records . . . plus original "Horsey" gifts and cards.

Or let a MILLER'S Gift Certificate say Merry Christmas for you. *You'll appreciate our prompt personal attention to mail and phone orders.*



NORTH OR SOUTH, FOR TERRACE,
LIVING ROOM, CABANA OR YACHT—
ANYWHERE YOU WANT ICE CUBES



OUR Ice Basket

IS UNBEATABLE. HOLDS 4 QUARTS OF ICE—OVER 36 HOURS GUARANTEED. DEEP-TONE RATTAN BASKET INSULATED WITH

WASHABLE CRISP WHITE UNBREAKABLE POLYSTYRENE—THE MOST CAREFREE, HANDSOME CUBEKEEPER YOU CAN FIND. 8" x 9" WIDE, WITH FINE BRIDLE LEATHER SNAP-ON CARRYING STRAP. \$8.95 ppd.

free catalog

Hathore 542 Third Ave. N Y C 16
Corner 36 Street MU 4-7422



THE LODGE

at Smugglers Notch

Centered among the most extensive ski facilities in the U.S.A. Gay luxurious ski living, continental atmosphere. Outstanding French cuisine, wine cellar. Cocktail lounges, gay game rooms, dancing, skating. Sport shops, world-famous ski school. Reservations advised. Tel. Stowe AL 3-7311. Write Ivor Petrak, Mgr. BROCHURE.

STOWE 4 Vermont

senger red gocart that runs on a twelve-volt dry-cell battery. It has a foot-operated brake and its top speed is around six miles an hour, but nevertheless it comes with a pint-size crash helmet and a pair of goggles; the car is \$14.87 and the battery is \$5. A new kind of roller skates, called Super-Skates, can be found at most toy stores—Rappaport, to name one. They dispense with straps and keys, using instead a clamp that grips the toe and a metal cup for the heel. The skates can be adjusted to any shoe length by the turn of a set-screw on the underside; \$6.95. Saks Fifth Avenue has a two-passenger racing bobsled, four feet long, that is authentic in everything except size and is about as sturdy as a battleship. The driver sits with his feet on two bars in front, and steers with chrome-finished handlebars, and there are rods in back for the passenger to hold on to, plus a hand brake; \$85. If all other modes of travel pall, F. A. O. Schwarz will supply a Roman chariot, accommodating one. It has a pedal drive but gives the illusion that it's pulled by a troika of two-foot-tall black-and-white plush horses, which bob up and down in a galloping motion as they career along. The price is \$135.

THE Steiff people, of West Germany, never seem to run out of ideas for engaging stuffed animals. This year, at F. A. O. Schwarz, you'll find such new Steiff products as a Texas longhorn ten inches high (\$8.50), a polka-dotted plush snail called Nelly, six inches long and equipped with a pearly-pink plastic shell (\$3), and a bristly four-inch wild boar, who would look almost too ferocious if it were not for his baby-blue eyes (\$3.50). We might mention that Schwarz also has an honest-to-goodness life-size Steiff polar bear, for \$350, and Macy has an honest-to-goodness life-size Steiff lion, for \$349. Bloomingdale has brought from Italy an absolutely smashing white poodle who consists mostly of very long, silky plush fur. He's twenty inches high when standing on his hind legs, and he's *always* standing on his hind legs, because he is wearing, with aplomb, the uniform of a nineteenth-century French general—navy-blue felt with silver epaulets, its coat cut in swallowtails to permit lebensraum for his silky white tail—and any other pose would be *infra dig*; \$19.95.

There are also some beguiling animals around that have never crossed the ocean. Bonwit Teller has a menagerie of creatures made of the artificial fleece called Sherpa, which is not only soft and

WHY IS GRANT'S SCOTCH SO POPULAR?



Just this, every drop
in Grant's bottle is
8 years old,
whereas Scotch that
does not carry an age
on the label need not be
more than 4 years old.
For mellowness,
it's the age that counts.

Grant's Scotch is sold
all over the world—
the finest whisky
Scotland produces.

Grant's 8

8 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • U. S. IMPORTERS AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. NEW YORK-NEW YORK

BEST & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.



Teens Star Stripes

in their favorite cotton shirtdress classics as the smartest way to appear on deck or en route to vacation climes.

Both with a rich satin finish, roll sleeves and elasticized belts.

Red or blue on white.

Sizes 5 to 15.

Top: Bermuda-collared, full-skirt dress, (N-10) **20.00**

Bottom: Cardigan-neck sheath, (N-11) **18.00**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Also at our 17 convenient Branches

cuddly but washable and non-allergenic. A foot-long poodle, of white Sherpa, wears a clown's cap of baby-blue velvet, has blue-velvet-lined ears, with bells inside, and sports blue satin bows on his neck and tail; \$4. A Sherpa Dalmatian puppy, about eight inches long, has an extended tail, which his owner is supposed to twist around and around, since it will then slowly untwist while a music box inside gives forth with "Oh Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?" He, too, is \$4. A Sherpa Teddy bear stands nearly three feet tall but is so light that somebody shorter than he is can haul him around. The soles of his four paws are red velvet, he wears a red velvet cap, and he has a black nose and large black shoe-button eyes; \$22.95. Also at Bonwit Teller, but intended for girls in their teens, there's a sophisticated-looking black velveteen cat, eighteen inches high, sitting on his haunches and inscrutably surveying the world with eyes of faceted yellow glass. His ears are lined with orange silk, and he wears a rhinestone collar; \$2.95. Lord & Taylor has a twelve-inch plush sheepdog who is one mass of long, silky white fringe. Pink bows decorate his head and neck, and somewhere under the fringe is a pair of black eyes; \$3.95. A new shop called The Zoo, at 45 Christopher Street, near Seventh Avenue, keeps Greenwich Village hours (it opens at noon and stays open until late in the evening), and makes a specialty of stuffed animals and puppets. Besides many of the Steiff creatures, The Zoo offers a nine-foot plush snake, speckled brown and yellow, with a red ribbon around its neck—or where its neck would be if it had one—and wearing a friendly expression; \$5.95. Just one more animal: Bendel's limpid-eyed mouse, ten inches high, with silvery fur and pink-lined ears, who is wearing a pink tutu. When she is wound up (with a built-in key), "Dance, ballerina, dance" plays hauntingly from her interior, but she just stands there; \$8.

For boys and girls who aspire to make their own music, Mary Arnold, 962 Lexington Avenue (70th), can provide a scaled-down upright piano, with a two-octave range, including sharps and flats, which has a window in the upright part, so that the player can see the little hammers working away; \$19.95, with a stool, scaled for pianists up to about eight. Youth At Play offers a plastic guitar, slightly smaller than the real thing, with six permanently tuned chords—C, C7, D7, A7, F, and G7, which are probably all any budding Elvis needs. This is \$9.95, together with a book of a hundred and one songs and a

In WASHINGTON, D. C.



A Room with a view...

You see the White House and the Washington Monument from your room at the Manger Hay-Adams, America's best located hotel . . . and one of the world's finest. Stop with us when **YOU** come to Washington!

HOTEL

Manger Hay-Adams

(OPPOSITE THE WHITE HOUSE)
16th AT H STREET N.W. • WASHINGTON, D. C.



East 51st at Lexington
A LOEW'S HOTEL
**Reservations:
PLaza 2-7000**

FOR YOUR
CHRISTMAS GIFTS
VISIT

C U C C I
OF ROME

7 EAST 58TH STREET

The widest selection of ties, sweaters, shirts, gloves, belts, slippers, and other accessories.

celluloid pick. And, for a child whose parents and neighbors have an unusual endowment of tolerance, there's a toy drum at Toy Mart, on the lower level at 630 Fifth Avenue (50th), that looks and sounds like the Spirit of '76 kind. It's a foot in diameter and eleven inches deep, it has a skin head top and bottom, and its tone is so good that it could inspire a young drummer to study and practice, if that's what you have in mind; \$5.

TRAINS? Do you realize that there are widely-travelled children around who have never been on a train? These days, there isn't much new rolling stock, and the sad outlook is that toy racing cars, airplanes, and space vehicles may one day make collector's items of the dear old HO-gauge. But courage! It hasn't happened yet. Macy has two special Lionel sets. Besides an engine and fourteen feet of track, one includes a car that carries and launches a satellite, a car that carries and fires a Minuteman missile, a target car designed to fly apart every time the missile hits it, a flatcar carrying a submarine, and, luckily, a hospital car. All for \$34.89. The other set, which comes with sixteen feet of track, is a rather unusual diesel train—unusual in that one of the cars harbors a Sheriff and an Outlaw, who pop up and down from time to time and aim their pistols at each other, and in that another carries a giraffe, who also pops up and down but does not appear to be armed; \$29.99. F. A. O. Schwarz has imported from West Germany an admirable little freight-train set consisting of a thirty-five-inch oval of track, a four-and-a-half-inch locomotive, and three freight cars. It runs on a battery, which is included, but comes with a converter, so that it can be run instead on A.C. house current; \$12. For younger children, Childplay, 203 West 14th Street, has a non-motored train set made of plastic. For \$5, you get twenty-two feet of track, a two-inch engine, and eight cars, to say nothing of trestle supports, cross-switches, bridge sets, semaphores, and so on.

All over town—at Gimbel, for instance—you'll find the Aurora Model Motoring set, a seven-foot oval layout. Two two-inch racing cars, two controls, a transformer, and fourteen sections of speedway cost \$14.88. More elaborate sets run up to \$28.97. The models of old-time French cars that both F. A. O. Schwarz and Altman have imported from France are handsome enough to be appropriated by grownups and used as ornaments. Each

N° 4711.



Tosca Spray Cologne
\$3.50 plus tax



Combination Gift Sets
\$2.90 to \$5.00 plus tax



*Colognes of
distinguished heritage*

Sole Distributors: COLONIA, INC., 41 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



EXOTIC... LAND OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Exotic and also bizarre the famous Sheba was and so is her land, Ethiopia. "Enchanting to visit. Unlike any other land" says AFRICA A TO Z*. You must see Ethiopia for the indescribable, excitingly strange. Amazingly beautiful. Temperature perfection. Excellent hotels. And so easy to reach via Ethiopian Airlines from Europe or the new nations of West Africa. Luxurious DC-6Bs now. Jets soon. See your travel agent today.

KNOW THE EXOTIC. KNOW ETHIOPIA.

*Pub. 1961, Doubleday • TWA General Agents in U.S. and Europe

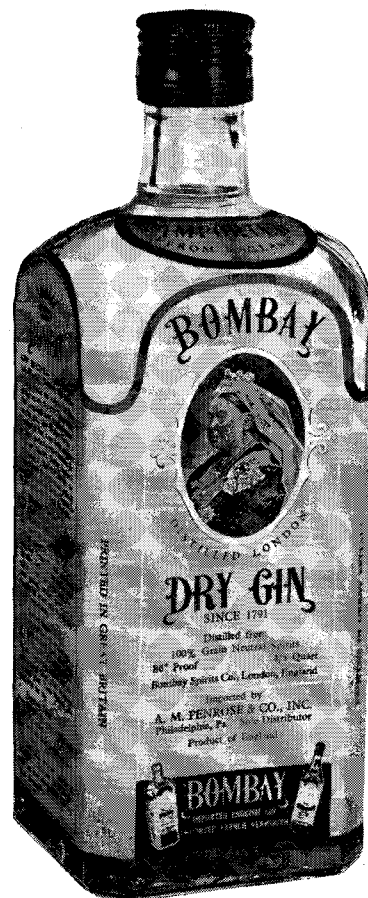
ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES

SERVING EUROPE • MIDDLE EAST • AFRICA



is about two and a half inches long and, mounted in a plastic display case, costs \$2.50. For \$10, at Altman, there's a set consisting of an 1892 Peugeot (with white curtains festooning the tonneau), an 1898 Peugeot (with a fringed red parasol over the driver's seat), a 1902 Renault "Paris-Vienne," and a 1901 "Vis-à-Vis" Decauville. A three-story garage at Schwarz is also from France, but there's nothing antique about it. It has an electric elevator, an Esso sign that flashes on and off, and billboards with such legends as "Dévorez les kilomètres avec Esso Extra." The whole garage is seventeen inches high, and its base measures thirty-four inches by twenty. Twelve friction-powered cars and trucks and four flashlight batteries are included in the price, which is \$60. At Gimbel, a battery-operated steam locomotive, fourteen inches long, that trundles across the floor, backs up, turns around, and at intervals gives out with an old-time mournful whistle costs \$3.77. For little boys who like to supply the locomotion themselves and do their own sound effects, too, Schwarz has two perfectly splendid trailer-truck outfits. One is a thirteen-and-a-half-inch steel Ford pickup truck, pulling a ten-inch plastic racing car on a detachable trailer (\$5.95), and the other is a fourteen-and-a-half-inch steel mobile home, for camping, which has spring suspension, like a grownup's mobile home, and carries in tow, on a trailer, a nine-inch plastic motorboat (\$6.95).

NOW let's cast about for some games and diversions, just to be sure nobody can claim that he doesn't know what to do with himself on Christmas afternoon. The makers of Etch A Sketch, one of last year's most successful toys, have devised a new kind of building set, called Magnastiks. Magnastiks are simply steel structural units (over a hundred of them, in various shapes) that can be set up, on magnetized bases, to represent buildings, animals, airplanes—practically anything you can think of. They all fit into a sturdy carrying case that measures twelve inches by nine by three; \$5.95 at Rappaport and many other toyshops. The object of a building game called Topsy Towers is to stack small wooden bricks, one by one, on a battery-operated revolving turntable without knocking any down. It can be played either solitaire or by any number of players; \$4, including batteries, at Altman. Lego is the name of an admirable set of red and white plastic building blocks invented in Europe but now being made in this country by the Samsonite luggage people and sold at a number of



Distilled London Gin—100% Grain Neutral Spirits—86 Proof

A. M. PENROSE, INC., PHILADELPHIA—IMPORTER

In the U. S. A.... But Isles Away...
Fabulous
indies house
On the exotic Florida Keys
DUCK KEY, FLORIDA
Truly a place where nice people meet
Enjoy Florida's warmest winter climate
And our luxurious charming atmosphere

English Silver
"Queen Anne" Coffee Set
\$575.
ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.



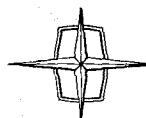
COUNT THE DOORS

Four doors mean you walk into the rear seat compartment of a Lincoln Continental convertible instead of climbing around the front seat. Please notice, too, how the rear doors open—from the center—to provide you with a wider entrance. This is one of the reasons the Lincoln Continental may be called the only luxury convertible in America.

Interior spaciousness is another reason. On the Lincoln Continental the convertible top disappears beneath the rear deck without stealing a single inch of seating room. This, therefore, is the one convertible that has a rear seat large enough for three large passengers...with seven to ten inches more hip room than comparable convertibles.

For this is the Continental concept: to achieve as perfect a

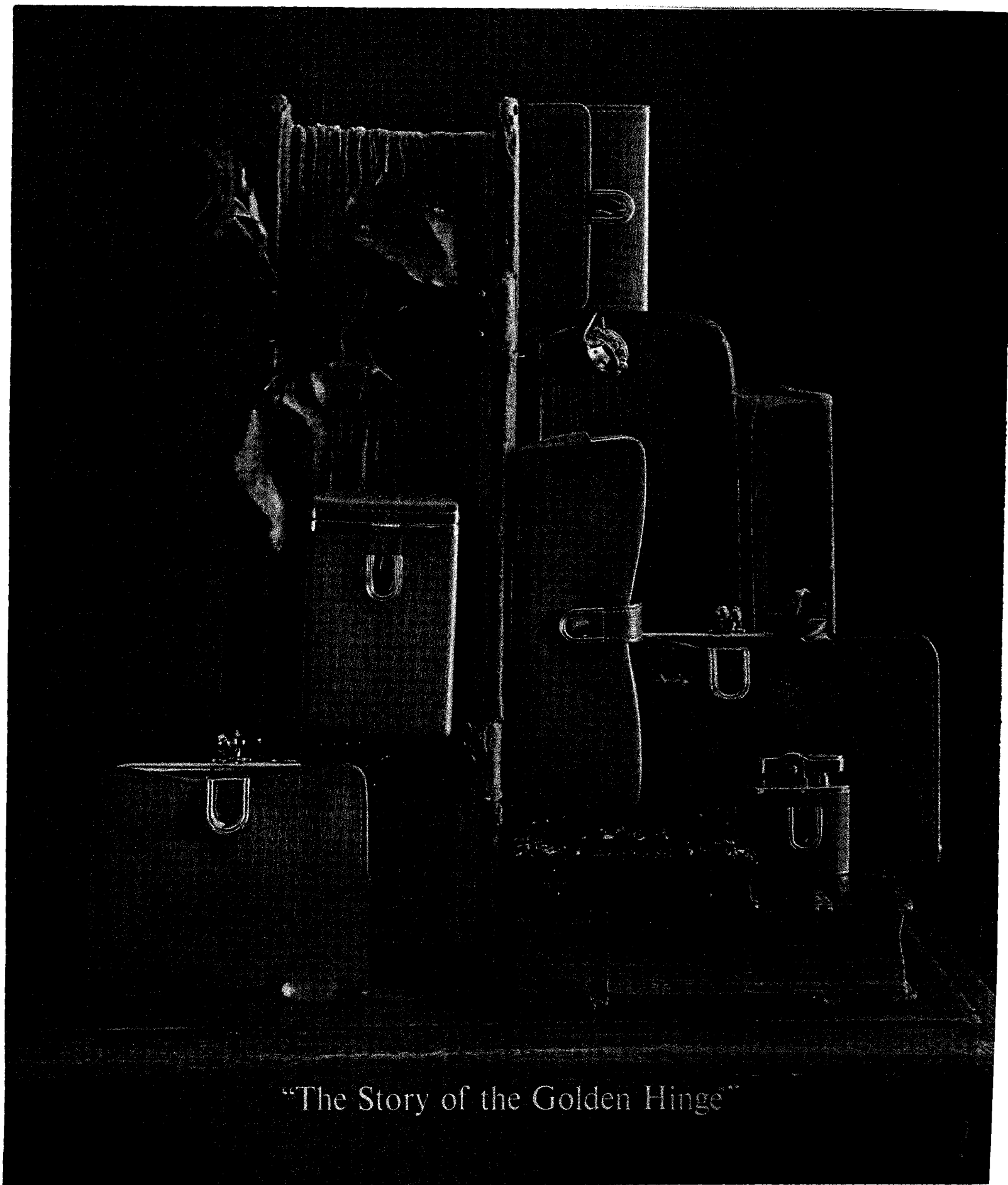
luxury automobile as possible. But luxury is only one of many qualities you find in this great motorcar—others are: timeless, classic styling, and unsurpassed quality of manufacture. As a matter of fact, special gages and test equipment had to be developed to meet the exacting quality standards. The result is America's finest automobile, the Lincoln Continental for 1962. It is your wisest investment in tomorrow, warranted for twice as long as any other American car (two full years or 24,000 miles).*



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Product of  Motor Company Lincoln-Mercury Division

*Ford Motor Company warrants to its dealers, and its dealers, in turn, warrant to their Lincoln Continental customers as follows: That for 24 months or for 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, free replacement, including related labor, will be made by dealers, of any part with a defect in workmanship or materials. Tires are not covered by the warranty; appropriate adjustments will continue to be made by the tire companies. Owners will remain responsible for normal maintenance service and routine replacement of maintenance items such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points and wiper blades.



"The Story of the Golden Hinge"

Another St. Thomas Original...new as this moment, yet with timeless beauty. A golden metal clasp is hinged to the highly polished frame for perpetual opening and closing. The Golden Hinge* Collection, in SanTee Calf, jet black, fire red, riviera blue, otter and turf green. French Purse, \$6; Flip-Top Cigarette Case, \$4; Key Case, \$3.50; Eyeglass Case, \$4; Trio, \$8.50. At fine stores or write to St. Thomas, Inc., Gloversville, New York.

*PATENT APPLIED FOR

FASHION ACCESSORIES...UNIQUELY

ST. THOMAS



Available at all these fine stores and their branches: NEW YORK CITY, B. ALTMAN & CO.; Cleveland, Higbee Co.; Detroit, J. L. Hudson Co.; Indianapolis, H. P. Wasson & Co.; Los Angeles, Broadway Dept. Store; Miami, Jordan Marsh; San Francisco, The Emporium, The White House; Tampa, Maas Bros.

toy stores, including F. A. O. Schwarz. The blocks, which are half an inch wide and half an inch thick, vary from a half inch to just over three inches in length, and they all interlock firmly but can easily be taken apart. Sets range in price from \$4.95, for two hundred pieces (enough to make an apartment house, say, or an elephant), up to \$25, for six hundred and ninety pieces (enough to build a whole town). A boy whose interests are mechanical might well like to round out his Christmas Day by constructing a working model of a slant-six-cylinder Chrysler engine; \$12.95 pays for the necessary parts (three hundred of them) and the requisite three batteries, at Altman. A family of mechanical hedgehogs, at Schwarz, will teach children nothing at all—except possibly a lasting admiration for hedgehogs. When a six-inch mother hedgehog is wound up and a handful of beans is thrown down in front of her, she runs over them and gobbles them up, like a vacuum cleaner. Her two baby hedgehogs, who work on friction motors, scoot foolishly about and never succeed in picking up a single bean; \$3.95, with a supply of candy beans. Childcraft Equipment Company, 155 East 23rd Street, offers a box containing fifty sheets of construction paper, a hundred sheets of glossy paper, two packages of paper flower petals, a package of small paper circles and squares, a package of gummed strips, a pair of blunt-nosed scissors, some paste, and a brush. When all this falls into the hands of a small child (three to eight years), the result should be either some collages or a considerable mess, or both; \$2.55. An ice-hockey game at Rappaport, for two or four players, consists of a miniature ice-hockey rink (eighteen inches by thirty-four) mounted on four five-and-three-quarter-inch legs. The players control the movements of opposing teams of small metal skaters and their puck by manipulating them from below the rink with magnets on the ends of long sticks. Considerable skill is involved, and the price is \$14.95. Tennisette, at Schwarz, will enable even apartment dwellers to practice tennis indoors without breaking any windows. There are two eighteen-inch rackets, light enough to be hefted by quite young players but nevertheless well made and properly strung, and a three-inch ball of perforated plastic; \$5. A punching ball six inches in diameter and made of soft plastic is attached by a rubber band to a headpiece with a protective plastic visor, to be worn by a boy who longs for a moving target to take a swat at. If he misses the punching ball as it rebounds, it



Dry Sack on-the-rocks changed men's minds about sherry

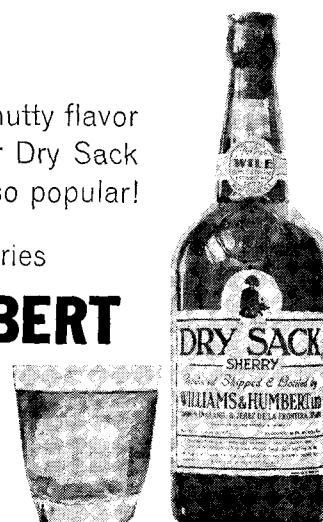
Dry Sack has the body and superb nutty flavor to stand up to ice cubes. No wonder Dry Sack on-the-rocks—the man's sherry—is so popular!

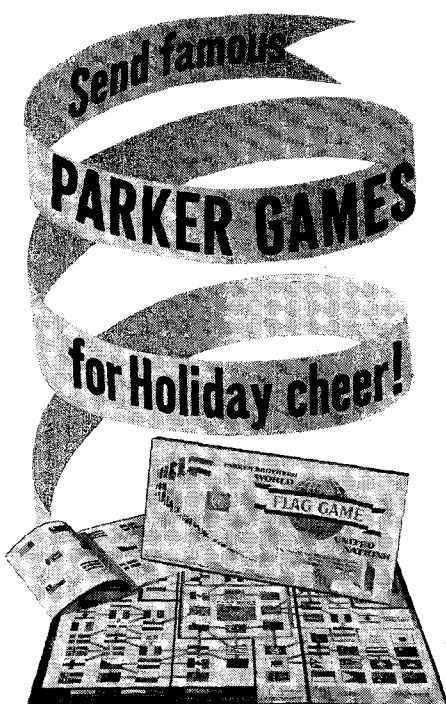
World-Famous Spanish Sherries

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT



Let this seal be your guide to quality





FLAG GAME

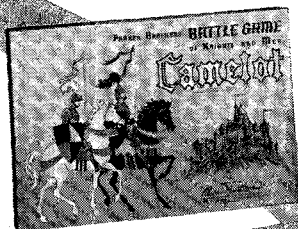
Fascinating as a glimpse behind UN scenes . . . after all, the UN cooperated in its publication! Illustrated flag history enclosed. \$5.00



RISK*

Parker Brothers Continental Game

Every player is Caesar and the modern world is Gaul in this dynamic contest of power, global strategy, skill and luck. \$7.50



CAMELOT*

Parker Brothers Battle Game of Knights and Men

You can almost hear the ring of steel on steel as dramatic moves simulate the hand-to-hand encounters of medieval battles. \$3.00

*Parker Brothers Registered Trademark for the Game Equipment

PARKER BROTHERS, INC.
Salem, Mass. • Des Moines, Iowa

Manufactured in Canada by Collett-Sproule Boxes, Ltd., Toronto

punches *him*, which is part of the fun; \$3 at Schwarz. From France to Schwarz comes an intrepid parachute jumper, three inches high and made of plastic, who is equipped with a sky-blue silk parachute seventeen inches in diameter. A launching apparatus shoots him a hundred feet in the air (Wow!), whereupon his chute opens and he floats back to earth; \$3.95.

Board games are apt to be formidably political these days, and in some cases seem more suitable for your senator than for the young and artless. There's Summit, in which the goal is to win spheres of influence, and United Nations, in which the players compete for seats in the Security Council (\$7 and \$4.98, respectively, at Brentano), and then there's the American Heritage Game of the Civil War, in which the Civil War may be refought, and possibly won by the South (\$3.49 at Macy). After all this, we were rather relieved to find a game for small children called King of the Cheese, in which the pieces are plastic mice and the board has a three-dimensional wedge of cardboard Swiss cheese in the middle. By spins of a dial, the mice proceed around, through, and over the cheese, with never a thought of Gettysburg or Berlin; \$3 at Schwarz. Altman has a set of cheerful red-and-white plastic dominoes, from France, packed inside a plastic box that looks like a giant red-and-white domino; \$5.

DOLLS get more lifelike every year. They can walk, talk at least as well as myna birds, assume all sorts of poses, stretch, kiss, and kick. Some of this activity is not, in our opinion, a success; the way some of the new baby dolls slowly stretch themselves is more eerie than endearing, and the mechanism that permits them to do it makes a hard, uncuddly lump in the doll's midriff. Oh, well, there are a great many other baby dolls around this year, and, to our mind, just about the most engaging of them all is called Kitten. Kitten is exactly big enough to wear size-1 dresses, and arrives wearing one made of white lace-edged organdie. She *feels* like a real baby, even though it's not formula and mashed bananas that produce the effect; it's kapok. Her eyes, which are blue, have that slightly unfocused, detached-from-the-world look that a real baby's eyes take on when it is about to be engulfed by sleep; \$16 at Best. Bergdorf Goodman's Ratti, from Italy, has the demeanor of a perky three-year-old, though she's only thirteen inches tall. She arrives in a roomy box, wearing a pink knit sweater, a matching cap and

Smart Move!

SMART PEOPLE
ARE MOVING
INTO



THE

Westbury

Madison Avenue
at 69th Street, New York

The fashionable East Side hotel of good taste and individuality.

Magnificent furnished suites of 1 to 6 rooms (with serving pantry and air conditioning available) . . . for permanent occupancy on lease or monthly rental.

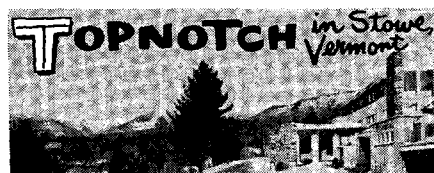
ALSO a number of rooms and suites for transient guests.

Complete hotel services
Restaurant
Famous POLO BAR



reservations-information

Charles L. O'Connor, Mgr.
Tel.: LEhigh 5-2000
TWX: NY 1-138



You enjoy the ultimate in luxury and comfort at America's renowned lodge. Gourmet's continental cuisine and wine cellar. Austrian staff, many lovely rooms for play, lounging and conversation. Ice skating rinks nearby and, of course, finest skiing in the Western Hemisphere. 'Apres Ski' you'll have fun, too, dancing in the new gay, chic Portillo Lounge.

Write for color folder "A" and inquire about our special reduced rates for January.

MERRY-GO-ROUND



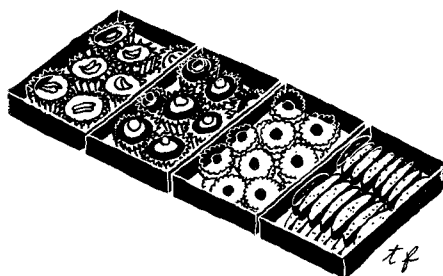
KITCHEN?

"Julian Hess Can
Make It A Showplace"

JULIAN HESS
Engineered Kitchens @
Manhattan Showroom:
514 W. 181 St., N. Y. 33
WAdsworth 8-6300

booties, and rompers. Packed in the box with her are a white cotton dress with a rosebud border, matching panties, a white piqué coat and hat, white knit leggings, a pink flannel hooded snowsuit, white shoes and socks, a comb and brush, and a rattle. When she is squeezed, she emits a squeak that could be either American or Italian; \$20. Chatterbox, at Best, is a relative of last year's Chatty Cathy. She is just over two feet tall, and battery-run works inside her enable her to say things like "May I wear my new dress?" and "I like to ride on the carrousel," in a small, muffled voice. She is dressed in a pink piqué dress and panties, and she can stand on her own two feet; \$20. Mimi, at F. A. O. Schwarz, is only a little-girl doll, about two and a half feet tall, but so beautiful and poised that she looks as if no social problem would be beyond her. Since she is jointed in twelve places, she is physically poised, too, and can even stand on one leg without losing her aplomb. Blond, and wearing a blue-and-white checked (or brunette, and wearing a pink-and-white checked) cotton dress, black slippers, and a hair ribbon, she costs \$20. Extra clothes are available for her, if Santa Claus wants to let himself in for that.

The sober-faced little girl who lives in Charles Addams' haunted house has been translated into a twenty-three-inch rag doll and is haunting Brentano. She wears a dark-green smock and black stockings, has long black braids, and is known as Wednesday (because of what Wednesday's Child is full of). Her complexion is dead white, of course, since she was brought up in a cellar; \$7.98. Another interesting personality in the rag-doll world is Esmeralda, who has come to Bloomingdale from Florence. She is about as tall as a four-year-old, and has long, thick braids made of real flax. She wears red felt dancing slippers, white pantalets, and a hand-appliquéd yellow smock, and the expression on her face, which is hand-painted, suggests that she's a holy terror; \$29.95. Also at Bloomingdale is a twenty-inch rag doll called Sweet n' Sassy. She's two-faced; the face on one side of her head is happy and smiling, and the face on the other side is sad and blue—blue cotton. She



An intimacy to share

Her thoughts might influence yours, if you will come along with us, *Réalités* Magazine, inside Europe. We'll take you into a World of new ventures, attitudes and dimensions... into a World that tourists seldom discover.

Each month *Réalités* takes you on an escapade with professional camera and pen down the many different avenues of life on the Continent: the arts, current events, fashion, food, philosophy, politics, travel—topics of great interest... topics of delight, always the things that make European living all-enveloping.

Be intellectually engrossed... be entertained by France's foremost commentators and journalists. Keep *Réalités* within arm's reach to see, perhaps study, the valuable collection of paintings and photographs ingeniously reproduced on heavy varnished paper. You might even agree with the critics who call this "The Most Beautiful Magazine In The World."

Mailed from Paris each month, *Réalités* is available in English-language or French-language editions. Treat yourself, and particular friends or relatives, to the thoroughly fresh and rewarding experience of "living in Europe"... for a year.

Available by subscription only. Special rate, \$12.50 a year.

Réalités

REALITES in America, Dept. 79

301 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to REALITES:

- ☐ English Edition
☐ French Edition

- ☐ 1 year (12 issues) \$12.50
☐ 2 years (24 issues) \$24.00

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ Payment enclosed.

☐ Send gift announcement card.

☐ Please bill me.

Tullamore,
Ireland
5 December, 1961

Dear Son,
So when it comes
to Irish Coffee you
Americans whip the
cream. Here's what we
Irish do. Pour two fingers
of Tullamore Dew
over a lump of sugar,
add strong, hot black
coffee, stir, and then
float heavy cream on
top. Best you pour
the cream over the
back of the spoon.
That makes it float
easylike. Try it
my way, lad—
it's a tasty way to
"Give every man
his Dew"

Dad

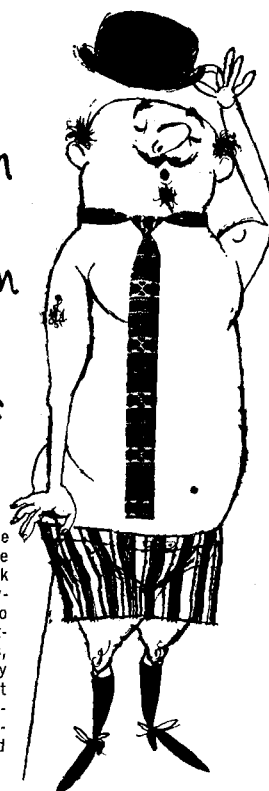


has black braids, which can be snapped on and off, and her dress is of old-fashioned green-and-red printed calico; \$5.98. Nancy and Sluggo, the comic-strip children, turn up at Best as a couple of tough, cheerful rag dolls, fifteen inches tall and \$4.50 each. Hedda-Get Bedda, whom you'll find at Stern and a lot of other places, is a fourteen-inch vinyl-plastic doll with *three* faces, which swivel on her one neck. She wears pink-and-white pajamas and a white nightcap, and arrives in a white-painted metal hospital bed just her size. To judge by the expression on the first of her three faces, it's almost too late—she looks absolutely awful. (In fact, she repelled us, but children in the store were entranced.) She has a hole in this mouth to accommodate a thermometer, and any little girl who gets her for Christmas will start doctoring her at once. Hedda's second face is a sleeping face, and the third one manages the wan smile of a convalescent; \$12.98—bed, wooden thermometer, and all.

There seem to be enough dolls in town dressed in their national costumes to set up a United Nations of their own. The Museum of Natural History has ten-inch Japanese dolls wearing a variety of colorful, carefully detailed kimonos and mounted on flat black-lacquer stands; \$2 each. At Macy, a ten-inch geisha girl stands atop a small, round music box, where, as notes of Oriental music sound, she revolves in a stately, Oriental way; \$4.99. Fred Leighton, 15 East 8th Street, contributes Mexican Indians in pairs, nine inches tall and made of wood. The man wears a sombrero and a red serape, and the woman a rebozo and silver beads; \$5 per couple, no two of which are exactly alike. Cepelia has some artistically dressed plaster costume dolls from Poland. For instance, a six-inch wedding couple in peasant dress stand lovingly together on a wooden base. The bride has on a flowery crown, and the groom a hat with long colored streamers; \$6.

A little girl with a playroom full of dolls must face the problem of feeding them, and Stern is ready to help her out with a twenty-three-piece tea set, made of gold-and-white Japanese china formal enough for a state dinner. It comes in a two-foot-tall wooden hutch cabinet; \$5.88 all told. Childplay has some appetizing-looking life-size items of play food—a cauliflower, an ear of corn, a chicken, a sirloin steak, a couple of doughnuts, and a half loaf of rye bread. All packed in a transparent plastic shopping bag, they ring up a total of \$1.98. At Bloomingdale there's a four-burner stove from Italy, ten inches high, that

You
can
wear
them
any
where



... Since they've come into my life I wouldn't think of wearing anything else! So marvelous in textures and colors, small wonder they make the simplest of apparel positively scintillating! It's the naked truth!

ernst

TIES, OF COURSE

for a complete brochure of these cartoons, write to
ERNST INC. • 712 SANSOME ST. • SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

BOMBAY

From India came our inspiration for this most alluring way to receive your guests or relax at home. Made in the Orient of fine Sanforized cotton in: Chinese Red with Watermelon, Avocado with Lime, or Black with White. S-M-L.

14.95 ppd.

Judson 2-3622

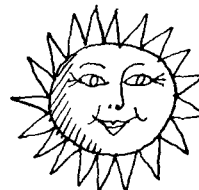
Penthouse Gallery

Penthouse Gallery, 15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y147, N.Y. 19

NOT A NEON LIGHT IN SIGHT

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING OTHER THAN THE TYPICAL TOURIST VACATION, COME TO GRAND BAHAMA HOTEL. SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE DEPT. A1, P. O. BOX 59-2375, INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, MIAMI, FLORIDA. IN NYC, CALL Plaza 5-2087.

GRAND BAHAMA HOTEL
WEST END, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND, BAHAMAS



THE BAHAMAS LARGEST RESORT (AND MOST EXCITING)

really gets a little bit hot, because it burns little pellets of something resembling punk. (If you don't want your kids playing with matches, get rid of the pellets.) Besides its four burners, this stove has two ovens, one of them a lighted, plastic-enclosed roasting oven containing a chicken on a battery-powered spit; \$14.95, with batteries. (Three pellets of fuel cost fifty cents.) Stern has all the components of a kitchen for little girls of perhaps six or seven. There's a warm refrigerator, a cold stove, a sink, and a kitchen cabinet, all made of metal in a stylish shade of pink. The refrigerator (\$12.99) is three feet high and is stocked with miniature packages (empty) of well-known products; the kitchen cabinet (\$11.99) has a mosaic counter and is also nicely stocked; and the sink (\$9.99) has a couple of water tanks, so that it can really be used for washing dishes. Models of Franklin stoves, complete with stovepipes and movable lids, turn up at Colony Arts, 459 Sixth Avenue (11th). A size suitable for a doll house—about four inches high—costs \$3.98. A five-room wooden doll house from Sweden, at Bloomingdale, has modern-looking wallpaper, battery-run light fixtures, and two stories connected by an oak stairway; \$29.95, including two batteries. Schwarz can provide a furnished four-room weekend cottage inhabited by a mother, a father, two children, and two guests. The beds are bunk-type and there are only four bunks, but perhaps the guests haven't come for the night; \$26.95. This cottage is standard doll-house size, and so is the beautifully made scale-model furniture available at Eric Pearson, 18 West 55th Street. New this year at Pearson is a five-inch grandmother's clock, made of mahogany, that really tells time (\$71.50, including federal tax), and, perhaps for a White House doll, a comb-back walnut rocker (\$22.50).

A child who likes to put on plays would be enchanted with Saks Fifth Avenue's handsome stage, from Germany. It's made of hardwood, measures nearly two feet wide, eighteen inches high, and eighteen inches deep, and has a red curtain that rolls up and down. The actors intended to perform here are three-inch puppets attached to wire springs and manipulated from beneath the rear of the stage; \$25 buys the stage and one set of actors—for instance, the guests at the Mad Hatter's Tea Party. Bloomingdale has Babar as a hand puppet, and a rhinoceros to keep him company; \$3.50 each. (And, speaking of Babar, Scribner, 597 Fifth Avenue, at 48th, has a large Babar coloring



CAPTURE THE STRENGTH AND DELICACY OF EVERY SOUND

NEW SONY Sterecorder 300

4 TRACK & 2 TRACK STEREOPHONIC RECORDER

Here, through your fingertips, you take complete control of sound, blending it to magnificent perfection.

A great symphony to record? With this superb instrument you are a professional. Touch your stereo level controls—feel that sensitive response. Dual V.U. Meters show precision readings as you augment the strings, diminish the brass. The richness of that low resonance is captured with your bass boost. The strength and delicacy of every sound—now yours to command.

Four track and two track, stereo and monophonic, recording and playback, the SONY STERECORDER 300 is truly the ultimate in tape recorder engineering. \$399.50, complete with two dynamic microphones, two extended range stereo speakers all in one portable case. For custom mounting, \$349.50.

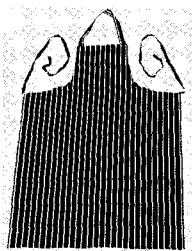
Other world-famous Sony tape recorders start as low as \$89.50.

SONY SUPERSCOPE

The tapeway to Stereo

For literature and the name of nearest franchised dealer, write Superscope, Inc., Dept. K, Sun Valley, California.

LA CUISINIÈRE, INC.



FOR THE MAN WHO COOKS

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

British Butcher's Apron

Navy Blue

*White Stripe
44" Long*

\$4.50 pp.

*Write for Free Catalogue
of Finest Modern Kitchenware*
903 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.



JAMES WARD

Diana

Oil, 1880

THE ALAN GALLERY
766 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK



THIS IS VERA

By an Unprofessional Critic

Hastening to keep pace with a fashionable trend I whisked myself up to Vera's home on the Hudson for a view of Vera's Veras. I had long admired Vera's original designs on scarves, blouses, linens and fabrics and was eager to see her favorites.

After stating my mission I was taken cordially in hand by Vera herself. "I shall always have a soft spot for dish towels," Vera confided, "perhaps because in my drying days as a child they were always so limp and ugly. Now I just regard my favorites here and never go near the dish water." I couldn't concur more heartily with her choice. A Jam and Jelly Jars design hung temptingly between Lemons and Pears. Each linen towel sells for \$1.

Our tour took us on to a table cheerily laid with field flowers captured in linen place mats. "My models grew right out there," said Vera maternally, pointing outside the vast windowed wall. This set of eight sells for about \$5.

After I passed a few pleasantries with Vera's twin dachshunds, she removed a folded form from a cupboard with the suspenseful ceremony of one revealing a masterpiece. Breathlessly I viewed the unfolding of the "Tablecloth in the Round". In linen 72 inches round, rambling with verdant green ferns, it would give any table cause to rejoice. Sells for \$9.

"Would you like to go fishing," Vera queried suddenly. Answering my puzzled glance was the most personable fish I'd ever seen, basking on a great beach towel. "What a fine and colorful catch," I marveled. "And one which will never get away," Vera added proudly. About \$5.

Artistically enlightened, I resolved to put Vera's Veras at the top of my Christmas list.

Vera Arts are in the nicest stores. Blouses, scarves, linens, fabrics by Vera The Vera Gallery, 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16.

book, with captions under each picture in English and French, which might be a painless way of force-feeding a young child with French; \$3.) Altman offers a flock of appealing wood-headed, cloth-bodied puppets from Germany—witches, princes, that sort—all about a foot tall; \$3 each. Among some seventeen-inch Italian marionettes at Bergdorf Goodman we admired a ferocious Viking with wild, rolling blue eyes, who has a horned helmet jammed down on a shock of frizzly blond hair, and brandishes a copper shield and sword; \$10.

IN case there are still some children on your list whose tastes we haven't catered to, here are some miscellaneous objects that may do the trick. How about an ant farm? The ant farm sold by Mary Arnold is simply a clear-plastic box, fifteen inches wide, ten inches high, and about an inch thick. It is honey-combed with escape-proof tunnels, and these tunnels are to be filled by the ant farmer with sand, which comes with the box, and ants, which are to be written for from an ant company in Hollywood. (So *that's* what they're doing out there now!) Installed in this crystal palace, the ants will go about their daily activities just as if they had never left their Hollywood anthill; \$6.98, including a certificate that, when mailed, will bring you the ants, prepaid. At Altman, you can buy a large medieval fortress (the base is twenty-two inches square and the nearest thing to a topless tower towers sixteen inches above the ground) for \$30 and garrison it with a full complement of handsome lead knights, yeomen, and ladies, who cost between eighty-five cents and \$2.50 apiece. The castle, by the way, is illuminated by a non-medieval, battery-powered electric light. Childcraft makes a sturdy easel with blackboards on both sides of it, so that two children can create at the same time without shoving. It comes with two removable hardwood trays for poster paints, and it costs \$13.75. Large clips for attaching drawing paper over the blackboards are a dime apiece, and poster paint is fifty cents a half-pint jar. Any boy or girl who is old enough to read the news and ask where Upper Volta is, or Ulan Bator, should welcome Hammond's brand-new Ambassador World Atlas. This monumental (ten and three-quarters inches by fourteen and a half) volume contains four hundred and eighty up-to-the-minute maps; street plans of a hundred and fifty cities, from Akron to Zurich; the 1960 census figures; information about the government, the religion, the monetary unit, and the major products of most countries; an up-

CHANDELIER EARRINGS

Beguile your beloved with this most provocative gift \$20, plus tax.

JEWELS BY **Albert Weiss**

For the store nearest you write: Albert Weiss & Co., 15 W. 37th St., N. Y. 18

Luxury in the New York manner

Gay, cheerful, air-conditioned rooms and suites... heart of Rockefeller Center area... adjacent to everything of interest in New York.

Two popular priced restaurants

Hotel Dorset

Just off Fifth Avenue
30 West 54th Street
A Bing & Bing hotel

Accurate Weight Control starts with a

HANSON Weighmaster

Large Light-up-dial you can see and be sure. Concealed fold-down handle. Chrome body, white Dupont "Mylar" Mat. Accurate on carpet or tile floors. A very acceptable gift. \$12.95

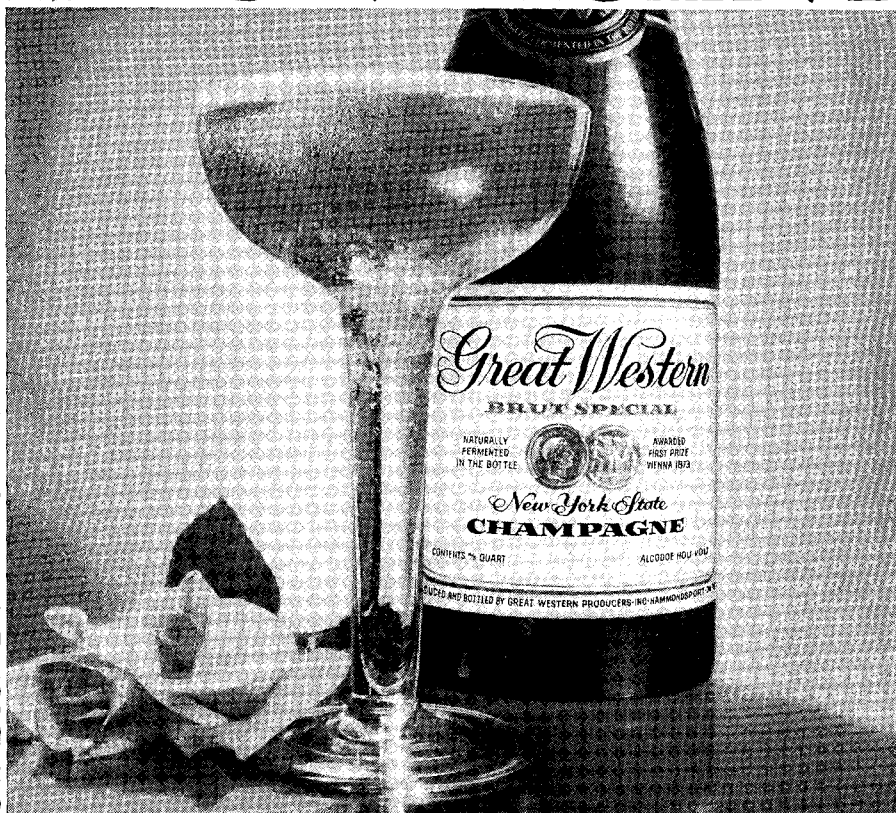
HANSON SCALE CO. (Est. 1888) Northbrook, Ill.

to-date section on space exploration; and much, much more. It costs \$13.50 at the Hammond Map Store, 1 East 43rd Street. On the same premises you'll find a reversible wall map, printed on stout plastic-impregnated stock, with the world on one side and the United States on the other. It measures thirty-eight by fifty inches, and costs \$12.50. For a boy or girl who likes history, the Toy Mart has a set of ten American flags of different periods: the St. George Cross flag, flown by John Cabot in 1497; the Don't Tread on Me flag, of the Revolution; Betsy Ross's contribution; and seven others. Each measures four by six inches, and the set is \$6.72, including a desk stand for displaying the flags. The flags of any two nations on the United Nations roster, each also measuring four by six, may also be bought, with a stand, at Toy Mart, for \$1.25. Bergdorf Goodman has a mouton rug, roughly the size and shape of a lionskin, with a blue-eyed stuffed lionlike head nine inches high. The rug is pale lion color, but, unlike a real lionskin, it can be put in a washing machine; \$20. Brentano offers a date book for a busy boy or girl. It opens out flat and has a "Peanuts" cartoon on every other page. There is space for addresses and phone numbers in back; \$3. The Mosler Junior Bank Vault, which is nine inches high, has a real combination lock and a transparent door, revealing its tumbler gears, just like the vault door at your friendly neighborhood bank. When the door is opened, or when coins are deposited, an alarm goes off; \$3.95 at Schwarz. Also at Schwarz, we noted a transistor radio, seven and a half inches in diameter and shaped like—or so they say—a satellite, and colored mostly bright orange (\$15), and the Hot Dogger, an electric grill that, when it's plugged into a household outlet, will cook three hot dogs and toast two buns at a time, enabling children to spoil their appetites for dinner without bothering anybody; \$5.95.

Gifts for Men

IN looking over the long list we have compiled of things to give to men this Christmas, we keep coming back to the idea of a nice big balloon. We don't mean the Central Park Zoo variety, of course, but the Phileas Fogg type, and we'd better warn you at the outset that ballooning as a sport runs into money. The specific balloon we have in mind is the Vulcoon, a snappy-looking one-man job that is forty feet in diameter and perhaps fifty feet high when it's fully inflated with thirty thousand cubic feet of hot air and ready to take

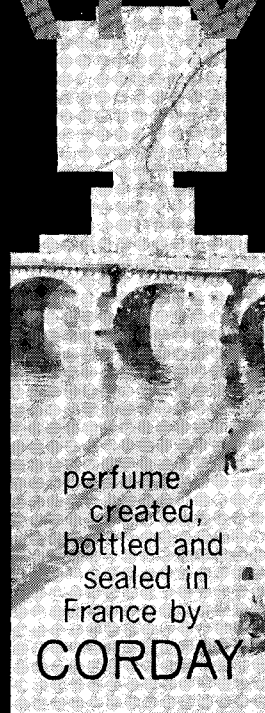
For Over a Century... MAGNIFICENT



America's Largest Selling Champagne
GREAT WESTERN PRODUCERS • INC • HAMMONDSPOUT • N.Y. • ESTABLISHED THE YEAR 1860

anything can happen when you wear

FAME



FROM THIS MOMENT ON...

LES PARFUMS
DE JACQUES FATH.
FATH DE FATH,
CANASTA,
IRIS GRIS,
AND NOW
FATH'S LOVE.
BOTTLED,
PACKAGED,
SEALED
IN FRANCE.

Jacques Fath



off. It is made of alternating white and orange panels of a specially laminated balloon cloth, and it's a stirring sight to see as it soars away, at anything up to seven hundred and fifty feet a minute, into the blue. The balloonist, cozy in a contour seat of molded plastic, leans back against his parachute pack and rests his feet on a retractable footrest. Over his head, and near the base of the bag, is a stove, which pumps hot air into the balloon, and beside him are two tanks of propane gas, which feed the stove. He controls his rise and fall by means of a valve that releases gas into the stove. The more gas he turns on, the more hot air rushes into the bag and the higher he goes. The sky is the limit, really, but since he'd have to have an oxygen supply above twelve thousand feet, that's about as high as he'll want to go in the Vulcoon. Complete with bag, contour seat, stove, fuel tanks, suspension cables, and a heater for inflating the balloon on the ground, it costs \$3,500 at Raven Industries, Box 916, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and this figure also covers six hours of instruction and two checkout flights, to be arranged by appointment. If the Raven people find they haven't enough Vulcoons in stock to meet the Christmas demand, they'll send a gift certificate for one.

But before you start dispatching a Vulcoon to every man on your list, you should be cautioned that balloon flying comes under the jurisdiction of the Federal Aviation Agency, and that the pilot must have a balloon-pilot's certificate, which doesn't come in Christmas stockings but must be earned. If all this sounds a bit overwhelming for Yuletide-greeting purposes, you might give your balloonist-to-be a parachute, orange and white to match the Vulcoon, with white harness and a sage-green pack, all of nylon. It's obtainable, for \$145, from Parachutes, Inc., at Orange, Massachusetts, or, on order, through the Scandinavian Ski & Sports Shop, 45 East 59th Street. A heavy-duty boot that a balloonist would be happy to find himself wearing in case he had to use his parachute is also available from Parachutes, Inc. It laces from mid-calf right down to the toe, which means that it encases the foot more snugly than most boots and thus gives more protection to the ankles; \$27. A white coverall, suitable for both ballooning and parachuting, costs \$7.25 at Parachutes, Inc., and at Scandinavian.

PERHAPS we're on the wrong track entirely. How about an electric pepper grinder, battery-powered, at Ham-

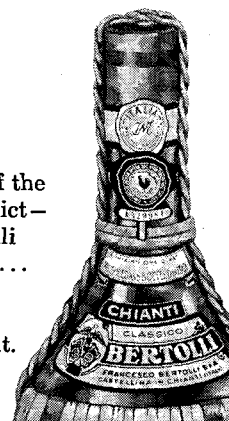
AUTENTICO!

Only the true
Chianti from Italy
bears this seal.



BERTOLLI CHIANTI CLASSICO

Every bottle of Bertolli Chianti Classico bears the official seal and registry number of the true Chianti district—Tuscany... Bertolli authentic Chianti... light, dry and mellow... for genuine enjoyment.



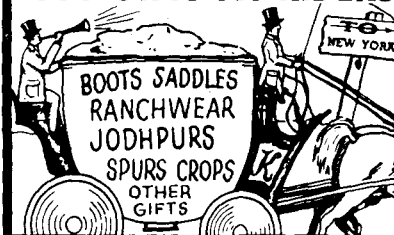
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC. • N. Y. C. 17

Bachrach photographs America's Top Men Bachrach

Fabian Bachrach, Photographer of Men
New York: 48 East 50th Street
PLaza 5-6233

Third Generation of a Famous Family of Portrait Photographers

1000 GIFTS for RIDERS



Kauffman

America's Great Riding Goods Store

139-141 E. 24th ST., N. Y. Est. 1875
BETWEEN 3RD & LEX. AVES.

Free Parking • • • MU 4-6060

macher Schlemmer, for \$6.50 (with battery)? Or a battery-powered electric toothbrush, for \$2.95 (with battery), at John Surrey, Ltd., 1152 Sixth Avenue (45th)? Or a plug-in electric pencil sharpener, for \$29.95, at Hammacher Schlemmer? Or, if you feel you should be a bit more lavish, Cartier can sell you a bejewelled eighteen-carat-gold dagger that serves as both a letter opener and a paperweight, for \$3,300. It's seven and a half inches long over all, and its hilt is a three-inch expanse of coral encrusted with cabochon emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and turquoises.

TOUCH football is another way of encouraging a man to get out in the fresh air, and, what's more, it seems to be an in sport at the moment. Alex Taylor, 7 East 38th Street, can supply the one essential piece of equipment for the game—a first-rate football made of full-grained cowhide strongly sewn with a lock stitch and triple-lined with cotton. It is a regulation night-game ball, with two white stripes near each end, for better visibility, which seems a good idea, since we understand that most touch football is played at dusk. The ball costs \$16.95.

A tennis ball of Swedish origin, which is regulation in size, weight, and bounce, has the extra virtue of washability. It can be thrown into the washing machine along with the shirts and socks, and will come out practically pristine. We are told that the ball will last forever, almost. A box of four of the balls costs \$3 at Stephen J. Feron, 55 East 44th Street, and at Abercrombie & Fitch. Or how about a heavy-duty tennis net, made of strong tarred linen-and-cotton twine and bound all around with tarred cotton binding? Both the net and the binding are doubled in the middle, where the wear and tear is greatest, and there's a steel cable inside the top binding, for stretching the net between the posts; \$85 at Feron.

As you probably know, the greatest step forward in fencing since Zorro is the electric scoring machine, which keeps track of who stabs whom and, unlike the human eye, is all but infallible. Well, at the *salle* of George Santelli, 412 Sixth Avenue (8th), you can find an electric foil (\$21), an electric épée (\$24), an electric vest (\$26), which is not to be confused with an electric belt, and—best of all—the scoring machine itself, made by the eminent fencing-equipment firm of Leon Paul, of London. It lights up like a pinball machine at each *touché*, and a plain white bulb goes on when someone is pinked in off-target, or foul, territory,



Ah!
This is the life
of McMullen—wools in camellia,
mint or honeysuckle:
cardigan, (also navy
or red), S, M, L, 25.00
Skirt, 10 to 18, 19.95 Silk shirt
in white, 8 to 16, 17.95
At all Lord & Taylor stores



WE'RE FAMOUS FOR WONDERFUL SHAMPOOS AT OUR ST. LOUIS BEAUTY SALON AND AT

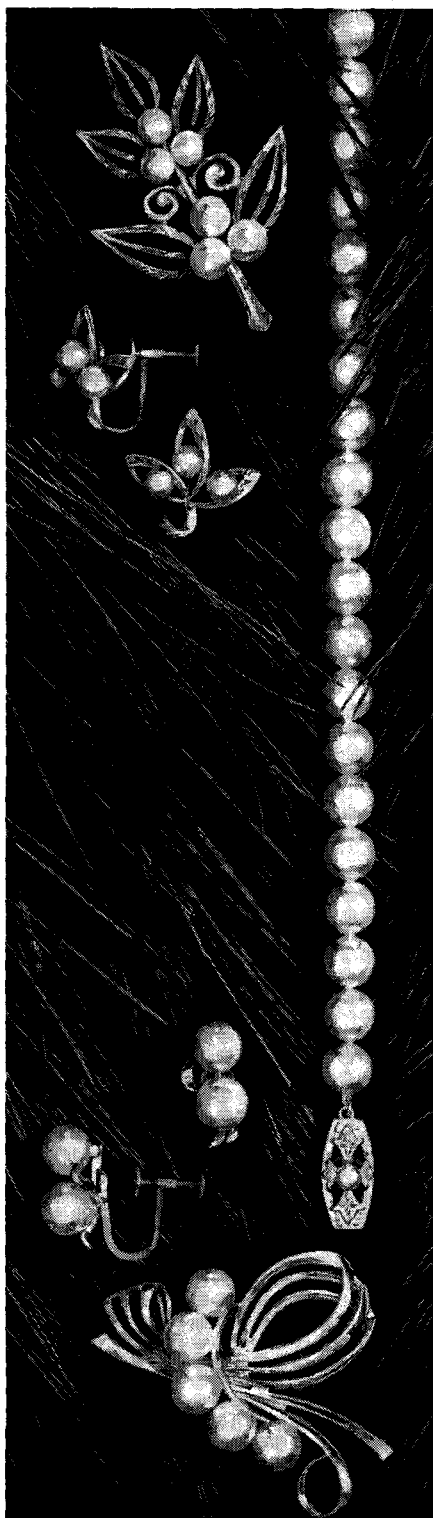
Beverly Hills, Cal., I. Magnin & Co.
Boston, Mass., The Ritz Carlton Hotel
Chevy Chase, Md., Woodward & Lothrop
Chicago, Ill., The Drake Hotel
Falls Church, Va., Woodward & Lothrop
Los Angeles, Cal., I. Magnin & Co.
Manhasset, L. I., B. Altman & Co.
New York, N. Y., B. Altman & Co.
New York, N. Y., Ritz Tower, Park & 57th
Oakland, Cal., I. Magnin & Co.

Palo Alto, Cal., I. Magnin & Co.
Paris, France, 51 Avenue Montaigne
St. Louis, Mo., Saks Fifth Avenue
San Francisco, Cal., I. Magnin & Co.
Short Hills, N. J., B. Altman & Co.
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop
Wauwatosa, Wis., 11 Mayfair Mall North
Westport, Conn., 159 Main Street
Wheaton, Md., Woodward & Lothrop
White Plains, N. Y., B. Altman & Co.

BECAUSE OUR STYLING ARTISTS SIMPLY ARE

Charles of the Ritz





An Heirloom for Christmas... the timeless beauty of a world famous Mikimoto Original.

Brooch of 6 cultured pearls set in a delicate hand engraved leaf of 14kt yellow gold...\$45. Matching Earrings of 14kt yellow gold...\$27.

Choker (14 1/2" long) of uniform cultured pearls (7 1/2 mm) with Mikimoto original clasp...\$180.

Brooch of five cultured pearls set in a swirl of 14kt yellow gold...\$87. Matching Earrings of 14kt yellow gold...\$57.

Plus 10% Fed. Tax. Mail orders accepted.
Tel. CI 5-8885



TAKASHIMAYA

562 Fifth Ave. at 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.
New York Tokyo Kyoto Osaka Yokahama

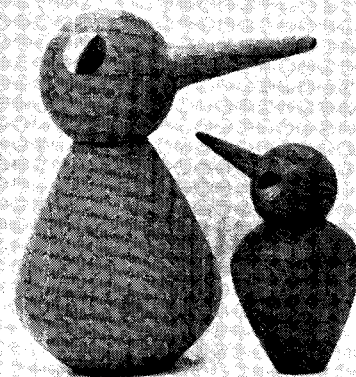
and it costs \$350. All you have to do is plug it in on A.C.

Maybe a shotgun is more in your man's line. In that case, the latest thing in the gun room of Abercrombie & Fitch, which is to shotguns as Fort Knox is to the wherewithal, is a single-barrelled *folding* shotgun, by the Baretta people, of Italy, which doubles up like a jackknife. It is intended as an extra gun around camp, and it comes in two sizes—a twenty-gauge chambered for a two-and-three-quarter-inch shell, and a .410 chambered for a three-inch shell. It has a handsome walnut stock with a hand-checked pistol grip, the barrel and the stock are permanently hinged, there's a cross-lock thumb safety on the trigger guard, and the price is \$59.75. Something a little fancier? Well, a Cosmi automatic shotgun, twelve- or twenty-gauge, which Abercrombie & Fitch unequivocally calls the best automatic shotgun there is, is as delicately balanced as a single-barrelled trap gun, and breaks like a single-barrel for cleaning and stowing away in a case. There's an eight-shell magazine in the stock, the ejector throws the shell cases up and out to the right, and the whole action is made of stainless steel, hand-fitted; \$750. And from there you can go on up to an elegant Purdey over-and-under twelve- or twenty-gauge that costs \$3,450, but nobody who invests in guns like that needs any advice from us.

A man who already has a shotgun might be pleased with a beer-can launcher—that is, a cylindrical contrivance, about eight inches long, that will throw an empty beer can a hundred feet high, for target practice. The launcher uses .22 blanks to hurl the can, and the price is \$24.25, complete with fifty .22 blanks, at A. & F. Another target apparatus, which throws conical paper cups out to be shot at, looks something like a fly rod; the cups have to be weighted, by a special weight, and how far they go depends on the muscles of the man wielding the whip rod, as you might call it. This costs \$9.98 at Abercrombie, and comes with fifty large paper cups and ten target weights.

SULKA's contribution to sports-car comfort is a pair of rabbit-lined leopardskin gloves, at \$125 a pair, which, as far as we know, sets a new altitude record for price tags on gloves. In the same great shirt-and-tie emporium you can find, for the first time, a raincoat. It's made of cotton poplin and it looks like any other nifty raincoat you'll see around town, but there is something very special about the poplin, because it can be dry-cleaned and dry-

**"We live at
Wilburt's...
along with all
the wonderful
toys, ceramics,
lacquer, china,
glass and gourmet
foods you want
for Christmas."
WILBURT INC.
194 Third Avenue
(Between 17-18 Sts.)**



PIERRE



GRILL

Just fine food . . . no music or entertainment. Authentic Indian Curry dishes served every day.

BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON • DINNER

Weekdays and Sundays

TELEPHONE—TEmpleton 8-8000

Hotel Pierre

FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET

**the child's photographer
ROYALTY SELECTS**



Josef Schneider

America's top child photographer
119 W. 57TH ST., N. Y. C. CO 5-1223

cleaned without losing its water-repellent quality. The coat is lined with the same poplin, and the price is \$55. De Pinna's newest raincoat is, they assure us, the thinnest one anywhere. It's made of silk and is processed to repel not only raindrops but oil splatters and practically anything else that might besmirch it; \$59.50. At the Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street, a vast four-passenger English umbrella, in black or—for the golf course—fresh violet, sugar violet, plain violet, French hyacinth, orchid, daring pink, wheat, honey, sunburst, mint, tarragon, blue beauty, gold, buttercup, sherbet pink, russet orange, deep-sea blue, baby blue, stained-glass blue, royal blue (only a few more to go now), plum, moss green, light gray, mineral gray, bone, beige, coffee, ginger, or white, costs \$15 in nylon or \$10 in tightly woven cotton.

A Roughrider campaign hat that looks as if it had done a lot of rough-riding costs \$3 at Francis Bannerman, which has moved its immense stockpile of martial relics from lower Broadway out to Corey Avenue, Blue Point, Long Island, and a somewhat fresher-looking campaign hat of First World War vintage costs \$5, which will give you an idea of how the cost of war has risen over the years.

This season's contrivance to help a man improve his golf swing is called the Swing-Chronizer, and is a battery-powered dingus, three inches long and an inch and a quarter wide, that clamps onto the shaft, near the head, of any club in the set and flashes a reproachful light if, in a practice swing, the golfer goofs; if, on the other hand, his swing and follow-through are all they should be, he hears a congratulatory thwack, like the sound of a well-hit ball. This know-it-all machine is available at John Surrey, Ltd.; it operates on two flash-light batteries, which are included in the price—\$12.95. Working on the simple physical principle that a warm golf ball that has been struck with a golf club recovers its shape faster than a cold golf ball similarly struck, and therefore travels farther, Abercrombie & Fitch has come forward with a pocket golf-ball warmer that holds two balls, works on lighter fluid, doubles as a pocket- and hand-warmer, and costs \$7.75.

We understand from the skiers of our acquaintance that the hottest thing in skis right now is the skis made by the Head Ski Company, down in Timonium, Maryland—a community we had always associated with country horse races rather than with skiing. However that may be, the Head skis are made of two layers of an extremely light, ex-



**SCOTLAND'S
BEST** DISTILLERIES
PRODUCE
CUTTY SARK
THIS QUALITY
SCOTCH WHISKY
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF

At fine stores and accredited decorators

for more than a century
John Widdicomb
makers of fine furniture in traditional and modern idiom

NEW YORK ONE PARK AVE. PHILADELPHIA 2301 CHESTNUT ST. GRAND RAPIDS EXHIBITORS BLDG.
Chicago - Cincinnati - Cleveland - Dallas - Denver - Indianapolis - Minneapolis - Pittsburgh - St. Louis - Los Angeles - San Francisco - Toronto

Write for the Book of John Widdicomb Furniture 64 pages (24 in full color) \$1.

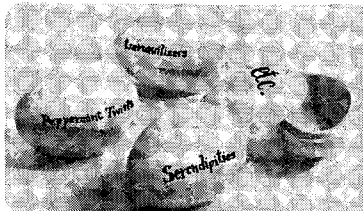
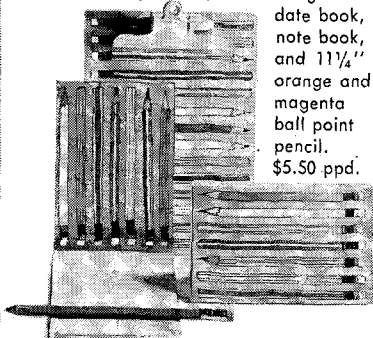


serendipity 3

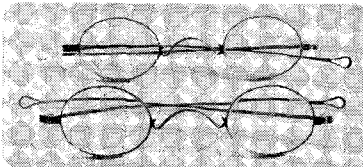
225 E. 60 ST. NYC 22 TE 8-3531

MERRY CHRISTMAS GIFTS
★★ FROM AMERICA'S ★★
MOST GENERAL STORE

Your home office set: matching pencil-patterned clip board, week-at-a-glance date book, note book, and 11¼" orange and magenta ball point pencil. \$5.50 ppd.



Our imported white Limoges egg-shaped dishes. For your Tranquilizers, Serendipities, Peppermint Twists, Etc. 3¾" long. Each \$3.95 ppd. (Specify inscription).



Uncle Ben's spectacles, made circa 1880. Never used. Decorative, useful (if they're your prescription). Each \$3.00 ppd.



The Teleidoscope—a tower of eyeful! Point it at what you will, see the world in limitless kaleidoscopic patterns. 10" of fun. \$2.50 ppd.



Before shopping (or after) (or during) have dinner with us. 6:30 to 9:30. Lunch 12 to 3. Coffees and pastries until 1 a.m.

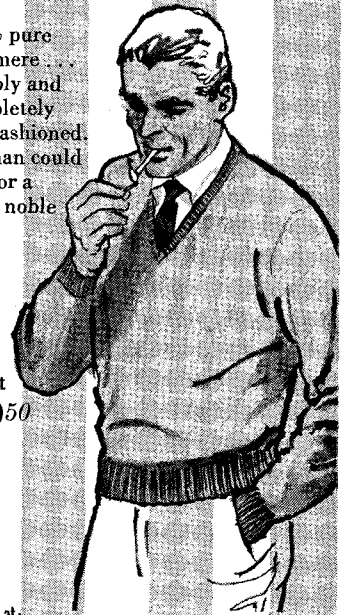
tremely strong aluminum alloy, with a core of vertically laminated edge-grained marine plywood in between. The sidewalls and running surfaces are of waterproof black phenolic plastic, and there are full-length one-piece flush edges of spring steel molded into the bottom aluminum plate. All this is standard on the Head skis, including the basic, all-purpose skis, which are \$98.50 a pair. Racing skis, with a two-ply aluminum top plate that is separated from the laminated core by a cushion of synthetic rubber, and with an aluminum-oxide film—which provides great speed and requires little waxing—on the running surface, cost \$122.50.

LET'S come in out of the cold for a moment. C. P. Leathercrafts, 21 East 57th Street, has a nicely worked-out box meant for storing sheet music on top of the piano or on a shelf in the library. It comes in top-grain cowhide, in any of fourteen colors, and it's gold-tooled; \$29.95. Initialling (around a dollar) takes a day or two. At Knize, 24 East 56th Street, there's a very slim billfold of black or dark-brown llama hide—a most flexible and durable leather. The billfold has two compartments for money and six for credit cards and so on, which seems a reasonable ratio, considering the way those credit outfits are multiplying, and it costs \$13.75. If you know somebody whose credit cards are really sacred to him, Black, Starr & Gorham is all set for you, and him, with a textured fourteen-carat-gold credit-card case that has a little panel of bright gold on one side for a facsimile of the signature that matters. It costs \$270, and the signature, which takes a week to engrave, costs \$3.75. Tripler is proud of a small, natural-pig-skin zippered envelope, lined with oil-skin, that will hold enough shaving equipment to see a man through a week-end; \$16.50. Another leather envelope at Tripler, this one meant to hold briefs and, in a pocket on the side, a newspaper, is made of top-grain cowhide and costs \$19.80. At the Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (21st), there's a walnut nutcracker—a nutcracker, that is, made of walnut wood. It works on the same principle as a thumbscrew, and costs \$2. Any hunter or fisherman who cooks his own catch—or any outdoor chef, for that matter—would no doubt be grateful for a modest Christmas remembrance in the form of a package or two of a heavy aluminum foil, black on one side and bright on the other, called Jet Chef and available at La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (72nd). The cook wraps the fish or fowl or what-

THANE®

CASHMERE CLASSIC

100% pure cashmere... two-ply and completely full-fashioned. No man could ask for a more noble gift!



about \$29.50

Available at:

Chicago—Lyttons • New York City—Wallach's
 Dallas—Dreyfuss • Cincinnati—Dunlap's

For other stores, please write 40 E. 34th St.
THANE MILLS, LTD. New York 16

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS



Yacht Haven

RESORT

Delightful efficiency suites, completely equipped and air conditioned. Superior cuisine. Two beaches, palm-fringed pool overlooking harbor and Charlotte Amalie. All sports, native entertainment.

Harry B. Howe, Gen. Mgr.

See your TRAVEL AGENT or
 William P. Wolfe Organization, Reps.
 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, LO 5-1115
 Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Miami
 Philadelphia • Montreal • Toronto

TIE TACKS



CABOCHON GARNET in 14K gold—\$15.00 plus tax.

ROCK CRYSTAL HORSE (also with trout, sailboat, stag) 14K gold. \$17.00 plus tax.

CORNELIAN INTAGLIO in 14K gold (no two alike—some with beaded border as pictured, some rope borders) \$20.00 plus tax.

ENAMEL in 14K gold—red or blue, other designs available. \$10.00 plus tax.

No Catalog

Old Buttons, INC.

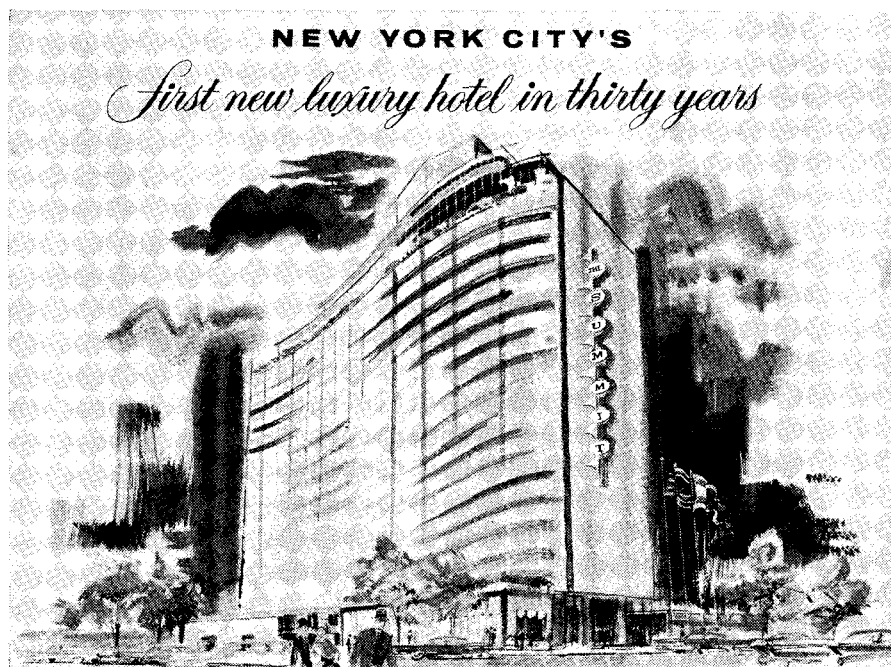
510 MADISON AVENUE BET. 52nd & 53rd ST., N.Y.C.

ever in the foil, black side out, and puts it on the fire, thus taking advantage of the well-known physical law that black absorbs heat and white repels it. As we get it, meat or fish cooked this way will brown quickly without drying out, and since the foil is to be thrown away after use, the saving on K.P. chores is worth considering. A pack of fourteen sheets of foil in assorted sizes costs \$1.95. Some superb double Old-Fashioned glasses are newcomers among the drinking paraphernalia at Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (58th); brilliantly clear, and thin without being fragile, they cost \$3.50 apiece. Regulation-size Old-Fashioneds to match are \$3. At Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), an evening pipe—no kidding; it has a short stem and an oval bowl, and is meant to slip into the pocket of a dinner jacket without bulging—comes in a dressy black polished Algerian briar and costs \$28.50. At Altman, we admired an eight-Martini carafe in heavy plated silver, with a trap to keep the ice cubes from splashing into the drinks when they're poured, at \$25, and then moved on to the seventh floor, where we admired a notable collection of wastebaskets. An eighteen-inch-high handmade job of pine with a sunburst carved on one side has an excellent wax finish and costs \$30.

Desk-top ornamentation is always a good Christmas bet, and Mario Buccellati, 703 Fifth Avenue (55th), has brought over from his Italian workshop a splendid set of small sterling-silver animals for that purpose. A giraffe is \$132, and so is a seal with a fish in its mouth; a snail with gold-tipped antennae is \$93.50; a kangaroo with a baby peeping out marsupially is \$407; and so on.

MARK CROSS has evolved a laudable variation on the faithful old flight bag, this one made of eleven-ounce putty-colored canvas, with top and straps of dark-brown cowhide. It holds four suits and the concomitant linen, it has a roomy zippered pocket outside, and it costs \$77. This plus a briefcase should see a man through a long trip, and it just happens that Mark Cross has the very briefcase—a sort of triple-decker attaché case. There's a file pocket in the lid, for papers, and there's a center section (for overnight gear) that snaps out; and then, of course, there's the case proper: the case is made of black or dark-brown soft cowhide, it's leather lined, and it costs \$165.

A tan duck-canvas flight bag at T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), accommodates from four to seven suits and supplementary luxuries,



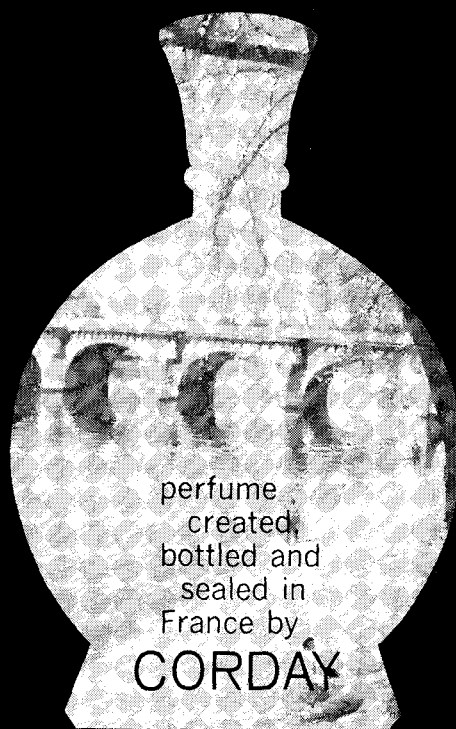
Rates from Fourteen Dollars for single rooms; from Eighteen Dollars for twin-bedded rooms

the **SUMMIT** OF NEW YORK
 A Renaissance of the Arts of Hospitality
 *
 EAST 51ST STREET AT LEXINGTON AVENUE PLAZA 2-7000
 Robert Huyot, Vice President & General Manager

LOEW'S HOTELS, INC. • PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT • C. C. PHILIPPE, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

the world's most lasting perfume

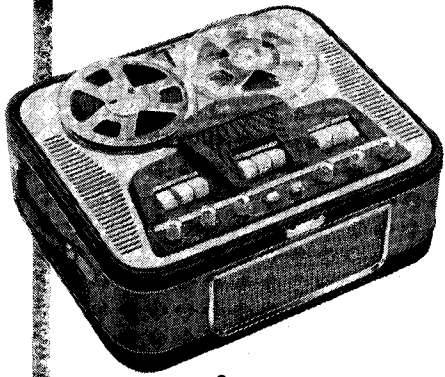
TOUJOURS MOI



perfume
 created,
 bottled and
 sealed in
 France by

CORDAY

*for the
1 family
in 17
that
demands
Recording
Studio
Quality
from their
tape
recorder...*



the **Norelco®**
Continental '400'

People actively engaged in the musical arts—amateurs as well as professionals—are finding the Continental '400' the practical solution to the problems of complexity and cost posed by professional recording equipment.

Guild-crafted by Philips of the Netherlands—the Continental '400' offers professional quality recording and playback, both stereo and mono, at moderate cost for home use.

Completely self-contained with dual recording and playback preamps, dual power amplifiers, stereo-dynamic microphone and two stereo-matched wide-range Norelco loudspeakers.

VERSATILITY: 4-track stereo recording and playback, as well as 4-track monophonic recording and playback at any of its 3 speeds.

FREQUENCY RESPONSE: at 7½ ips, 50-18,000 cps; at 3¾ ips, 50-14,000 cps; at 1½ ips, 60-7000 cps.

SIGNAL-TO-NOISE RATIO: 48 db or better.

WOW AND FLUTTER: less than .15% at 7½ ips.

CROSSTALK: 55db. **HEAD GAP:** .00012".

For illustrated brochure on the entire line of Norelco tape recorders, write dept. R-12

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC.
High Fidelity Products Division
230 Duffy Ave., Hicksville, L. I., N. Y.

In Canada and throughout the rest of the free world, the Norelco Continental is known as the 'Philips'.

and can be hung up on a hook, which folds out of sight the rest of the time. With leather binding its seams, and a zippered apron over the contents, for further protection, it costs \$52.25. A double hanging case, of duck canvas, for somebody who expects to be gone a long time, is built like a saddlebag, more or less, and holds eight suits. Anthony bills it as the world's lightest luggage for its size, and it weighs in empty at a shade over ten pounds. Ordinarily, there are hangers on both sides, but they can be taken out of one side to make room for other things; \$87.45. Quick identification in the airline baggage room or at the customs counter is the object of a dark-brown and light-brown checkerboard pattern chosen by Saks Fifth Avenue for its Belgian canvas luggage, which is handsomely groomed with brown cowhide bindings and strong brass locks, and comes in twelve shapes and sizes. The latest addition is a twenty-nine-inch case, almost as capacious as an old-fashioned steamer trunk, at \$96.25.

BESIDES fair weather, there's nothing a boat fancier would rather find under the Christmas tree, we should think, than a battery-operated power drill, manufactured by Black & Decker and sold at the Crow's-nest, 16 East 40th Street. It can, of course, be used far from an electric outlet (assuming that the boat has one), and it's safe for a man to use when he's standing in water up to his knees. There's no cord to get in the way, for which the operator should be thankful, and, furthermore, the battery that runs the drill is good for, say, two hundred quarter-inch holes through three-quarter-inch wood, or seventy-five half-inch holes, and it can be recharged just by being plugged in overnight on house current. The whole works weighs only four pounds and costs \$59.90, including the recharger. A blue-water sailor would almost certainly be cheered to receive an automatic distress-signaller, twenty inches long and five inches in diameter, which, when its telescoped antenna is pulled out, starts sending SOSes on the international distress frequency—2,182 kilocycles—and keeps on sending them for eight hours at full strength and another eight at diminishing strength, which should give plenty of time for rescuers to pinpoint the location. The signal, which is self-powered and entirely automatic, can transmit either from a boat or from the water (it floats). The price, including the battery that runs it, is \$149.50. It's at the Crow's-nest. A good seagoing spectacle

Alan Paine

What a gift! Any man would welcome one of these famous club-trim British cable sweaters.

At most fine stores.

Pullover about \$18,
cardigan about \$20.



In New York: Lord & Taylor; Chicago: Capper and Capper; Los Angeles: J. W. Robinson. For names of other fine stores, please write to: Frank L. Savage Inc. 17 East 37 Street, New York.

Handblown glass
from Roberto Niederer
of Switzerland

Necklaces
of clear and colored
beads and globes,
48" long
\$13.20 and \$16.50 (tax incl.)
The Family in Glass
4 pieces \$10.00
(add 55¢ postage)

furniture/fabrics/accessories
DR DESIGN RESEARCH INC.
57 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.
DR INTERNATIONAL INC.
866 Lex. Ave., New York 21, N.Y.

**CENTRAL PARK
VIEW...**

CENTRAL LOCATION TOO!
at the **BARBIZON-PLAZA HOTEL**



- 40 stories of gracious living
- Minutes from Radio City, 5th Ave. Shopping, Theatres
- Continental cuisine and service
- Dial-it-yourself climate control
- Every room with bath, radio, TV

Singles \$9.50 to \$15 • Doubles \$15 to \$23
Teletype NY 1-3949 • Phone CI 7-7000

Write for full color brochure #NY Or see your Travel Agent.

BARBIZON-PLAZA
106 Central Park South at 6th Avenue, N. Y.

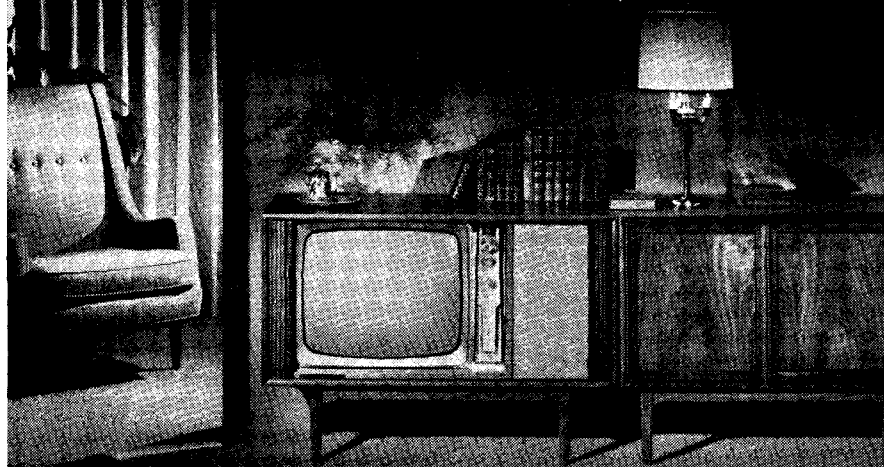
case at the same store has a stout clip for a shirt pocket and will also float, which should win it an enthusiastic welcome from any sailor who has ever leaned over the rail and, a second later, watched his spectacles sink out of sight in the briny. The case is made of a vinyl that looks like calfskin, it is lined with foam-rubber padding, and the seams are heat-welded; \$1.25.

AND then there are watches. Tiffany is selling a Patek Philippe stop-watch that is loaded with forty jewels, and you'll understand why it needs so many when it is explained that this instrument, which is round and made of eighteen-carat gold, not only splits seconds into fifths, which is about as fine a split as the human thumb can manage with a stopwatch pushbutton, but maintains a perpetual calendar that remembers the number of days in each month and adjusts itself to leap year, all automatically, and, for lagniappe, has a repeater mechanism that chimes out the hours, the quarter hours, and the minutes after the quarter hour; \$5,200. At Cartier there's a sterling-silver, fifteen-jewel, eight-day desk clock, a sort of sawed-off prism in shape, that also has a perpetual calendar, plus a most melodious alarm; it costs \$250. A round eighteen-carat-gold Cartier wristwatch, a little wisp of a thing no more than five millimetres thick (about like this:—), has eighteen jewels and a self-winding movement, and costs \$800. Speaking of thinness, Tripler has the thinnest cigarette lighter we've ever seen—a mere three-sixteenths of an inch. It's made of dull-finished gold, except for the wheel that strikes the spark, and each lighter constitutes, by its shape, a three-dimensional capital letter. All the letters are in stock except "X" and "Z" (poor Xavier, poor Zeke), and the price is \$220.

A set of marble bookends, each consisting of four graduated blocks of gray-white Carrara shaped like a group of standing books, is a likely notion; \$11.50 at Piazza Montici, 19 East 55th Street. And if you know of someone who would like to find an opium box in his stocking, the place to get it is Long Sang Ti, 24 East 55th Street, where there is a fine collection of opium boxes decorated with pale Peking enamel on silver. They would serve handsomely as containers for tranquillizers or vitamins, and most of them cost \$22. Does a princely pair of pruning shears sound promising? Max Schling Seedsmen, 538 Madison Avenue (54th), has just such a pair, made by the redoubtable firm of Wilkinson Sword, Ltd., which didn't forge

Motorola and Drexel

the most looked-at furniture in your home



A perfect duo for enjoyment! The reliable television of Motorola combined with fine cabinetry made by Drexel. Its contemporary walnut charm ideally suits the way you like to live, and matches Declaration®, one of Drexel's famed furniture collections. At Motorola dealers, or fine furniture and department stores everywhere.

Shown, left to right, from the Declaration collection: Upholstered arm chair, Motorola TV, (also available in matching Motorola stereo high fidelity), cupboard, captain's chairs and end table.



The Hornblower Representative is Ready to Help You!

Out of your investment depth? Help's right at hand. By training and experience, your Hornblower Representative's a top man for practical investment advice given with the personal touch that restores your self-confidence. He's not infallible, but whether your account is large or small, he'll welcome your inquiries.

P.S. Our current Market Letter, which discusses General Motors, International Harvester, J. P. Stevens and Westinghouse Electric, is yours for the asking. Write or call for NY 69.

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

Members New York Stock Exchange and other Principal Stock Exchanges

One Chase Manhattan Plaza, N.Y. 5 *400 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17 320 Park Ave., N.Y. 22
DI 4-6600 PL 1-1900 PL 2-4200

OFFICES COAST TO COAST

*Open Thursdays until 9 pm





The gin that needs no label

Coates Original PLYMOUTH Gin is made only in historic Plymouth, England, near the soft upland water of Devon so essential to its distinctive taste. Plymouth Gin is an original recipe and the flavor is unmistakable: eloquent, without being aromatic.

Once you've tasted the distinctive flavor of Coates Plymouth Gin you can tell it anywhere, anytime—whether it's served to you straight, in a martini or on the rocks. And ever afterwards you'll recognize Plymouth by its most distinguishing trademark—the flavor.

COATES
Plymouth
Gin IMPORTED FROM
ENGLAND

Note: Regulations require the label to appear on every bottle. But to those who know the taste of Plymouth, no label is needed. Distilled Gin. 94.4 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.



Excalibur but is probably the successor to whoever did. Anyway, Wilkinson was making swords on Ludgate Hill, in the City of London, when George III was taxing tea. Wilkinson turns out a fine pair of pruning shears, with light-weight alloy handles and double floating bearings for the blades, which have bevelled cutting edges that snip clean; \$12.25. Any of the Hoffritz stores, which are all over the place, will sell you a stainless-steel Swiss auto knife, which, like the Swiss army knife before it, has a number of tools. In this case, the tools are those a sports-car driver might need in an emergency—screwdrivers in several sizes, a saw, a metal and/or nail file, a wire stripper, a bottle opener, a punch and reamer, a pair of tweezers with a toothpick tucked away in the middle, and—oh, yes!—a knife blade; \$8.50.

Brooks Brothers has acquired a first-rate collection of binoculars used by aircraft spotters of the British Navy during the Second World War. They are outsize ten-power glasses—a foot and a half long, and very heavy—with three filters for varying light conditions and protective cups in front to keep out spray. These are a bit too unwieldy for watching horse races, which is too bad, because they have an unusually wide field, but they would be great for watching the America's Cup races, say, or for any kind of nautical viewing. To tell the truth, they're more collector's items than anything else, and they're all in good condition. They arrive stowed away in their original wooden boxes, and the price is \$242 a pair. At E. B. Meyrowitz, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd), there's a compact telescope called Bal-scope 10 that is dandy for bird watching. It has ten-power magnification and a field of vision of about a hundred and fifty-two feet at a thousand yards, which is about as narrow as a bird watcher could ask for; \$9.95. A plastic case for it is \$1. A brand-new and reportedly jamproof portable slide projector for 35 mm. or two-and-a-quarter-inch-square transparencies has been developed by Minneapolis-Honeywell. It sort of floats the slides into position by means of a magnetic action that is said to eliminate fifty per cent of the slide-changing machinery, and thus also to eliminate a lot of wear and tear on the slides. It has pushbutton remote controls for changing the slides, focussing, reversing the slide sequence, indicating specific points of interest with a light pointer, and so on. There's also a dial that can be set to change the slides automatically at five-, ten-, or fifteen-second intervals, and there's a pushbutton for getting rid of a



Lady Macintosh

London-tailored of finest English poplin, IMPERVION* provides the highest degree of water-and-stain repellency. Needs no re-proofing—even after repeated washings or dry-cleanings. Attractive off-white color, \$49.50. Scarf-hood, \$3.95. *Trademark

At all fine stores or write Robert Appleby & Co., Inc., sole U.S. importer of Macintosh weathercoats. 250 Park Ave., New York 17.



SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER:

"Signing this sea-dog under the bowsprit is the sundowner's lash for bleeding the Wanderer's stingo." Excellent Dining Facilities.

Whaler Bar

HOTEL LANCASTER

(formerly Midston House)

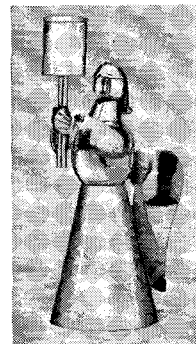
MADISON AVE. AT 38th ST.

for the finest from Mexico

Angel Candleholder
of handcrafted brass.

2 1/2 in., 2.50
3 1/2 in., 3.50
4 1/2 in., 5.00
5 1/2 in., 7.50

Christmas gift wrapped
Mail Orders, 50¢ extra
Catalogue on Request



THE PHOENIX
PAN AMERICAN SHOP

New York
Washington

793 Lexington Ave. at 61st, N. Y. C.

picture before its allotted time is up, after which the automatic controls take over again. The machine weighs seventeen pounds in its carrying case, and the price is \$210 at Peerless Camera, 415 Lexington Avenue (43rd).

At Hammacher Schlemmer, we spotted a two-seater vehicle, a sort of tricycle, that runs on a three-horse-power motor and can go as fast as twenty miles an hour. It is meant for dismantling and stowing in the cabin of an airplane or the glory hole of a boat, and Hammacher Schlemmer tells us that it can be put together in five minutes with nothing more than a screwdriver—or, if no screwdriver is handy, a fifty-cent piece. Made by H. L. Diehl, of South Willington, Connecticut, it has four forward speeds and one reverse, balloon tires, a ball-fringed surrey top, and a horn, and it costs \$431 with front and rear lights, and \$399.50 without.

If you have a magician on your Christmas list and, like any magician worthy of the name, he has a jacket with buttonholes in both lapels, the thing for you to do is hasten to the Magic Center, 739 Eighth Avenue (46th), and buy him the components of and the instructions for the Jumping Carnation trick, in which the flower leaps, or appears to leap, from one lapel to the other; \$12.50. The Magic Center is full of such notions. For instance, a trick in which a seed, placed on a coat lapel, flowers at the touch of a wand into a full-grown carnation costs \$4; if it flowers into two carnations, it's \$5.50. Or how about a magic rosebush? When the magician says the right words and waves his wand, the bush gradually blossoms with a dozen American Beauty roses, which the magician can cut off and distribute to his admiring audience; \$95. Or you can get your magician a set of gloves that, when he peels them off his fingers, slaps them together, and tosses them into the air, explode into a bouquet of flowers, which he catches as it falls; \$8.50.

And now watch carefully, because we're going to pull a disappearing trick. *Presto!*

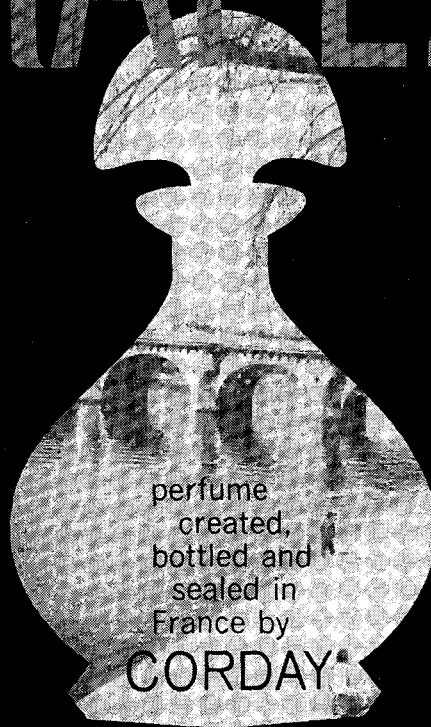
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[Letter from the First Philadelphia Corporation, investment bankers]

The investor interested in participating in speculative adventures in the advanced technical and scientific fields through our research and suggestions should make himself known to us by opening an account. Our offer to open new accounts will be only limited by the natural reluctance of many readers to answer our offer.

the daring young fragrance

TRAPEZE



**Something
wonderful will happen
when you send
for your free
Dansk catalogue!**

(Our sales will go up.)

The catalogue contains pictures of the complete collections, from salad bowls and salt-and-pepper sets, to casseroles and candlesticks. They're all irresistible. Send for your free copy:

@DANSK DESIGNS, INC., DEPT. Y930, GREAT NECK, L.I., NEW YORK

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 30

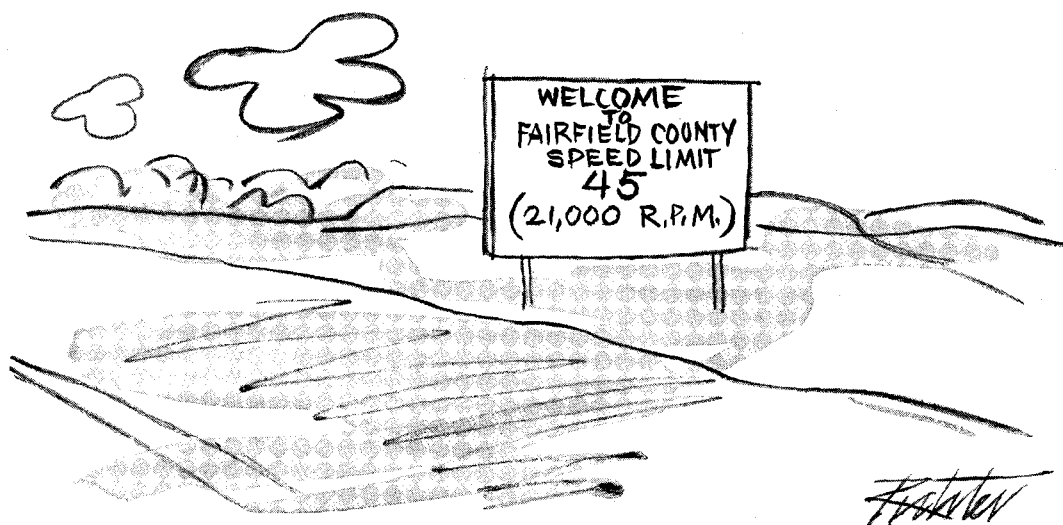
THE reassignment of Chester Bowles, W. Averell Harriman, and several other White House and State Department aides has twice been described by the President as "a better matching of the men with their tasks and responsibilities." It is described by some of the President's subordinates as an attempt, and a fairly desperate one, to make the State Department an effective agency of American foreign policy—something it has conspicuously failed to be, they maintain, throughout this administration. To achieve this worthy aim, they say, the President has in some cases been compelled to do the opposite of what he claims to have done. George Ball, who has replaced Mr. Bowles as Under-Secretary, is an international lawyer of extraordinary gifts. A former American attorney for the European Coal and Steel Community and for the Common Market, he has been, as Under-Secretary for Economic Affairs, a highly respected and, in many ways, a creative American ambassador to these consortia. If Britain irons out its difficulties with the Commonwealth and joins the Common Market, and if this country makes an adjustment of its trade practices that will enable it to enjoy advantageous arrangements with an economically integrated Western Europe, a generous share of the credit, it is felt here, will go to Mr. Ball. As Under-Secretary, he may continue to address himself to the large problems he has been dealing with up to now, but he will have to do so in whatever time he has left over from being an office manager—the job Mr. Bowles is said to have fallen down on. (The complaint seems to be that he fell down on the more routine matters. The administration

continues to compliment itself on the ambassadorial appointments he recommended, and much of what the President's friends are saying about the Department was first heard from Mr. Bowles.) Mr. Harriman's case is similar. As an Ambassador-at-Large, reporting to the President from all over the world and negotiating in his behalf at the Geneva conference on Laos, he was immensely successful. His quarter-century of experience lent authority to his reports, and his personal prestige gave force to his presence in negotiations. In his new position, as Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs, his range will be narrowed, and much of his experience and prestige will be wasted. Still another case is that of Richard N. Goodwin, now a Special Counsel to the President. In the White House, Mr. Goodwin has been one of the most versatile members of the President's staff. He is perhaps the principal architect of the Alliance for Progress, the administration's program for Latin-American development. He has worked on a half-dozen pieces of domestic legislation. He has been one of Mr. Kennedy's principal speechwriters. When no one else showed much interest in the matter, he took over the job of arranging to preserve the monuments of the Upper Nile Valley from disappearing under the waters of the Aswân High Dam. He will now go to work as deputy to a man whose appointment he advised the President to make—Robert F. Woodward, Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs.

Nevertheless, there is a feeling in administration circles that if a thoroughgoing reform of the State Department can be brought to pass, it will be worth nearly any sacrifice. Almost from the start of this administration, there has

been intense dissatisfaction on the part of the White House and other agencies with the performance—or, as some would have it, the non-performance—of the Department, and in particular with that of its career officers of the lower and middle ranks. This dissatisfaction has been one of the most striking and unexpected developments of the past year, and it has given rise to an interagency feud of a kind that has not been seen here (outside the armed services, anyway) for at least a decade. There is no reason to suppose that disenchantment came as anything but a sharp surprise to the President and his advisers. True, at the time Mr. Kennedy took office a close political associate of his—Senator Jackson, of Washington, chairman of the Subcommittee on National Policy Machinery of the Senate Committee on Government Operations—had put in a year amassing evidence that was to support the conclusion he announced two weeks ago in a final report: "No task is more urgent than improving the effectiveness of the Department of State." Moreover, the platform on which Mr. Kennedy ran—prepared under the direction of, and largely written by, Chester Bowles—declared, "The Democratic Party welcomes the study now being made by the Senate Subcommittee on National Policy Machinery. The new Democratic administration will revamp and simplify this cumbersome machinery." When Mr. Kennedy took office, however, he authorized Dean Rusk to say, in a morale-building message to the Department, that the President would "rely heavily upon the Department of State for the conduct of our foreign relations," adding, "This will not be a passive reliance but an active expectation on his part that this Department will in fact take charge of foreign policy." More-

over, if the President had really foreseen the problem of reforming the entire agency as extremely urgent, it is most unlikely that he would have discharged his heavy political and intellectual obligations to Mr. Bowles by giving him a primarily administrative job. (There is no statute or ancient tradition charging the Under-Secretary with managerial functions, but in the postwar State Department the Under-Secretary has generally been the man responsible for its supervision.) Nor, probably, would Mr. Bowles have accepted



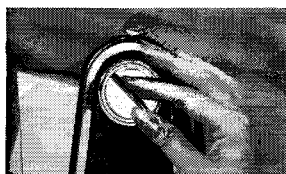
New TV elegance!



Introducing the World's Finest High-Performance TV

Town and Country by PHILCO

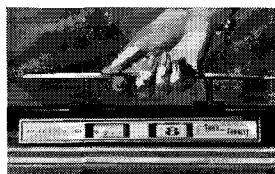
Here's the newest, most beautiful portable TV ever created! No portable ever packed such power, performance, polish! No portable ever boasted such slim, clean, Continental styling. Yet beneath its sparkling black beauty rests the heart of TV's sharpest, most brilliant Vivid Vision picture — the world's finest high-performance portable-TV chassis! Features that portables never claimed before make it so simple to set, change, tote, enjoy. But you must see it *in the metal* . . . you must pick it *up*, set it *down*, spin it *round*, *walk* it, *watch* it! And you must pay a little more for it, too. But, then, there's no finer portable TV made! It's from the creators of "Slender Seventeen" and "Briefcase" TV—it's Town and Country—from Philco!



Top-End tuning—Sure-acting, solid-sounding, beautiful. Complements tapered, elegant styling! Try it!



Soft-Glo Channel Window—Large, easy-to-read, illuminated station indicator. Visual Volume Control lets you dial preferred loudness every time!



Hideaway Handle telescopes into cabinet when not in use. Sturdy, smooth, comfortable. See it!

PHILCO
Famous for Quality the World Over

Illustrated—Philco 3244 "Black Beauty," 19" over-all diagonal measurement, 172-sq.-in. picture-viewing area. All Philco TV covered by new 90-day Total TV Guarantee—parts, tubes, even service labor, at no extra cost to you!



Only the look is priceless

Crepe made with Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber, recaptures the look of easy elegance from the days of Vionnet. This bias cut hostess gown flows gently over the hips and its cowl bodice sparkles with sequins. Onondaga's *acetate* and *rayon* crepe in royal blue or red. Sizes 8-16. About \$120 at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas & Houston. Celanese®

Celanese
contemporary fibers

the office. In his earlier days, he may have been an interested and competent administrator, but for some years now his forte has been inspiration rather than organization. If he or Mr. Kennedy had thought of the office as one that required its occupant to burrow about in the lower reaches of the bureaucracy and not soar into the upper reaches of policy, they would both, no doubt, have agreed that the position should be filled by a different sort of man. It seems reasonably clear that they did not see the job in that way, or the Department as standing in any great need of reorganization. They may not have regarded it as the handsomest ornament of American democracy, but they probably tended, as so many other people did, to view it with sympathy, and to attribute most of its shortcomings to the attention paid it in the early fifties by Senator McCarthy and to the inattention paid it in the mid-fifties by John Foster Dulles, who felt no pressing need for help from his subordinates and therefore did not concern himself either with the number and kind of subordinates he had or the kind of work they were or were not doing.

It can, of course, be argued today that these titans of the past decade bear a good deal of responsibility for the present character of the State Department. Senator McCarthy drove some first-rate men out of the Foreign Service and almost certainly discouraged other first-rate men from entering it. Neither Dean Acheson nor Mr. Dulles offered him much resistance, and Mr. Dulles did nothing to encourage individual initiative among those who remained. But Senator McCarthy can hardly be blamed for the fact that the personnel of the Department is more than thirty-five times the size it was twenty years ago. "There is serious overstaffing," Senator Jackson reported last week. "Unnecessary people make for unnecessary layering, unnecessary clearances and concurrences, and unnecessary intrusions on the time of officials working on problems of real importance." Nor can John Foster Dulles be held altogether responsible for what administration people hold is a reluctance of Department officers to take any part in the formulation of policy when they are offered the chance to do so. The real trouble with the Department, according to its critics in the White House and elsewhere, is its own staggering size and complexity, or "pure staff accumulation," in the phrase of the discoverer of Parkinson's Law, who showed how British Admiralty officials had in-



THE Fontainebleau
HOTEL
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

proudly presents a
pleasure program
for
Guests and their Friends
with privacy assured

- * New indoor pool * Ice skating * Tennis
- * Bowling lanes * New Club Gigi
- * Spa, Gym * Billiard room
- * Golf * Traditional hospitality
- * Complimentary entertainment
- * American/European plan

NEW YORK
Circle 5-7800
CHICAGO
ANdover 3-4181

Ben Novack
President

Duke Stewart
General Manager

Relaxing Surroundings

The Inn offers wonderful food and lodgings in a delightful atmosphere located in the scenic countryside adjoining the Princeton University campus. 100 guest rooms. Cocktail lounge. Private function rooms. Excellent golf.

DOUBLE ROOMS FROM \$10.00
WRITE, OR CALL WALNUT 4-5200

PRINCETON
INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

Imported
Bavarian
BEER



It is
1643
when
you
drink
**Würzburger
hofbräu**

Unchanged for over 300 years
Original Beer Imp. & Dis. Co. Inc., New York 16, N.Y.

creased by seventy-eight per cent and become "a magnificent navy on land" while the seagoing Navy was in steady decline, and how the staff of the Colonial Office had multiplied more than four times over in a period of imperial liquidation. The growth of the State Department has been accompanied, of course, by an immense growth in its business, owing not only to the increase in American power and responsibility but to the doubling of national sovereignties and to the development of many new international organizations. "You see, sir," Dean Rusk testified before Senator Jackson's subcommittee, "because of the pace of business, relatively junior officers in the Department of State are sending out telegrams on matters which before World War II might well have gone to the Secretary himself." Moreover, some of the Department's thirty-seven thousand employees work for agencies that were once independent, such as the International Cooperation Administration. Nevertheless, Senator Jackson, in his statement of last week, said that "many offices have reached . . . the point where the quantity of staff reduces the quality of the product."

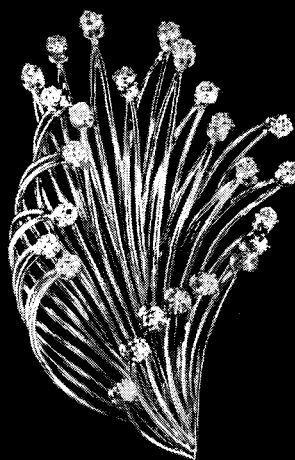
The important product of inferior quality most often cited by the more vehement of the Department's critics was the American response to the *aide-mémoire* on Berlin given Mr. Kennedy by the Soviet Premier on June 4th. Like most Russian notes, this one, which was also addressed to the British and French Foreign Offices, said nothing that had not been said many times in the course of the preceding two and a half years. It took no diplomatic clairvoyance to see that the American reply could be nothing but a rejection of the Russian claims and an assertion of our own. All that could possibly be demanded of the authors of the American note was that they be speedy, clear, and brisk. It would help if they were eloquent, too—for diplomatic notes nowadays are judged largely as propaganda documents—but eloquence was not expected. Since diplomatic notes, whatever their purpose, must be prepared in diplomatic offices, the President asked the State Department to prepare an answer to Mr. Khrushchev. Forty-three days later, the State Department was ready. A bit of this time had gone into the obligatory consultations with our allies, but the British and French were ready with their answers a long time before we were, and became almost as impatient as the White House at the slow grinding of the State Department mills. The consultations with for-

The once & future crystal



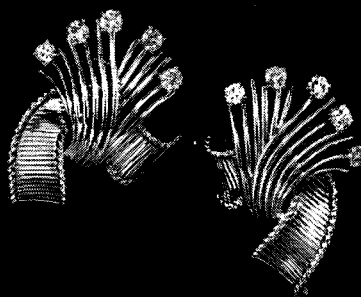
Lismore is the most popular of all the Waterford Crystal suites—and like all genuine Waterford Crystal, it is derived from a centuries-old design translated into a full suite of timeless beauty, by the craftsmen of Waterford, Ireland.

**Waterford
Crystal**



Bright Burst of Beauty. Flaring sprays of diamond-tipped 18kt. gold... the brooch, \$1,250... the matching ear-clips, \$785.

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847



Shown actual size
Fed. tax incl.

FIFTH AVE. AND 52 ST., NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • PLaza 3-0111

340 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

"Scotch me
lightly"

*Ambassador
Deluxe*



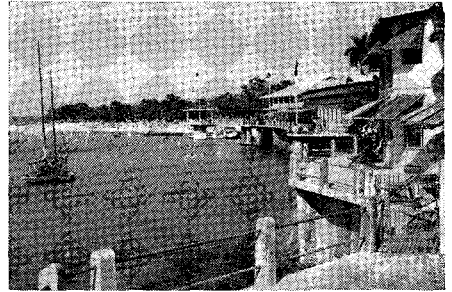
THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST SCOTCH

Say "Scotch me lightly" for Ambassador Deluxe. Does that mean less Scotch in your glass? No. You're asking for more lightness in your Scotch. Next time you're with friends, have the world's finest light Scotch... have Ambassador Deluxe.

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF
QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., N. Y., N. Y.

eign governments took nowhere near as long as the consultations between one State Department desk and another. It has been estimated that as many as fifteen people had a hand in writing and rewriting the reply, and that at least a few of these worked on nothing else between early June and July 17th, when it was finally released, together with the long-delayed British and French notes. When it eventually came through, it had none of the virtues the President had hoped for. It was long-winded, it was strident, its rhetoric was sleazy, and it sounded more than anything else like the kind of speech Andrei Gromyko might make if he were on our side. Large chunks of it seemed to be—and probably were—taken from earlier notes, and it is possible that a good many of the interdepartmental memoranda, or notes about the note, dealt with which past documents it might be advisable to crib from. Meanwhile, the President, or someone in his office, had composed a brief and vigorous rejoinder that covered all the ground in about a quarter of the space. It would have served the purpose admirably if it had been written by an authorized note-writer. The President read it to his press conference the day after the release of the official note.

Similar incidents have been numerous. Not long ago, a Cabinet officer wished to issue a statement on a matter that bore so tangentially—and, he thought, so innocuously—on foreign policy that he was of a mind not to trouble the State Department about it at all. Then he decided that the Department might expect consultation as a courtesy. He sent his statement over, and was advised that it involved some serious matters that would have to be studied in the Department. Two weeks later, it came back to his office with a memorandum noting that it didn't seem to involve any serious matters after all, and that the Secretary should feel free to issue it at a time of his own choosing. By then, the occasion for it had passed. An ambassador delayed making an appointment to see the head of the government to which he was accredited until the Department should give him its guidance on what points it might be helpful for him to discuss at the meeting. The guidance, when it came, was a crude, dogmatic, elementary explanation of what American foreign policy is all about. Had he imposed upon the Prime Minister's time with a restatement of it, he might well have cued a request for his own recall. He put the cable aside, decided for himself what sort of pre-



Casa Blanca

Montego Bay, Jamaica, W. I.

A Casa Blanca holiday gives you the best of everything in Jamaica... a superb location on famed Doctor's Cave Beach, lovely, air-conditioned guest rooms, extraordinarily fine cuisine and facilities for all sports.

Donald R. Knight, General Manager

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

or our International Representatives

ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
630 Fifth Ave., New York
JUdson 6-4500

Also in Boston • Washington
Chicago • Toronto • London



It's shocking if
you don't give her

*Shocking
de
Schiaparelli*

at leading
cosmetic counters



Piazza Montici Originals



Alabaster owl
paperweight;
grey, agate or
malachite green.
3 1/2" high, 5.50 ppd.



Ceramic owl cigarette box;
hand painted natural colors.
4 1/2" high, 11.50 ppd.

No C.O.D.'s please.
Send for our Illustrated
Christmas Brochure



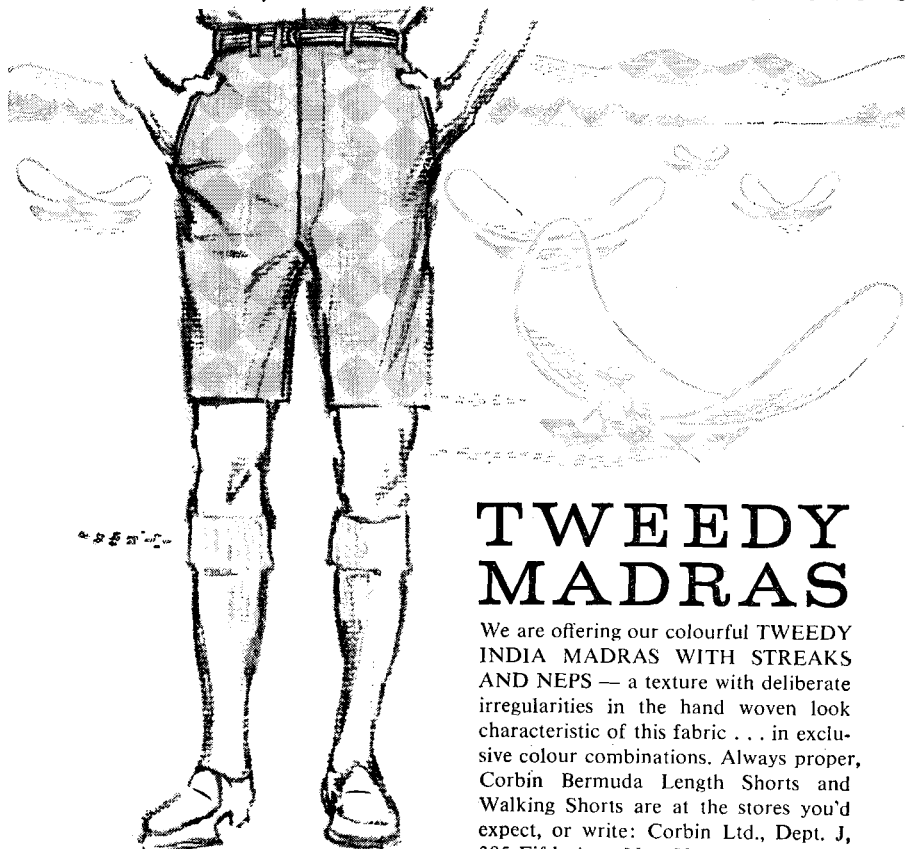
the Piazza Montici
19 EAST 55TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. • PL 5-8826

sensation to make, and, on his next trip here, showed the Department's advice to the President, who threw it in the wastebasket and said that a man on an ambassador's salary ought to be able to think for himself.

IN a way, it is ironic that the first really bitter and specific complaints about bureaucracy in a good many years should come from liberal and left-wing Democrats, who are frequently accused of having invented it, or at least of having imported it from France. President Eisenhower was always ready to speak in dispraise of big government, but government grew steadily bigger throughout his eight years in office, and it was during his administration that the State Department headquarters in Foggy Bottom was transformed from an office building of a conventional and comprehensible sort into a small city, like the Pentagon, where travellers are given maps. ("This building itself destroys energy and time," a Kennedy appointee said recently. "It contains too many people, and makes it too easy for them to see one another. The new conference rooms have led to the holding of a hundred and seventy-nine per cent more conferences than ever before.") The Eisenhower administration opposed bureaucracy in principle but managed to live quite comfortably with it. The Kennedy administration might not oppose it in principle if it were able to live with it. One of the most important differences between this administration and the last is that the White House today is staffed by people whose primary concern is with policy. President Eisenhower put his policy men into Cabinet departments and surrounded himself with people who could help him in making political judgments and in running the Executive Office. On such matters as the preparation of notes, the Eisenhower people tended to accept bureaucratic procedures, because no other procedures were available to them. The Kennedy people grow furious over a delay of forty-three days, because they know that any one of a half dozen of their own number could take care of the matter in a couple of hours. Moreover, they would enjoy doing it, and they resent the jurisdictional traditions that make it inadvisable for them to do it. This, of course, breeds grievances in the State Department, whose career officers tend to blame all the recent difficulties on the amateurism of what they regard as the would-be Secretaries of State in the White House. And they have points of their own, small but

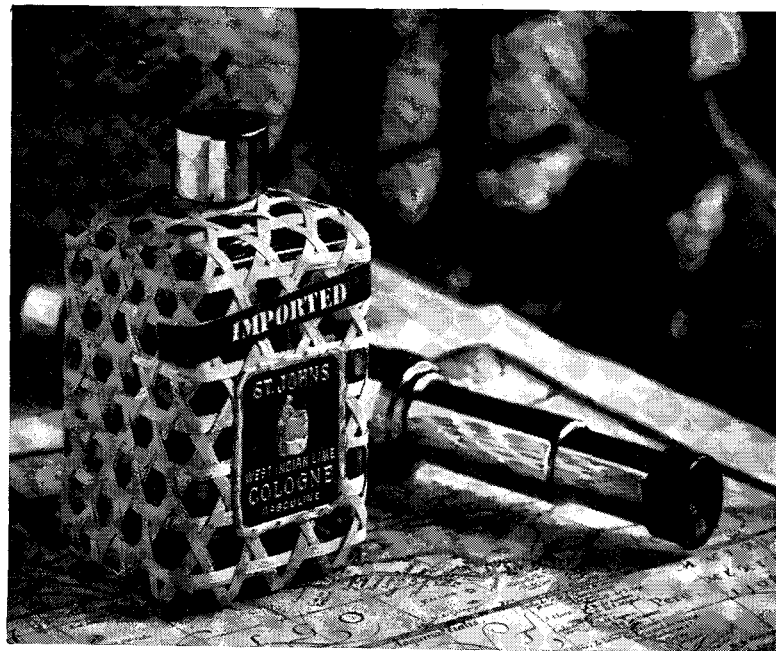
TROUSERED BY CORBIN

the man who put natural shoulders on trousers



TWEEDY MADRAS

We are offering our colourful TWEEDY INDIA MADRAS WITH STREAKS AND NEPS — a texture with deliberate irregularities in the hand woven look characteristic of this fabric . . . in exclusive colour combinations. Always proper, Corbin Bermuda Length Shorts and Walking Shorts are at the stores you'd expect, or write: Corbin Ltd., Dept. J, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



This cologne swaggers

As robust as a buccaneer chanty. Yet as refreshing as dusk at sea. St. Johns West Indian Lime Cologne is blended of the essence of true West Indian limes with tropical woody spices added. Eight ounces, seven dollars and fifty cents; four ounces, four dollars and fifty cents. Plus tax. Each bottle has a handwoven jacket of palm frond. Imported only to fine shops from the Virgin Islands.

West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. For name of nearest store, write our U.S. Agent, Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd., 292 Madison Avenue, New York.



Mandi Safar LE FETE



In Penang, Selangor and the Malacca States, Muslims don their brightest costumes to dance on the beaches during Mandi Safar. Dancers and singers from islands far and near gather in Tahiti for the week-long Le Fete du 14 juillet. The Pit Senyor, combining classic dancing with western rock 'n roll, celebrates the feast of Santo Nino at Cebu in the Philippines.

The hula is the thing in Hawaii on Kamehameha Day, commemorating the first ruler of the islands. During India's Holi festival of colors, revelers dye their clothes in rainbow hues to sing and dance in the streets.

Discover the PACIFIC

Think of it. Now you can visit the Pacific in modern comfort and luxury, see long-forbidden native rituals, civilizations older than recorded history emerging into a new world, friendly, hospitable, extending an unforgettable welcome. To start, talk with your travel agent.

Want literature? Write to PATA, 153 Kearny St., San Francisco 8, for special Pacific brochure.

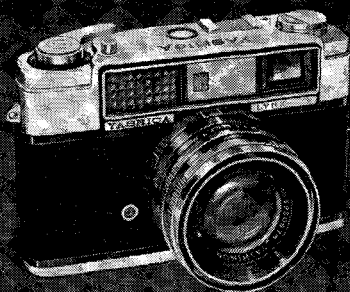
AUSTRALIA BURMA FIJI HAWAII HONG KONG
INDIA INDONESIA JAPAN KOREA MACAO
MALAYA NEW CALEDONIA NEW ZEALAND
PHILIPPINES SAMOA SINGAPORE TAHITI TAIWAN
THAILAND VIETNAM

not negligible, to score. When, for example, the President felt called upon to make a statement denouncing the Soviet Union's resumption of atmospheric testing, the State Department, foreseeing the strong possibility that this country might itself resume testing, urged the White House to stress the threat to peace and to disarmament agreements, rather than the dangers of radioactive fallout. The White House thought this a kind of Machiavellian evasion, and the President went ahead with an eloquent statement on fallout, broadcast worldwide by the Voice of America. It was only a few days later that the Voice of America was explaining to the world that the United States might soon have no choice but to resume testing in the atmosphere, and nothing more was heard about fallout.

THE general feeling here is that if the improvement of State Department services deserves the priority the White House is giving it, then most of the changes that have been ordered are to the good. George Ball and W. Averell Harriman have performed their old jobs superbly, and both have had recent experience in administration. (During most of Mr. Bowles' trips abroad in the last few months, the majority of his departmental chores were performed by Mr. Ball.) W. W. Rostow, who is leaving the White House to head the State Department's Policy Planning Council, should be able to restore to the Council some of the intellectual vigor and political imagination it had when it was first organized—as a “staff” rather than a “council”—by General Marshall, with George Kennan as its head. (In those days, it was the fountainhead of American policy. “The Policy Planning Council,” according to Senator Jackson, “is not now in the mainstream of policymaking.”) Mr. Rostow was the President's choice for this job from the start, and did not get it then because of resistance from Department career men and from Mr. Rusk. Mr. Rostow and Richard Goodwin have probably generated as many ideas in the past nine or ten months as the Council has in the past nine or ten years. What the President has really done, though, is to fill high State Department offices with men who are capable of turning out acceptable work on their own. It is by no means certain that they can find a way of putting to good use a staff grown so large that the principal problem, according to the Secretary, is “not to have responsibility lost in faceless organization.”

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

a 35mm camera
that tells you
when to shoot



Yashica Lynx

Needle in camera finder lets you “see” the correct exposure as you frame and focus the scene. For perfect exposure, simply center needle and shoot. Other features include: automatic parallax correction, flash shutter to 1/1000th and coupled rangefinder. Under \$90. See your dealer for exact price. For further details, write Dept. C.

① YASHICA, INC., WOODSIDE 77, N. Y.

PEOPLE OF INTEREST FIND THAT THE
NEW CAFÉ LOUIS XIV INTERESTS THEM



CAFÉ LOUIS XIV

RESERVATIONS: CIRCLE 6-5800
16 W. 49 ST. AT ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
OPEN UNTIL 1 A.M., 7 DAYS A WEEK

GENE NORMAN'S

Crescendo

Olympia
2-1800

ON THE SUNSET STRIP
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Opening
Dec. 20th

DON RICKLES
BILLY WARD
and his
DOMINOS



Treat her with charm...treat her with color
give her gaily-wrapped *Hiram Walker's* Cordials

For a gay change of pace, give her Hiram Walker's bevy of beautifully wrapped cordials—a perfect gift for *the* perfect hostess. Four favorite flavors . . . Creme de Menthe, Creme de Cacao, Blackberry Flavored Brandy and Anisette—four delightful suggestions for ending an elegant dinner—for beginning a sparkling evening of entertainment.

GREEN AND WHITE CREME DE MENTHE, BROWN AND WHITE CREME DE CACAO, ANISETTE, 60 PROOF; BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY, 70 PROOF. HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS



HIRAM WALKER'S
CORDIALS
A Rainbow of Distinctive Flavors

DECISIONS DECISIONS! DECISIONS



Let "The Dermatologists' Report" help you decide which shaver to give him

Three prominent dermatologists conducted this year-long medical study of modern shaving devices.

These specialists tested all leading makes of shaving instruments—both blade and electric—for closeness of shaves and skin protection, too.

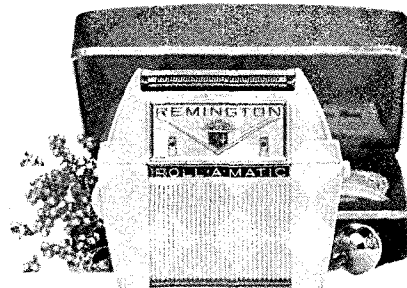
At the study's conclusion, these noted dermatologists agreed that Remington—because of its adjustable roller

combs—offers the best combination of a safe close shave with the least irritation.

Doesn't this medical finding, recently published in a leading medical journal, tell you that Remington is the type of shaver your man should have? Only Remington shavers are made with adjustable roller combs. And what better time than Christmas to get him one?



NEW CORDLESS SHAVER! REMINGTON LEKTRONIC™. Self-powered. Shaves without a cord. No batteries to replace. Recharges on its own charging stand for up to two weeks of cord-free shaves. Rechargeable cells last the life of the shaver. Luxurious, leatherette gift case.



REMINGTON ROLL-A-MATIC® SHAVER. America's most popular plug-in shaver. Has man-size shaving head with six rows of diamond-honed, self-sharpening cutters. Always operates at maximum shaving speed—the best speed for the best shave. Handsomely gift-cased.

More Remington® shavers have been made and sold (over 40 million) than any other make!

©1961 BY SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

OTHER TIMES, OTHER TEEN-AGERS

IT was a week before one of the Philadelphia Orchestra's Thursday Youth Concerts, about twenty-five years ago. I was doing my math when Gail phoned. "Tuesday afternoon," she said, "the Decorations Committee has Stokie's permission to work in the basement. You come."

"I'm not on the committee," I said. The Decorations Committee was one of the half-dozen groups of teen-agers that helped to organize the concerts. On Tuesday the committee would be painting banners to be hung from the family circle of the Academy of Music auditorium.

"I know you're not on the committee," Gail said, "but the orchestra will be rehearsing the Shostakovich. If we're in the basement, we can sneak into the well and hear the whole thing." The Academy of Music is built like an egg, though it doesn't look it. The domed ceiling is the top; the well is the bottom. Once in the basement, we could go into the well and be right under the stage.

"No, thank you," I said. "I'm not sneaking into any rehearsals." It was the one thing Mr. Stokowski had absolutely forbidden. If anyone were caught, I didn't want to be there.

"It's not sneaking into rehearsal if we're down in the well," Gail said.

"Let's discuss it Saturday," I said finally. We would be meeting that Saturday, as usual, in the line for the regular concert.

"You tell Betty and Jean about Tuesday," Gail said, "and I'll tell Patsy. Nobody else." We rang off.

The five of us had practically lived for the Philadelphia Orchestra since the Youth Concerts began, several years before. We seldom missed a Youth

Concert, or a regular concert on Saturday night, and we were busy with some kind of committee work much of the rest of the time. There were hundreds of teen-agers like us. We had the Youth Concerts, first of all. Then there was a Youth Orchestra and a Youth Chorus. And a Youth Drama Group and a Youth Dance Group and a Youth Magazine and a Travelling Youth Record Library. ("I live on the 5200 block of Wyoming Avenue. Can you please tell me where the nearest 'Pathétique' is to me, please?")

The Youth Concerts were held every six weeks. Three thousand people could be seated in the auditorium, and only those between the ages of thirteen and

twenty-five were admitted; even so, there were usually five or six hundred turned away. Tickets were seventy-five cents downstairs, fifty cents in the parquet circle, thirty-five cents in the balcony, twenty-five cents in the family circle, and a dime in the peanut gallery. Mr. Stokowski conducted for nothing. Those of us who were on the committees acted as ushers and wrote the program notes and printed the programs. The soloists donated their services, or Mary Louise Curtis Bok (she's now Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist, Sr.) paid for them. No seats were reserved. You just knocked people down when the doors opened and got to the best seats you could. All the ushers had to do was stand back out of the way and hand out programs. Once in a seat, you scanned the program breathlessly and guessed who the soloist was. No one could be absolutely certain, for instead of the soloist's name there would be just a big black question mark. If some Wagnerian soprano arias were listed, it was sure to be Flagstad. If there was a violin concerto, it was sure to be Heifetz. But, of course, it *might* be anybody, we would say to each other, just in case. Then the moment would come and Heifetz (or Flagstad) would walk out on the stage, and, after a split second of stunned gratification, pandemonium would break loose as three thousand of us cheered ourselves hoarse. The soloist would give us encore after encore after encore, and later there would be encore after encore from the orchestra. Nobody in the audience wanted to go home. They'd get rid of us, finally, about 12:30 A.M., by turning off the house lights and playing a Sousa march.

The regular concerts on Saturday nights were shorter but just as exciting, and Gail and I were almost always first in the peanut-gallery line, with the other girls just behind. On the Saturday after Gail called, I arrived at two in the afternoon, wearing heavy socks and my old Girl Scout moccasins and a raincoat over my lumberjacket (it was raining) and carrying two army blankets and a brown paper bag with my dinner sandwiches in it. Gail and Patsy had already started the line, and Betty and Jean came a few minutes later. Gail, who was short and fat, was in ski pants. The rest of us wore our gym bloomers under our skirts, and lumberjackets and wool hats. It was winter, and we were going



Christmas Lights

14-kt. gold
Electronic charms that
light by tiny battery

Link Bracelet
\$32.50

Lamp Post, light
in lamp... \$39

Champagne
Bucket, ice cubes
sparkle... \$69

Telephone Booth,
lighted... \$64

Christmas Tree,
enamel orna-
ments, star shines
\$32

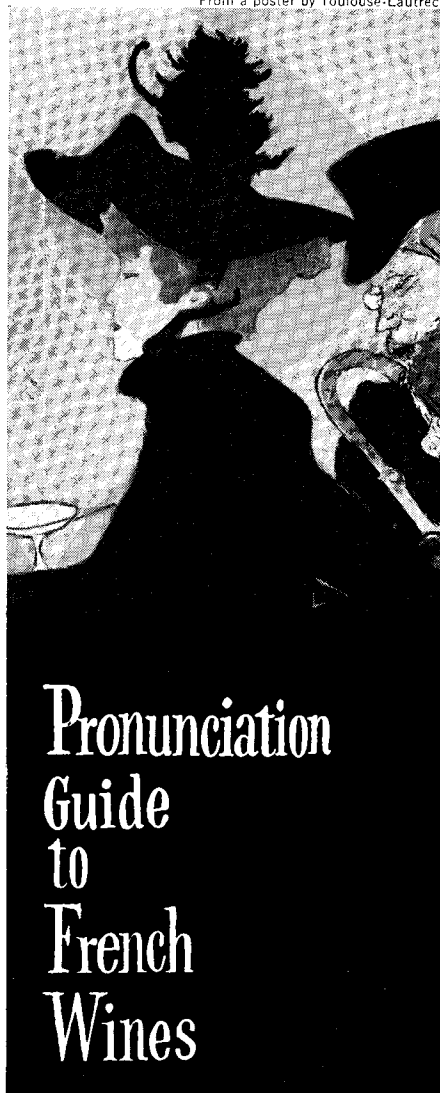
Golfer, golf ball
glows... \$40

Key, St. Christopher medal-
lion. Lights car or house
keyhole... \$48

Fed. tax inc. • Actual size
Mail orders postpaid air mail to distant points

J.E. CALDWELL & CO.
Since 1839
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.
Haverford, Pa. Wilmington, Del.

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec



Pronunciation Guide to French Wines

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais *Bow Joe Lay*
 Chablis *Shah blee*
 Chateau Yquem *Chateau Ee-Kem*
 Chateauneuf du Pape
 Chateau Neff du Pap
 Chambertin *Sham bear tan*
 Graves *Grahv*
 Haut Sauternes *Oh So tairn*
 Macon *Mah kon*
 Montrachet *Mawn Ray Shay*
 Pommard *Poe mahr*
 Pouilly Fuisse *Poo yee Fweesay*
 Prince Blanc *Prance Blahn*
 Prince D'Argent *Prance Dar John*
 Prince Noir *Prance Nwahr*
 Prince Rouge *Prance Rouge*
 Sauternes *So tairn*
 St. Emilion *Sant Ay Mee Lee on*
 St. Julien *San Jeu lee en*
 When buying
 fine wines, always
 look for the name B&G
 on the labels—for the seller
 is as important as the cellar!

B&G *the finest
wines of
France*

BROWNE-VINTNERS CO. INC., SOLE DIST. FOR THE U.S.A.

to be in line from two o'clock until seven-forty-five, when the peanut-gallery doors opened. At the side entrance of the Academy of Music, where the stage door and peanut-gallery doors were, there was a long step that ran the length of the building to the corner. If you got in line early, you could sit on this step and wrap yourself up in army blankets. If you didn't get there till five, the line would be down to the corner—and around the corner you had to stand bolt upright and freeze to death on Broad Street.

Being first in line meant a long, long wait, but it was worth it. There were great speculative advantages to being first. The most important was that we might get to sit in Stokie's box. His cab drove up every Saturday night at half past seven. He'd get out and start for the stage door. The line (nearly all the people on it were under twenty-one) would scream "Hello!" and he'd wave and go on in. But about every fourth Saturday he'd stop for a moment, glance at the beginning of the line, and hold up three fingers. That meant there were three empty seats in his box that night. The first three people would leave the line, inform the man in the box office that they had permission to sit in Mr. Stokowski's box, carry their blankets and dinner bags up the staircase to the parquet circle, and deposit themselves in the three front seats in his box. At eight-thirty, his other guests would arrive, all got up in evening clothes. One night when Gail and I were in the box, it was Helen Hayes and her family. Another night, it was an ambassador and his wife, home on a visit. Whoever it was had to climb over army blankets and lumberjackets and dinner bags and sit down on the seats that were left—the back ones. None of us ever moved for anybody.

THAT Saturday, Gail and I, with Patsy, Betty, and Jean chiming in now and then, spent the first hour in line arguing about whether or not to sneak into the well on Tuesday while the orchestra was rehearsing.

"Sitting in the well is not the same as sneaking into the foyer," said Gail firmly. "You're not in the house, you're underneath it!"

"Suppose we sneeze and he hears us?" said Jean.

"The Youth Concert's Thursday," I said. "I don't want him mad at me two days before a Youth Concert."

"Why don't you just come Tuesday," Patsy suggested, "and see how we do it? Then you can decide. Anyway, you can help the Decorations



HOTEL Drake
*New York**
 is now under
 the personal direction of
MAX BLOUET
 formerly
DIRECTEUR
 of the
GEORGE V, PARIS
 *Park Avenue at 56th St., N. Y.
 PLaza 5-0600

SCULPTURA

COPTIC MEDALLION, 200 AD
 Authentic Bronze Cast
 Mounted on Velvet Easel
 6" diam., \$40.00

981 Madison Ave., New York City YUkon 8-3180

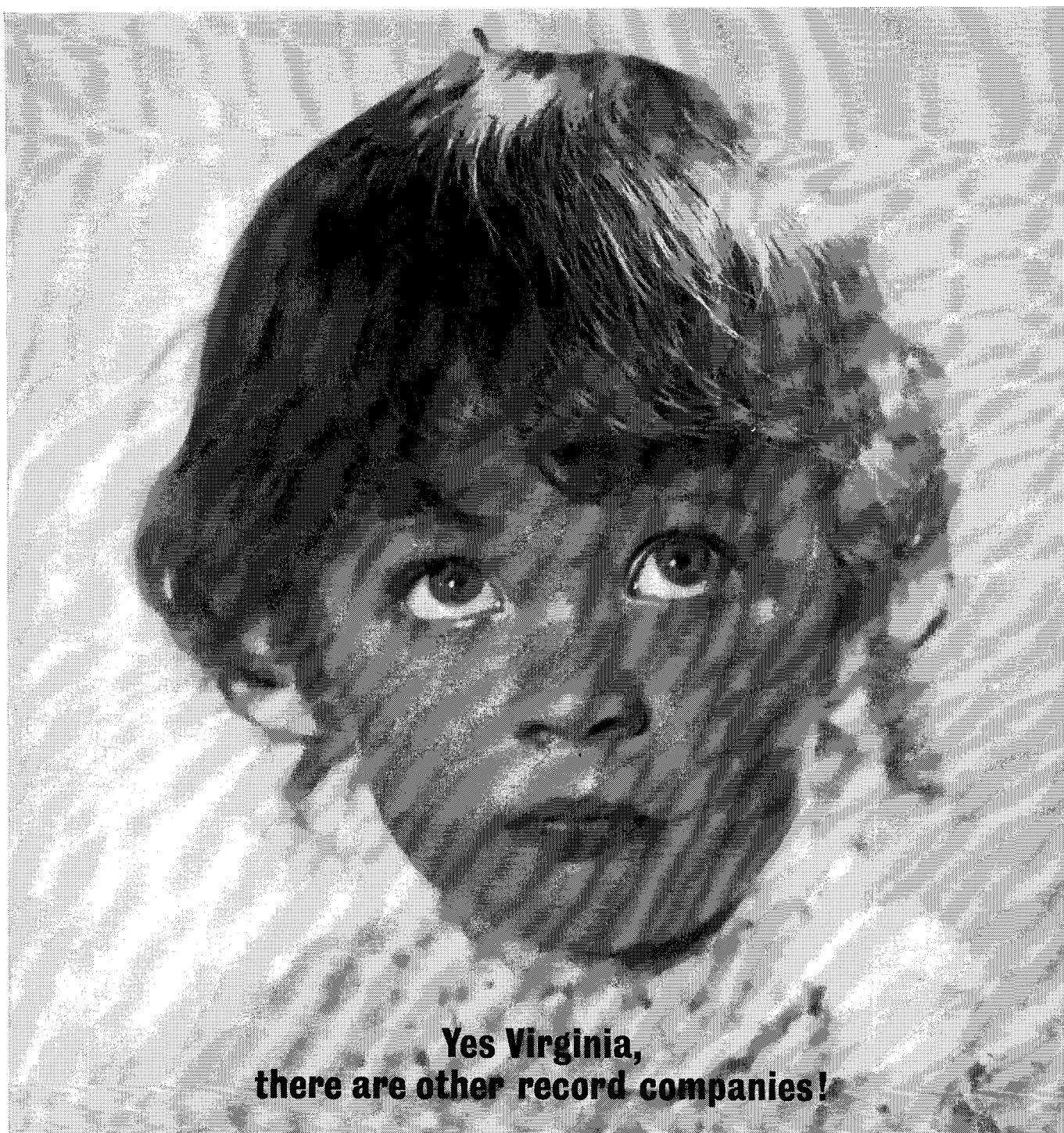
IN ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

The Huntington
A Resort Hotel of Merit

FOR SUN AND FUN! Downtown in a tropical garden, close to churches, shops, theatres, beaches and outdoor sports.

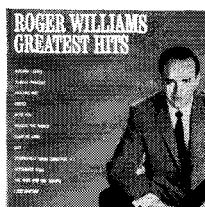
140 luxurious rooms, some with terraces.
 Cocktail lounge, Lanai, delicious meals.
 Mod. Amer. or Eur. Plan.
 Apartments available.
 Owner-managed.
 Paul Y. Barnes, Pres.

4th Ave. at 2nd St. North, PHONE 7-7827



**Yes Virginia,
there are other record companies!**

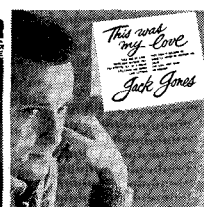
but only Kapp Records has:



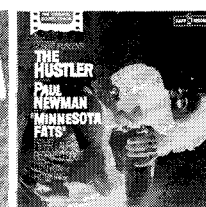
Roger Williams



Pete King



Jack Jones



"The Hustler"



Jane Morgan

Plus: Chad Mitchell Trio / Jose Jimenez / Freddy Martin / Vardi / Medallion Strings / Roger Voisin
Opera Without Words / Do-Re-Mi Childrens Chorus / Kapp Sinfonietta / Abram Chasins / and many others.

FREE: Send for full color catalog and record guide

KAPP RECORDS

136 East 57th Street, New York 22, New York

Look neater
Look slimmer in
KUPPENHEIMER

SUPPANTS*

These patented, no-belt trousers completely eliminate shirt-hiking and belt-hitching. Wide, completely hidden elastic waistband improves your posture—you feel better, look slimmer, neater. You'll stay neat, too, because SuP-Pants* are ever-Kreased.TM Continuous waistband, single pleats, slanted pockets. Wide choice of fabrics and colors. From \$35 at the Kuppenheimer dealer in your area.



The hidden inner waistband keeps trousers up, shirt down, waist in

*LICENSED BY Y. LE COTIER AND A. G. TRENTSEAU OF FRANCE, OWNERS OF TRADE-MARK "N'EM BRACE." U.S. PATENT NO. 2,757,381. T.M.—B. KUPPENHEIMER & CO., INC.

Committee paint the banners." So that's how we left it.

At four, the Curtis Institute of Music let out and half the student body came over and got on line. Before long, things were jumping, and mounted cops patrolled the line to keep people from sneaking in where they didn't belong.

Around four-thirty, we started singing. Somebody had made up words to Bach fugues, and we started with those. The Curtis people showed off, as they always did, by singing the counterpoint, and it sounded great. Then all of us sang the opening movement of the Beethoven Fifth, very fancy, all the sections coming in on cue. The words went:

Beethoven's Fifth.
Beethoven's Fifth.
Beethoven's Fifth, Beethoven's Fifth, Beethoven's Fifth.
Beethoven's Fifth, Beethoven's Fifth, Beethoven's Fifth.
You know, it gets monotonous;
You know, it gets monotonous;
You know, it
Bores
Me
Stiffth.

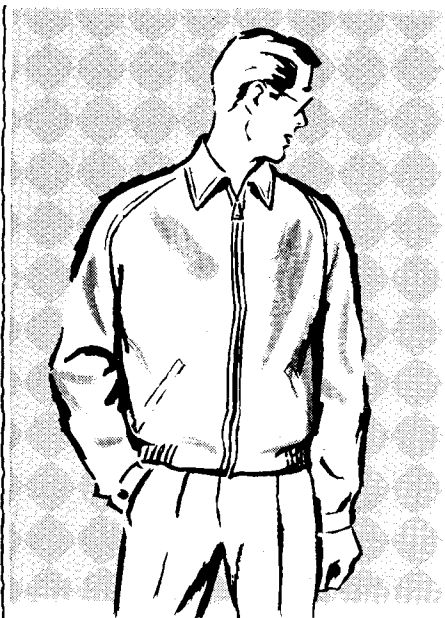
We were still singing these things about five o'clock, when the theatre across the street let out, and people coming out of the matinee stood and listened, and then some of them threw us pennies and nickels.

The brass must have been rehearsing that afternoon, because about five-thirty Charlie Gusikoff came out. Charlie was the first trombone. He saw us shivering on line and offered to go across and get us some coffee. He came back with five containers—so then, of course, the next four people on line said, "Charlie, would you *terribly* mind getting us some?" and at six o'clock he was still there, running back and forth to the drugstore with containers and change, looking dazed.

A little after six, it began to rain really hard, and now another big advantage to being first on line paid off. Marshall Betz came out. Marshall was the orchestra librarian, but he was also a kind of stage manager, orchestra whip, and general factotum. He glared at us ferociously and waved all five of us inside with a huge arm.

"Now, you go sit in the greenroom and behave yourselves till the house opens!" he bellowed.

So we picked up our blankets and dinner bags and went into the greenroom. We didn't just sit there until the house opened, naturally. First, we borrowed a backstage flashlight. Then we took the blankets and, with Gail in front, holding the flashlight, crawled single file on our hands and knees up



IMPERVION* by Macintosh

Our lightweight, shoulder-lined IMPERVION jacket is as versatile as it is comfortable. London-tailored of superb English poplin, it offers the utmost water-and-stain repellency. Wash or dry clean; needs no reproofing. Dover Sand, Olive, Fawn. \$25. *TM

At all fine stores or write Robert Appleby & Co., Inc., sole U.S. importer of Macintosh weathercoats. 250 Park Ave., New York 17.

**ANNOUNCING THE NEW
Surbrug Tobacco Sampler**

The flavor and aroma of these eight time-honored mixtures have been created by pleasing discriminating smokers for over a century: Fine aged imported and domestic tobaccos, skilfully blended for smooth rich smokability... a truly rewarding experience for smokers who appreciate the very best.

ALL EIGHT handy pocket-pouches, packed in a handsome transparent acetate case
ONLY \$4.00 including mailing.

The perfect gift for the pipe smoker.

Wilke pipe shop
400 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK 17 N.Y.
and OTHER FINE TOBACCONISTS

FOLONARI
PREMIUM
ITALIAN WINES

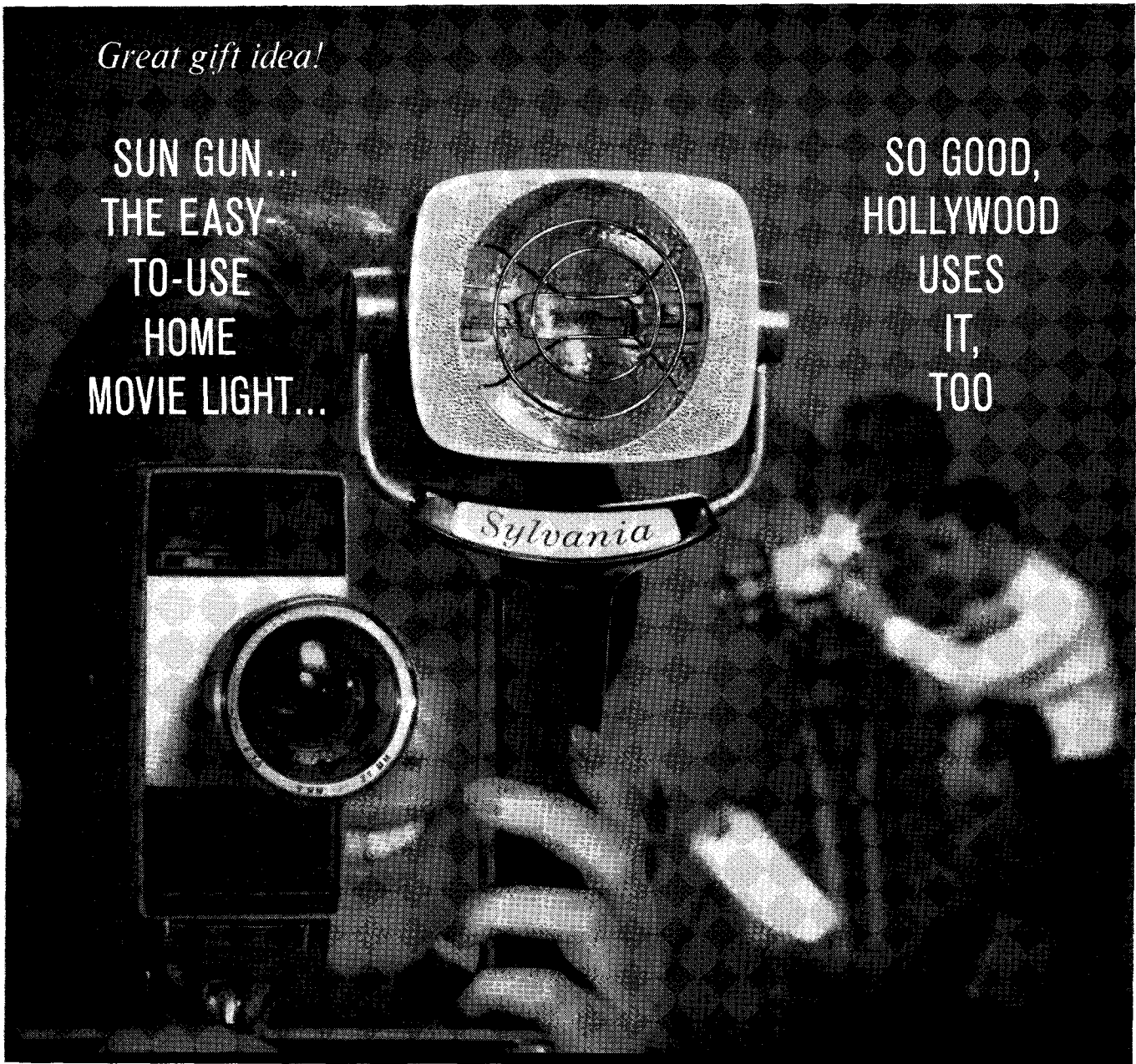
SOAVE • VALPOLICELLA
BARDOLINO • CHIARETTO

Schieffelin & Co., N. Y.

Great gift idea!

SUN GUN...
THE EASY-
TO-USE
HOME
MOVIE LIGHT...

SO GOOD,
HOLLYWOOD
USES
IT,
TOO



SUN GUN movie light makes it a cinch to take sensational movies indoors. Pint-size, yet it outperforms all other home movie lights made. Proved by thousands of home movie makers for over a year. Gives results so remarkable it's used by major Hollywood studios to shoot million-dollar movies.

The SUN GUN secret is a powerful new lamp no longer than a cigarette—set in a unique reflector with 600 light-magnifying surfaces. You get smooth, even light across every scene. No hot spots or double

shadows. And SUN GUN is color-balanced, so the colors you see on the screen are the colors you saw when you shot the scene.

So why limit your movie-taking fun to the great outdoors? Make movies that are great, *indoors*—the easy way — with Sylvania SUN GUN movie light. Fits quickly and easily on any movie camera. See it today at photo counters everywhere. Sylvania Lighting Products, Division of Sylvania Electric Products Inc., 1740 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

**SUN
GUN**
MOVIE LIGHT

SYLVANIA

SUBSIDIARY OF

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS



GIFT FOR THE MAN WHO'S GOING PLACES



'INSTANT' LANGUAGE RECORDS

French, Spanish, Russian, Italian and German

There is no finer gift for the man on his way up. For knowing a language is like having a magic key that opens many doors.

Abroad—it distinguishes the traveler from the tourist. *In business*—it marks a man whose sights are set for big game. *And socially*—it is the touch of quiet elegance that makes some men stand out above others.

**REINFORCED LEARNING METHOD ASSURES
RESULTS IN AS LITTLE AS 10 DAYS**

Reinforced Learning is a modern, scientific method based on principles developed by famous educators at Harvard and Columbia Universities. Thoroughly tested and proved by the armed forces, and successfully used by private industry in training and personnel up-grading programs, this method is now available for home language study through 'Instant' Language Records.

**LEARNING TO SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE NOW COMES
EASILY, NATURALLY—FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE**

15 minutes a day with an 'Instant' Language Record Set—in the relaxed surroundings of his home or office—and the man you singled out for this thoughtful gift will be speaking French, Spanish, Russian, Italian or German within 10 days. By the time he completes the course, he will have a speaking vocabulary of more than 3500 words and 1000 phrases. He will use authentic native pronunciation, and will be able to carry on a conversation with astonishing ease.

**SELECT THE 'INSTANT' LANGUAGE RECORD SET FOR
THE SPECIAL SOMEONE ON YOUR GIFT LIST—TODAY!**

'INSTANT' FRENCH (IL-201) 'INSTANT' SPANISH (IL-202)
'INSTANT' GERMAN (IL-203) 'INSTANT' RUSSIAN (IL-204)
'INSTANT' ITALIAN (IL-205)

Each album includes two 12" LP records, 2 work manuals with self-scoring progress control charts, plus a 25,000-word language-to-language pocket dictionary.

\$9.95 per album at better bookstores, record shops, and department stores. If not available locally, order direct—send check or money-order (pstg. ppd.).

Write for **FREE** booklet—"Reinforced Learning." Also 'Instant' Learning Records for Children.



P **PICKWICK INTERNATIONAL INC., Dept. AN-12**
PICKWICK BUILDING, L.I.C. (1) N.Y.

the six pitch-black flights of stairs to the pitch-black peanut gallery. The light was so feeble that Gail was the only one who could see anything at all. Once we were up there, we felt our way down to the front row and distributed the blankets across the whole front row of seats. We had to hold places not only for ourselves but also for friends who'd had to go to the dentist or something and might otherwise get on line late and wind up way in the back, where they couldn't see anything.

Then we crawled down the six flights to the greenroom. Patsy and Jean went over to the drugstore for pie and milk shakes, and when they came back we all made ourselves comfortable and had dinner.

About ten of eight, the musicians started drifting in. A few of them said "Hello-how-are-you?" Most of them just looked at us and swore in a dispirited fashion. Around ten after eight, some second violinist turned to us and said nastily, "Do you mind if I put on my other pants?"

We collected our pocketbooks, lumberjackets, raincoats, hats, and milkshake containers, and left for the peanut.

AFTER the concert, eleven of us went around to 1716 Rittenhouse Street, where Stokie lived, to serenade him. His house was on the corner, next to a parking lot. There was an art shop on the ground floor, and he had the other two floors. We stood in the parking lot, around at the side of the house, under his living-room windows, and sang some of the songs we'd made up on line. After a minute, a living-room window opened and he looked out.

"How many of you are there?" he called down. (If there were more than six, he would come down and sit on the steps and talk to us. If there were six or less, he would invite us up.)

"Six," said Gail.

"Come round to the front," he said, "and I'll press the buzzer."

We went round and he pressed the buzzer and we clambered up the narrow, rickety stairs. He stood at the top in a navy shirt and slacks and counted us with his lips and his fingers. When we had all reached the top and were standing in the hall, he said, "Which is the sixth?" and we giggled.

He led us into the living room and threw cushions down on the floor in a circle, and we all sat down. Then we started to talk. (He didn't talk; he listened with such intent and absorbed interest that you'd have thought we were all Einsteins.) Mostly, that night, we talked about the Youth Concert coming

SHAW PARK is Jamaica's SHOW PLACE



It's located on lovely Cutlass Bay and it's lazy and romantic. All rooms have terraces overlooking the sea. The sports facilities are complete. You'll find luscious food and an atmosphere charged with sophistication.

**On Cutlass Bay
OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA, W. I.**

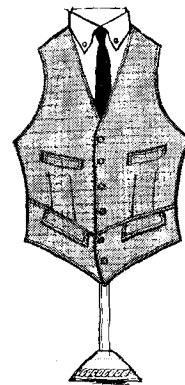
SHAW PARK

beach club

A DINKLER OPERATION

**SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or
our International Representatives**

LEONARD HICKS, JR. & ASSOC., INC.
New York • Chicago • Washington
Detroit • Toronto



OUR Colorful VESTS

\$8.95

An attractive assortment of splendid vests. Large selection. Tattersalls in red, olive and blue.

Solid colors in red, black, pewter, olive and gold. Sizes 36 to 46.

Write for our free fashion catalog.

Mail orders promptly filled.
Add 55¢ for postage.

paul bennett, ltd.

THE CAMBRIDGE SHOP



916 14th St., N.W.
Washington 5, D. C.

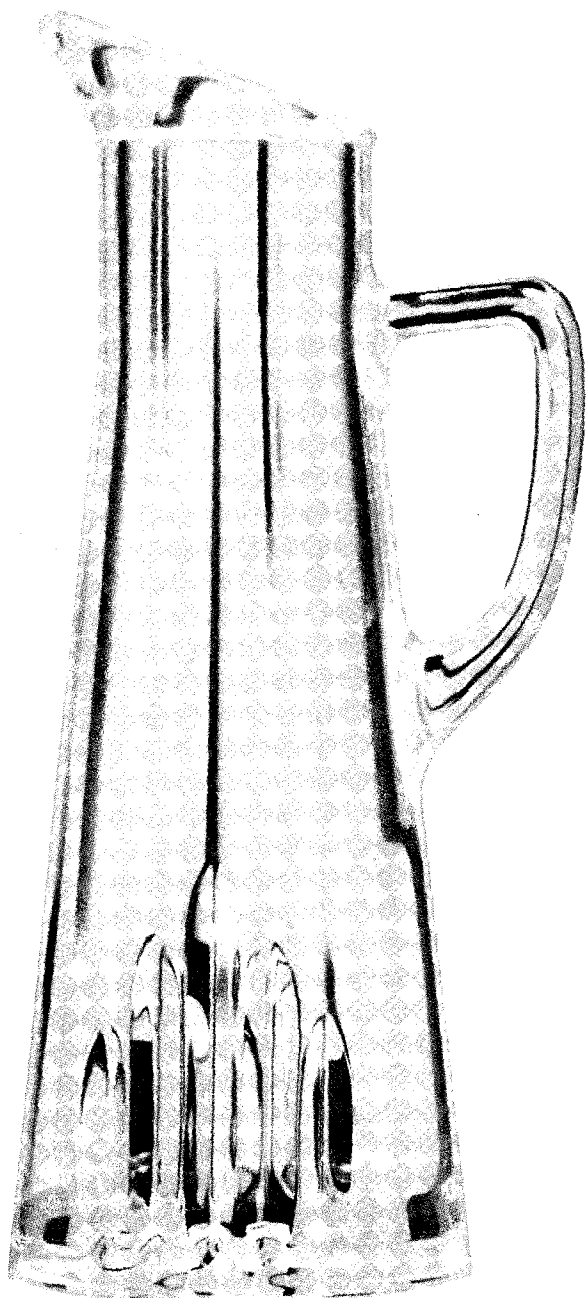
THE RESTAURANT ON THE MOUNTAIN



Enjoy good food and drink
in a magnificent setting
Entertainment in the
Bar-Lounge nightly
Elmwood 7-1500

SUFFERN, N. Y. Exit 15 N. Y. State Thruway

Also MOTEL on the MOUNTAIN for overnight or longer



Beauty



and The Best
(a Christmas Classic)

Once upon a time (like today) there was a Beautiful Decanter. Naturally a lot of vodkas were mad about her, but Beauty merely said, "Pour your heart out somewhere else. I'm waiting for my Prince." One day Her Prince arrived. Prince Wolfschmidt Vodka.

"I love you Wolfschmidt," Beauty said. "You're different from those other fellows. You've got taste." And so they were married. Their story will be told wherever vodka drinks are mixed.

Wolfschmidt Vodka has the touch of taste that marks genuine, old world vodka. Wolfschmidt is art; so, of course, is the Martini Decanter. Give them together this Christmas.

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK 22, N.Y. MADE FROM GRAIN, 80 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

Habit forming

We warn you: one Hart Schaffner & Marx sport coat leads to another. You start off innocently enough with just one of our jaunty jackets in your entire wardrobe. And before long, you find yourself with an entire wardrobe of coats—every one masculine to the core, comfortable as all outdoors, elegantly casual in city, country or suburbia. Though the styling is casual, the workmanship is not. It is still the same careful quality which has made Hart Schaffner & Marx a buying habit with well-dressed men for nearly seventy-five years.



**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**



on Thursday. There was the work of the Program Committee and the Decorations Committee and the Program Notes Committee and the Ushers Committee to report on. We had a lot to tell him, and we stayed until one, when he said, "Your mothers will worry," and got our coats.

TUESDAY, I went down to the Academy of Music and helped the Decorations Committee in the basement paint a frieze of futuristic flowers on white paper, to hang around the family circle for the concert. Then we went into the well to hear the Shostakovich, but we didn't stay long. It turned out there were rats in the well.

On Thursday, it rained. I did my homework in a rush before dinner, so I didn't see the evening paper till I came down to dinner and my mother gave it to me. My father and my sisters and my brother were already sitting at the table; they were all looking at me.

Stokie's picture was on the front page. Underneath, it said, "Outgoing Conductor." Next to this was another man's picture, with the caption "Incoming Conductor." The story said Leopold Stokowski had resigned. He was leaving the city. He was going three thousand miles away, and he wasn't coming back. Just like that, it was all over.

I took the subway downtown and got off at Walnut Street. Although I had left home in plenty of time, I couldn't hear the crowd, so I thought that for some reason I was late and the concert had started. When three thousand people between the ages of thirteen and twenty-five are congregated on one corner, you can hear them a block away without any trouble. I started to run, and I ran all the way to Locust Street. Then I saw them.

The concert hadn't started. The three thousand of them were there, jammed on the steps and sidewalk in front of the Academy of Music and lined up along the side by the peanut entrance. They were standing there in the rain, waiting for the doors to open, and they were absolutely silent. Here and there a girl was crying. I even saw a boy crying. But nobody was saying anything. What was there to say?

—HELENE HANFF

She has so revolted against the over-ornate, complicated and expensive Christmas wrapping jobs, says a pal, that she's seriously considering doing up her parents in old newspapers and string.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A thought that has flashed through many a mind.

A NEW VICTORY...



The only truly ultra-thin automatic watch in the world... imagine, height of movement only 2,3 mm

12301 R 1

The only ultra-thin automatic water-resistant in the world. Universally adjustable bracelet. Case and bracelet executed in Switzerland. Available only in 18 karat gold.

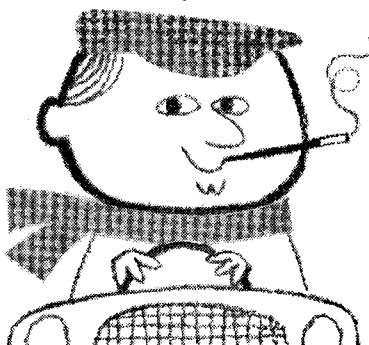
Yellow \$ 1550 White \$ 1660

PIAGET

Send for illustrated brochures PIAGET, 610 Fifth Ave, New-York 20

226

the car you drive



comes to you by truck—
the lifeline of America's economy

HIGHWAY TRAILER INDUSTRIES, INC.

250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Member American Trucking Industry



NEW AROMATIC DISCOVERY...

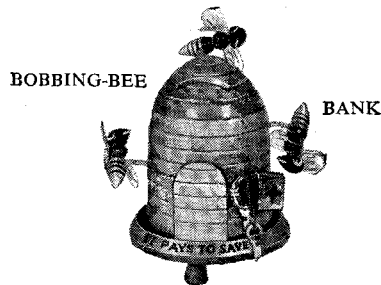


This new and uniquely aromatic mixture blends tobaccos of rare excellence and elegance. The special cut assures easy packing, cool smoking. For a free, full-size pocket pouch, write today...giving your name and address and those of your favorite tobacco dealer. Send request to V.I.P., P.O. Box 6-S, Richmond, Va.

The House of Edgeworth
Larus & Brother Co., Inc. • Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

You Can't Go Wrong If You Give Her \$10,000 for Christmas

It's such a practical gift. It comes in only one color, and can you imagine anyone exchanging it because it's the wrong size! All you have to do is sign your name on a check for \$10,000, mail it in with coupon below and we'll do the rest. We'll send her a Bobbing-Bee Bank and a gift-wrapped bank-book to prove you didn't forget!



Of course, we'll start an account for her for less than \$10,000. But \$10 or \$10,000, there's no better gift for Christmas than an account in The Bank for Savings. It's one gift that keeps on giving... and giving.

But why choose The Bank for Savings? Because—it pays the highest savings bank rate permitted in New York State... it's the one savings bank in all New York that has paid dividends 142 years in a row... and it's the only bank that suggested it!



New York's First Savings Bank
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

THE BANK FOR SAVINGS, Dept. 12
Park Av. So. at 22nd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Please open savings account in my
name, as checked. Enclosed for
deposit is \$.....

☐ Individual Account
☐ Joint Account with.....
☐ Trust Account for.....
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 29



THOUGH many Conservatives tell you, with a coolness that may turn out to be excessive, that it is normal—and, indeed, satisfactory—for a Government in the middle of its period of office to be unpopular (time being on the side of its unpopular policies' working out all right, or else being comfortably forgotten by the next election date), the state of normality now being enjoyed by Mr. Macmillan's Government is certainly fierce. One has to look back to the days of Suez to recall such a shower of disapproving press comment as the one that has just descended upon the Prime Minister and his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, over the seemingly ignominious collapse of the policy of a temporary pause in wage demands that Mr. Lloyd asked workers to accept last July—the key measure of a bleak bunch of national disciplines made necessary by the country's serious economic fix. At the time, public servants with government-controlled pay checks, such as those in the Civil Service, were advised that for them, of course, the freeze was on right away, but the Government had no powers to enforce the clampdown on industry except by persuasion, which was expected to be loud, public, and powerful enough to inform general opinion of what was going on. Now, amid cries of rage and shock, the nationalized (which makes it worse) Electricity Council has quietly opted out of the pay pause while nobody was looking and given an increase to its hundred and twenty thousand men, thus appearing to show the green light to the many unions waiting impatiently in the wings like a line of frustrated Oliver Twists. The Government promptly acted as scandalized as Mr. Bumble finding out that someone had been at the gruel behind his back. Last Tuesday, Mr. Macmillan took the highly unusual step of standing in for Mr. Lloyd, who was also present in the packed and stormy House of Commons, to explain why his Right Honourable friend had received such a resounding slap in the eye from the electricity men. What he had to say was not particularly reassuring, or even enlightening, to his listeners or to the public, uneasily wondering what sort of

TREASURE from SCOTLAND



SCOTCH
for the
TRUE
CONNOISSEUR

The Famous Grouse Brand Scotch Whisky represents the cumulative blending experience of five generations of the Glog family since 1800. To test the superb quality of this treasure from Scotland, try it straight.

FAMOUS GROUSE

Brand Scotch Whisky
SEGGERMAN SLOCUM INC., N. Y. C.
Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 proof

"who gave you the heirloom?"



"no one, I made it myself with
ERICA WILSON'S course in
CREWEL EMBROIDERY"

It's amazing. It's easy. And it's correct. As you learn, you do beautiful embroidery suitable for a chair seat, cushion, or bedspread. Course includes all necessary materials. SEND TODAY for complete course \$35.00 ppd. or special introductory course \$11.95 ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. Both make ideal gifts. ERICA WILSON, DEPT. NY3, BOX 148, GRACIE STATION, N. Y. 28

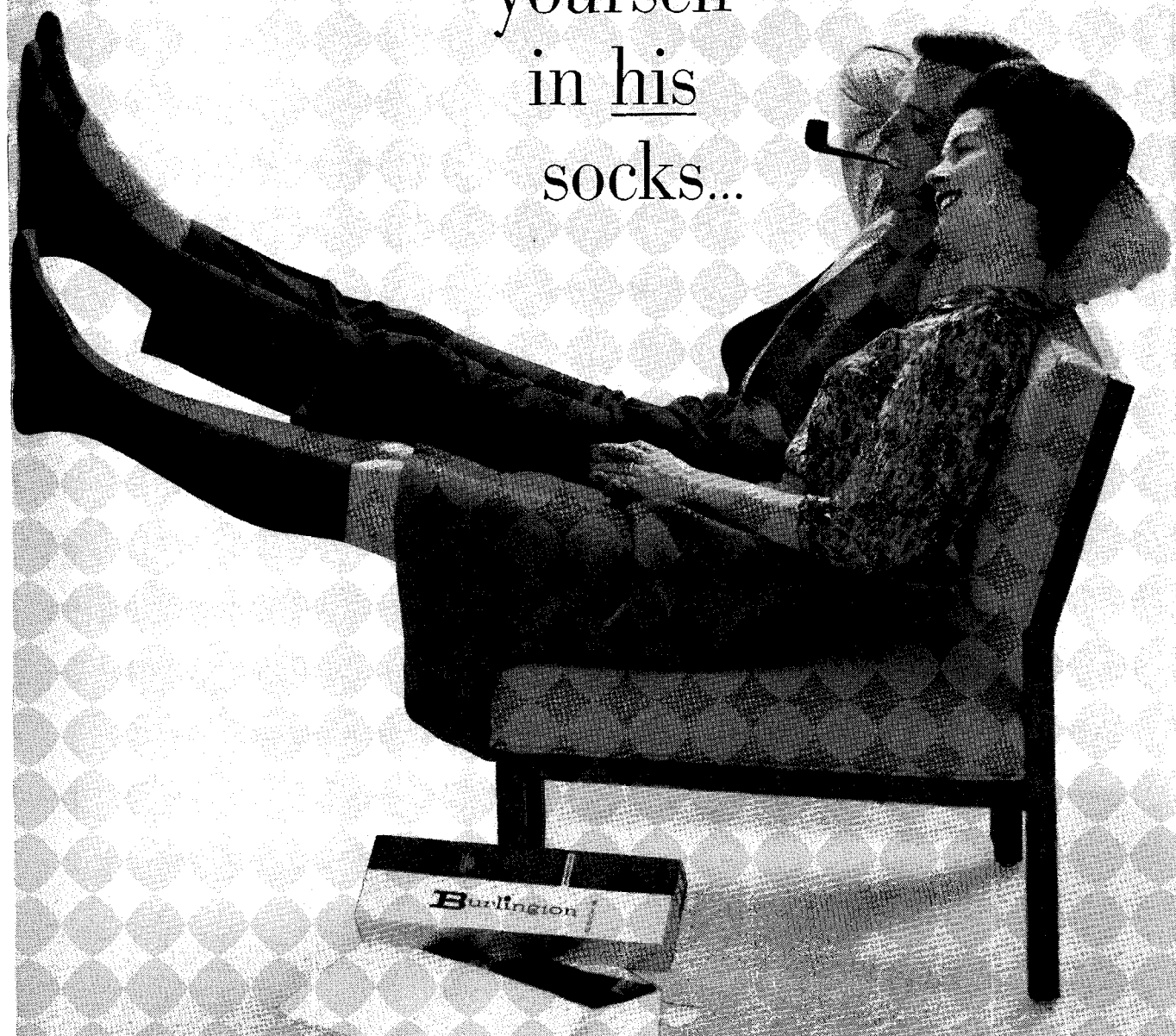


Just far enough
from the madding crowd to make
luncheon a delight... dinner a dream.

Sunday Buffet Dinner 6 to 10 P.M.

THE STANHOPE HOTEL
Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First Street. BU 8-5800.
Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Put
yourself
in his
socks...



and you'll buy him TOP BRASS, the socks that never fall down on the job

Sure, he likes *your* ankles trim — but what about his own?

Do your husband's socks have that sloppy, hang-dog look? Do they shrink and fade and don't wear worth a darn? Ladies buy your man Burlington TOP BRASS, the socks with the long, neat, leg-snug fit. They'll keep him from swearing and you from darning!

No other men's socks have all these advantages:

- Built-in garters — elastic tops hold them up!*
- Wear like iron — save darning.

- Wash beautifully — no fading, no shrinking, and no *linting*.
- Different stretch sizes fit any foot.

These socks are so handsome, we've known women to swipe them for themselves. Tut-tut. Full choice of styles, colors, and fiber blend. From \$1.50. Activ-8 support socks, \$1.95. In fine department and men's stores. For store nearest you, write: Burlington-Balfour Mills, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. A Division of Burlington Industries.



*Most styles with Spandex fiber tops

The
look-again
look!



BAN-LON[®]
warp knit fabric

WILROY likes "Ban-Lon" Warp Knit fabric for its never-ending beauty, completely carefree ways. Turtleneck sheath: black or bisque, all nylon, 8-16, about \$25. Bonwit Teller, New York and branches; G. Fox & Co., Hartford.



"Everglaze" Marketing Division, Wilmington, Delaware, supervises the international merchandising of products approved to carry the Joseph Bancroft & Sons Co. trademarks "Ban-Lon" and/or "Everglaze"

winter of industrial discontent lies ahead. Mr. Macmillan delivered a stern rebuke to Sir Robertson King, the Chairman of the Electricity Council, for administering the slap, and added angrily that in a free society governments could not, like Fascists, impose their wills on unions or industries. His temporary taking over, as it seemed, of the Treasury portfolio was clearly intended to give the ultimate authority to his firm statement that the pay pause was still on, which may have caused some of the people in the motionless tiers of the public gallery to ask themselves sardonically how, if the methods of free persuasion have so lamentably failed with the Electricity Council, patience is going to descend magically from on high upon all the other trades with pending claims in their pockets.

Editorial comment and political and financial-page reporting on the affair have been withering. The *Times* said that "for Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd to weaken now is unthinkable," since a further defeat would be taken as "yet another indication that Britain lacks the nerve to master her destiny"—the Government's head and his Chancellor having already provided, the *Times* coldly implied, one nerveless indication too many. The political correspondent of the Conservative *Daily Telegraph* compared the Prime Minister to Lewis Carroll's Bellman, who, you may remember, navigated his vessel in search of the Snark by a map that showed nothing but sea, and the *Economist* likened Mr. Macmillan's performance in the Commons to that of "an impotent Pontius Pilate." The Labour *Daily Herald* described him as taking on "the ungrateful task of trying to preserve the decency of his own Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons" but failing to come up with a rag or a fig leaf.

What apparently made the Electricity Council decide to give the pay rise and risk bringing down the Government's entire disinflationary policy was the possibility of a major power-station strike and the return of the blackout, inside and out, as part of the nation's Christmas cheer. It may be that the parcels under the tree and the cards on the mantelpiece will be in danger anyhow, since the postmen immediately and indignant-ly shot onto the mat their notice that they knew how to threaten industrial action as well as the electricity-supply men, and would prove it if their pay claim remained unanswered. The railwaymen, the miners, the shipbuilders, and the engineers will also step up with

The great Brandy
from the Rhine



**Asbach
Hralt**

VXOP • 80 proof

GERMAN DISTILLERIES LTD., NEW YORK 20, N. Y.



STRAWBERRIES ON COTTON CREAM! A Christmas apron for the hostess with the mostest. Red and white fraises des bois handscreened on cotton with a red or green border. One size. 6.95. Perfect present. Add 35c for posting. At Neiman-Marcus or send check or money order to Box 244, Rumson, New Jersey, care of

MARTI

JAPANESE RESTAURANT

SAITO



TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOM
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
70 W. 55th ST. Closed Sun. JU 2-7809

On the first day of Christmas
my true love gave to me



V6, SE, Denote Stereo

MGM & VERVE records are divisions of metro-goldwyn-mayer, inc.

Only MGM and Verve offer such an array of gift albums. Broadway shows, motion picture scores, the world of wit, the tops in pops, the jazz of America — music for every mood, taste, occasion. Whether you give—or receive—the first day of Christmas merely marks the start of years of listening pleasure.



Seats on sale at box office or by mail



Spencer Tracy
Burt Lancaster
Richard Widmark
Marlene Dietrich
Maximilian Schell
Judy Garland
as Irene Hoffman
and **Montgomery Clift**

STANLEY KRAMER'S Judgment at Nuremberg

Written by ABBY MANN Music by ERNEST GOLD Produced and Directed by STANLEY KRAMER Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

RKO PALACE THEATRE [BROADWAY AND 147th ST., NEW YORK]
EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT BEGINS DECEMBER 19TH
ALL SEATS RESERVED 2 PERFORMANCES DAILY (INCLUDING SUNDAY)
DAILY MATINEES AT 2:15 P.M. EVENINGS AT 8:15 P.M.
PRICE SCALE
EVES. (Mon. thru Thurs.) Orch. or Loge \$3.00; Mezz. \$2.50, \$2.00
EVES. (Fri., Sat., Sun. & Hols.) Orch. or Loge \$3.50; Mezz. \$3.00, \$2.50
MATS. (Sat., Sun. & Hols.) Orch. or Loge \$2.75; Mezz. \$2.00, \$1.50
MATS. (Mon. thru Fri.) Orch. or Loge \$2.50; Mezz. \$2.00, \$1.50

"A GAY, LIVELY AFFAIR"
—TAUBMAN, N.Y. Times

KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN presents
Walter Chiari Barbara Cook Jules Munshin
in **The Gay Life**
THE JUBILANT MUSICAL HIT
Book by FAY and MICHAEL KANIN
Lyrics and Music by HOWARD DIETZ and ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
with Loring SMITH

PRICES: MON. thru THURS. EVES.—Orch. \$8.60; Mezz. \$7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60; Balc. \$3.45, 2.90, FRI. & SAT. EVES.—Orch. \$9.40; Mezz. \$7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60; Balc. \$3.45, 2.90, WED. MATS.—Orch. \$4.80; Mezz. \$4.30, 4.05; Balc. \$3.45, 2.90, SAT. MATS.—Orch. \$5.40; Mezz. \$4.80, 4.30; Balc. \$3.45, 2.90.
SHUBERT Theatre, 225 W 44th St., NY 36

UNBELIEVABLE
A COMPLETE DINNER

\$2.95

LUNCHEON \$1.45

The Lobster

OPEN NOON TO 1 A.M.
SUNDAYS 3 TO 10 P.M.
145 W. 45th • JU 2-0400
IN THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT

wage demands in the near future. All in all, this winter looks like a tough one for the Government and for ordinary bewildered citizens, who are always ready to accuse it of feebleness in dealing with the unions. This is particularly true of those many Conservative supporters who have modest fixed incomes and no union to fight for them, and who must sit watching while inflation spirals higher; what they think of the Government's behavior, feeble or otherwise, during the weeks ahead may easily decide the next election.

ANOTHER red-hot and extremely dangerous political issue is being discussed up and down the country right now—the violently controversial new immigration bill, which promptly blew up on the floor of the House of Commons after the Home Secretary, Mr. R. A. Butler, had introduced it with the evident acute distaste of a man of strong liberal principles being forced by party pressure to act against them. This move to restrict immigrants from the Commonwealth, and particularly from its poorer spots, who pour into Britain in search of jobs and better living (the West Indian arrivals in the first ten months of this year topped the fifty-thousand mark), amounts to a big vote of feeling on the part of the Conservative rank and file, who have long been agitating vigorously for such a bill. At the Conservatives' Brighton conference in October, Mr. Butler refused to capitulate to the pro-floggers in the Party, who wish to put the clock back and return to the use of chastisement as a method of persuading those convicted of crimes of violence toward gentler thoughts. On the question of restricting immigration—a move supported by the national verdict of the newspaper public-opinion polls—he had to give way, it seems. Indeed, though the Opposition promptly mounted its most telling attack in months on the bill—led by Mr. Gaitskell, who raked the uncomfortable-looking front bench with scorn in what many people felt was one of the finest speeches of his career—there are plenty of shrewd observers who doubt whether Labour's own rank and file in many of the big cities with a growing colored population would have backed its leader's argument.

The most frequently heard grumbles in the public-opinion polls are not that the newcomers are taking the bread out of the mouths of people here, because it is obvious that the public services will be seriously hampered if there is a sud-

THE SASSIEST GAL IN TOWN!
2nd SMASH YEAR!
THE BIG MUSICAL HIT
The Theatre Guild and Dore Schary present
TAMMY GRIMES in
"THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN"
Music & Lyrics by MEREDITH WILLSON
Book by RICHARD MORRIS
Directed by DORE SCHARY
with HARVE PRESNELL

MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. \$8.60; Loge \$6.90; Mezz. \$5.75, 4.80, 3.80, 2.90. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. \$9.40; Loge \$7.50; Mezz. \$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Wed. Mats.: Orch. \$4.80; Loge \$4.30; Mezz. \$3.80, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mats.: Orch. \$5.40; Loge \$4.80; Mezz. \$4.30, 3.80, 3, 2.50.
WINTER GARDEN THEA. 50th Street & B'way

"A WORK OF RARE ORIGINALITY?"
—Taubman, Times
"DOWNRIGHT FUNNY THEATRE!"
—Newsweek

THE CARE-TAKER
A New Comedy-Drama

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: \$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 1.00; Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: \$7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 1.00; Mats. Wed. & Sat.: \$4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90, 1.00.
LYCEUM THEATRE 149 West 45th Street JU 2-3897

"SPLENDID FUN"
—WALTER KERR, N. Y. Herald Tribune

JAMES DONALD KIM HUNTER
DENHOLM ETHEL TORIN
ELLIOTT GRIFFIES THATCHER
WRITE ME A MURDER
A New Play by FREDERICK KNOTT
Directed by GEORGE SCHAEFER

Mail Orders Filled Promptly
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.—\$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.95, 2.90, 2.50. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.—\$7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90, Wed. Mats.—\$4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Sat. Mats.—\$5.40, 4.60, 4.00, 3.00.
BELASCO THEATRE, 111 W. 44th St. • JU 6-7950

BEYOND COMPREHENSION!
Roseland
DANCE CITY
TERRACE RESTAURANT • BAR
CONTINUOUS DANCING • 2 GREAT BANDS EVENINGS EXCEPT MONDAY
MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
SUNDAY CONTINUOUS FROM 3:30
52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY
AMERICA'S HISTORIC SHRINE OF DANCING

"HILARIOUS!" —John Crosby, Her. Trib.
THE PREMISE
Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:30; Fri. 8 & 10:30; Sat. 7:30 & 10:30; Mat. Sun. 3 PM
154 BLEECKER ST. Reservations: LF 3-5020

den diminution in the supply of willing black hands to punch bus tickets, scrub hospital floors, slam train doors, wash dishes, and do all the rest of the jobs that are hard to fill. The chief criticism of the colored immigrants seems to be that they aggravate an already desperately acute housing problem (another spot on which the Government is under particularly heavy fire at the moment), and that they crowd together in city areas, which forthwith droop and wilt into slums. One result that ought logically to follow from the row, and from the heart-searchings over whether Britain is to put a chain on the door instead of leaving it hospitably wide open to her overseas family, should be, one would think, a lessening of virtuous comment about racial problems in other countries, including the United States. More than one speaker in the debate mentioned bitterly that South Africa must be enjoying the proceedings at Westminster no end, for the Government's original elaborate insistence that the bill was not racial discrimination but was framed to apply equally to the citizens of the Irish Republic (who, of course, are not members of the Commonwealth, but who, in a truly Irish anomaly, have retained the privileges as well as the obligations of British subjects) has now collapsed in ridiculous confusion, as its critics had predicted in the first place. The Southern Irish—the biggest of any group of immigrants—come over about seventy thousand strong every year, a large proportion of the men going into the building trades, and many of them coming as seasonal labor only, ducking back home in time to avoid the British income tax. In spite of his earlier assurance that no favor would be shown to anyone, black or white, Mr. Butler had to tell Parliament that it was difficult to see how the new restrictions could be made to work against those troublesome old friends the Southern Irish, it having presumably occurred to his advisers that to keep them

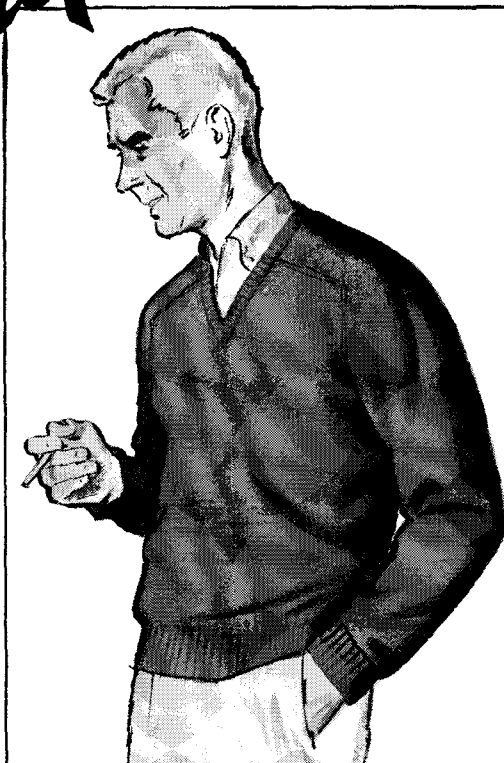


BRITISH *Byford* SWEATERS

**Warm, light
and definitely
British**

Handsomely styled, beautifully detailed Byford Sweaters sit right, fit right—almost as though they were knitted to order. Imported from England in all popular models. From \$8.95 at fine stores everywhere. Abbey Imports, Inc., Empire State Building, New York 1, New York.

*Makers also of famous
Byford Men's Socks.*



Illustrated: Fully fashioned Lambswool interpreted in interesting saddle shoulder.

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM • 97 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.



You can almost "taste" Jamaica in the flavor of Myers Rum. This is *real rum* . . . rich, spicy . . . the heart of the great rum drinks. Enhances any cocktail or punch, makes many foods, sauces truly special. Ready for adventure? Try Myers—the spirit of adventure—tonight!

MYERS JAMAICA RUM

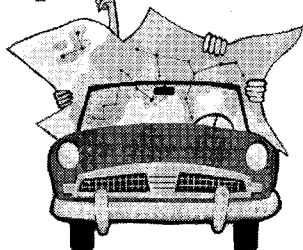


IMPERVION* by Macintosh

London-tailored of finest English poplin IMPERVION provides the highest degree of water-and-stain repellency. Needs no re-proofing—even after repeated washings or dry cleanings. In Dover Sand, Fawn, Navy or Olive Green. \$49.50 *Trademark

At all fine stores or write Robert Appleby & Co., Inc., sole U.S. importer of Macintosh weathercoats. 250 Park Ave., New York 17.

GOING ABROAD?



SAVE MONEY ON A NEW HILLMAN, SUNBEAM HUMBER OR SINGER

Order it here / take delivery in Europe.

15 models to choose from: sedans, convertibles, sports cars and station wagons.

Contact your travel agent or local
Hillman-Sunbeam dealer or
mail coupon for full details

Rootes Motors, Inc., Dept. N2
505 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y. or
9830 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send details of your Overseas
Car Delivery plan.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

from popping over into Northern Ireland and making the boat trip to England would mean that the Northern Irish must henceforth carry passports and be quizzed by inspectors at the English ports—hardly a prospect to rejoice loyal hearts in Ulster. Another alternative, it was suggested, would be to string barbed wire along the length of the border between the South and the Six Counties in a sort of preposterous Hibernian parody of Ulbricht's wall. Though nobody could see why the clause had been included in the first place, the pretense that the suggested restrictions carried no color bar fell painfully to the ground and was heavily mauled by the Opposition. As far as anybody could make out from the ensuing Parliamentary hubbub, restraining the Irish influx will still be tried—by methods that nobody defined very clearly—largely in answer to the objections of a group of Conservative backbenchers to whom the notion of preferential treatment for the Southern Irish over Commonwealth citizens (their concern is with the white citizens, it should be added, rather than with the colored) is distinctly unpalatable.

Whether or not the present "miserable, shameful, shabby bill," as Mr. Gaitskell bitingly described it, will be patched up and sent on its way to the statute book, its presentation seemed a saddening occasion to many, in spite of the findings of the public-opinion polls. The critics—on both sides of the House—of the Common Market negotiations were able to make dark predictions of approaching days when German, French, and Italian workers might swarm in confidently at British ports while Commonwealth immigrants queued up with the aliens. "Roll in the Common Market and our own people out!" a Labour member excitedly shouted in one of the heated exchanges of the debate, which was doubtless noted in the newly independent and shortly-to-become-independent Commonwealth countries. Like the pay-pause crisis, the immigration bill got a pretty solidly bad press.

SOOTHEY's is to sell on December 12th a fascinating literary collection—the papers of Ronald Firbank, which include his working notebooks for the novels; over three hundred chatty letters to his mother, averaging about two letters a week when he was on his travels; and neatly docketed letters from friends and admirers, including Carl Van Vechten. The Van Vechten letters, one of which addresses him as "Dear Gay



SIMPLY HEAT AND SERVE

Attention!—lovers of Crepes Suzette! Now a fine French chef has prepared and packaged this delightful dessert for serving at home. M. Bertauche's tender La Ville brand Crepes Suzette come four, eight or twelve to a can, in a fabulous orange-flavored sauce rich in real brandy. No grand chef maneuvers needed—just heat and serve to the delight of your guests. Available at fine gourmet shops.

write M. Bertauche, San Anselmo, California
for name of dealer in your area



FOR THE ADVENTUROUS TYPE

FROM THE LAND OF OLYMPUS

NICOLAOU MAVRODAPHNE

EXQUISITE SWEET GRAPE WINE
IMPORTED FROM GREECE



SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. N.Y.—N.Y.

DRAMATIC!
DISTINCTIVE!

Top of the Six's

GRACIOUS AFTER THEATRE DINING
666 Fifth Avenue • PL 7-6662

Tôle Lamps

WARD & ROME

63 East 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.



THIS CHRISTMAS

would you like someone to be gift-rapt? Underwood can arrange it!

The Lettera 22, the complete lightweight portable by Underwood-Olivetti, has all important big-typewriter features (and some that even the big ones don't have!). With its award-winning good looks, rugged dependability and handsome carrying case it's the perfect gift for men who travel, ladies who write social letters, and students of all ages and genders.

So reserve the number one spot under the tree for the

LETTERA 22 \$68⁰⁰*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, plus tax.



underwood

Gift of Gifts

B AND B  **Benedictine**®

The Drier Liqueur La Grande Liqueur Francaise

 Let this seal be your guide to quality
 JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. • BOTH 86 PROOF

Genius," are dog-eared, as though they had been read often and carried about in Firbank's pocket; the warm admiration for his books in the United States—far exceeding anything they received here in his lifetime—was a great pleasure to him. The manuscripts include seven chapters of his last novel, "The New Rythum," which was unfinished when he died in Rome in 1926, is set in New York, and will be published by Duckworth next year. Firbank's spelling varied, he wrote, "with my health; and that, alas, is not always perfect." The notebooks are really the most absorbing items in the collection, which is now being sold by a relative. These fat, faded little volumes, sometimes written in the violet ink which, toward the end of his strange life, seems to have become a sort of trademark, show the patient, lapidary way Firbank went to work piling up snatches of dialogue, which he ceaselessly altered or discarded, and contain notes on dress, which appeared to fascinate him, and pages of single words or phrases, chosen like rare jewels for their color or shape. The principal surprises are the Beardsleyish little pen-and-ink portraits of his characters that are scattered among the notes (most lavishly in the seven notebooks for "Valmouth")—chiefly of willowy beauties got up in the height of Paul Poiret fashion. Among the Firbankian trivia at the Sotheby sale, which will probably bring competition between American and British collectors, is his 1917 certificate of discharge from the Army, which dispensed with his extraordinary person after exactly one day's service.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

The Antarctic continent has the highest average inofinyao aevlet of the world's continents.—*Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News*.

You can have it.

When he introduced his wife, Beta, he said, "She doesn't know she's on the program." She sang, "Black is the color of My True Love's Hands," a folk song.

—*San Pedro (Calif.) News-Pilot*.

In fact, it's our favorite folk song.

COUSIN, WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

The \$400,000 estate of an eccentric Harvard man from Brooklyn was awarded equally yesterday to three distant cousins.—*The Herald Tribune*.

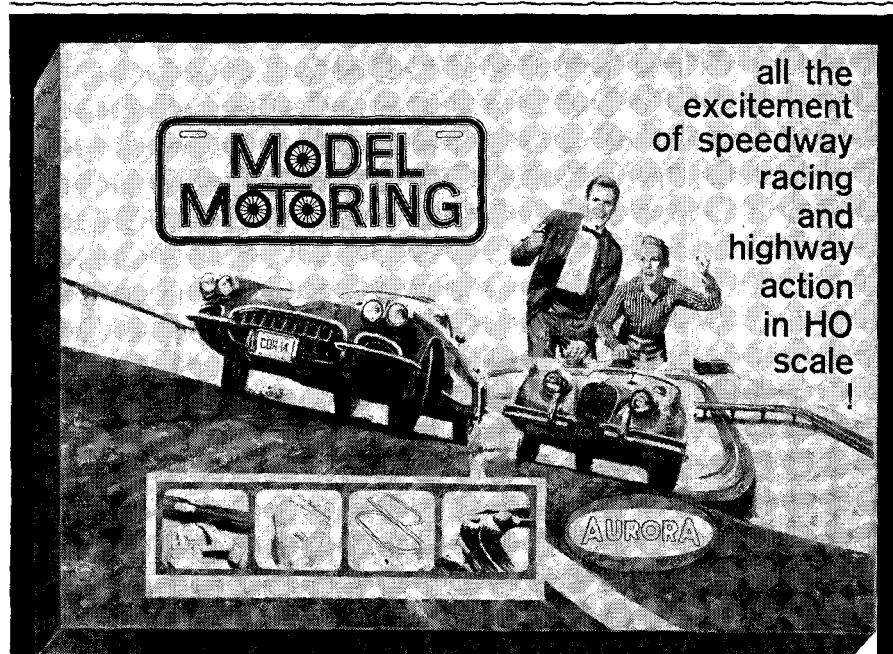
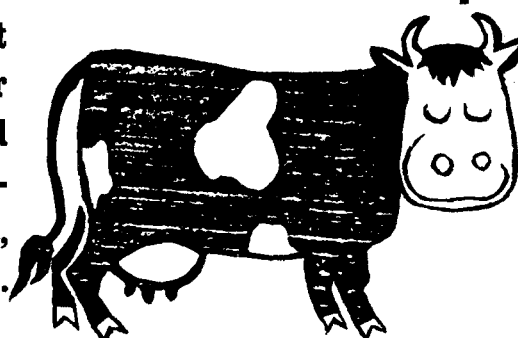
Three cousins may share an estate of \$500,000 left by a 84-year-old recluse.

—*The Times*.

Amazing Dutch Flavor Factory

This is the cow that makes the milk that makes Holland Cheese so supremely tasteful. A remarkable female found only in lush pastures of Holland—tended only by the most gentle of men. She rewards them with 1,000 gallons of milk per year, flawless to the final dram. It's the perfect makings for the two great cheeses of the world, Gouda and Edam. ♦ Other countries have tried imitations. Their cows fall short, and so does the cheese. Genuine Gouda and Edam are always smooth, mild, even textured. Both are aged for months and shipped only when their flavor blooms full. ♦ Imported Gouda and Edam stand out in a crowd. Gouda wears a yellow coat, Edam wears red, and neither is ever without the Dutch Girl Emblem. Recipes?

Our new full-color booklet has them all. Mail 10¢ for postage-handling to Holland Cheese Exporters Association, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York.



THIS IS MODEL MOTORING

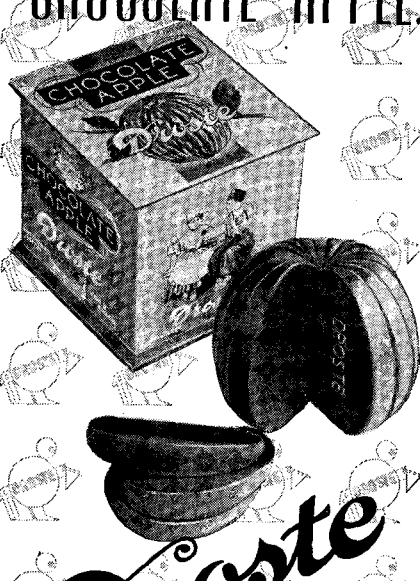
—the most exciting Christmas gift since electric trains!

Here's your chance to get even with Junior for all those smart cracks about your reflexes. First thing, buy a set—any of five, \$16.95 to \$49.95, at a hobby dealer, toy, variety or department store. After everybody's oohed-and-aahed over the routine presents, clear the ground around the tree and set up your petit Grand Prix. Each of you gets his own speed control unit and a two-inch

sports car. Gentlemen, start your engines! Whoosh—your Jaguar leaps into the lead, but the kid's Corvette is barely a length behind. You hesitate at the hairpin, but not he, not Phil Hill, Jr. Dizzy with power, he hurtles into the bend at 150 scale mph and spins out, over, and through the guard rail. You've got him, Pop. Next victim, the wise guy down the block. Him and his red T-Bird.

SEND 10¢ FOR MODEL MOTORING BOOKLET
AURORA PLASTICS CORP. □ DEPT. AD1 □ WEST HEMPSTEAD, L. I., N. Y.

CHOCOLATE APPLE



Droste
of Holland

A name that has meant
chocolate excellence the
world over since 1890.

Wherever fine confections are sold.
Importers, H. Hamstra & Co., Clifton, N. J.

FAVORITE in New York City

... near everything, adjoining
United Nations on Manhattan's
smart East Side... overlooking the
East River and the spectacular city
skyline.

Bright, cheerful, outside, air-condi-
tioned rooms and suites—radio and
television—all moderately priced.
Two popular priced restaurants;
Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge.

Beekman Tower Hotel

49th St. Exit East River Drive

3 Mitchell Place, New York 17 N-12-9

Send brochure and driving map showing
how to avoid New York City traffic.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

FOOTBALL

Armed Might



ANYONE who has grown accustomed to the amiable pageantry of Ivy League football may forget that the ways of the world outside are not the same. Out there, the performers all look like career men, which is what a number of them turn out to be—or so say the rosters of the professional teams. These career men are immune to pain: tackling that causes strong men to shudder (and you can see them shuddering when they're hit) is rife, but no one falters; situations that induce nervous breakdowns in the inexperienced are shrugged away; the group activities of a given squad are the coordinate workings of well-run machinery. It is not always clear who is running the machinery, though. Last Saturday, when Navy was beating Army, 13-7, it was a reasonable guess that Army's quarterbacks weren't entirely in control, for on play after play Army substitutes were sent into the game, presumably equipped with more than best wishes. The Army style of remote control, if that's what it was, hadn't the brusque efficacy of Navy's sparing use of message bearers, if that's what they were. In the third quarter, when it began to look as if Army's lead of 7-3 were going to stand up, two not especially prominent midshipmen appeared onfield—Hecht and Ulrich. Hecht immediately pegged a pass worth thirty-eight yards, and Ulrich then whipped through the left side of Army's line for thirteen yards and the touchdown that won the game.

Stalwart as they seemed by Ivy League standards, this year's Army and Navy were just average representatives of the world outside, in part because their backs, though all of them were rugged individualists, were generally not very fast on their feet. On Saturday, Navy's Sai was the one exception, lugging the ball wirily through almost impossibly narrow gaps in the Army hedge, and whipping downfield in a fine turn of speed to nab Culver, who was off and running for Navy's goal after catching an Army pass. That was Navy's own fault—letting Culver get past the whole Navy team—and its only real fault. From then on, Navy imposed such lets and hindrances in the path of Army pass receivers that it acquired one penalty for its diligence and, the way things looked from the sidelines, could

STOCK

More Americans are discovering

STOCK

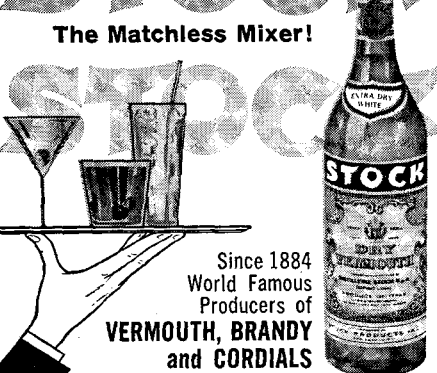
Imported EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH

STOCK

Imported SWEET VERMOUTH,

STOCK

The Matchless Mixer!



Since 1884
World Famous
Producers of
VERMOUTH, BRANDY
and CORDIALS

IMPORTED from ITALY

U. S. Importer: Distillerie STÖCK U. S. A., Ltd.
U. S. Sales Agent, Jack Poust & Co., Inc. N. Y.

Jacques

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

FRENCH RESTAURANT

Enjoy food of superb
quality served in a
distinctive continental
atmosphere.

Reservations Suggested

OPEN DAILY... 11:30 A.M. TO 12:00 P.M.

CHICAGO

METROPOLE CAFE

48th Street at 7th Avenue Circle 5-0088



LIONEL HAMPTON
EIGHTEEN PIECE BAND
EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS—
JOHNNIE GRIFFIN QUINTET

O. HENRY'S STEAK HOUSE

4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

have been awarded one or two more.

Mather, who kicked Navy's two field goals and the point after his team's one touchdown, had been doing that sort of thing all season, and against Army he was catching passes (four in all) and punting better than ever, if that were possible. Adversity didn't bother him; before he could get off the kick that stopped rolling on Army's one-yard line, he had to field the pass from center on the first bounce, and that was not the only difficulty he had to overcome when he was punting. Most kickers of field goals—like Army's Heydt, who vainly tried one on Saturday—are what the trade calls specialists; so are most kickers of points after touchdown. Mather, who has played his last game for Navy, was a performer out of context—a player who was able to do not one thing but a lot of things well. Such biological sports are becoming less and less frequent in the age of specialization, and it was with regret that most of us watched one of them disappear for good.

ANOTHER array of our nation's defenders—the Air Force Academy—ended its season, too. A couple of years ago, Air Force, holding a better Army team than this year's to a tie at Yankee Stadium, was a noticeable member of the outside world, and it was an excellent guess that once it got through its formative years, it would be even more noticeable. It still engages in a widespread field of activity—California, U.C.L.A., Southern Methodist, Kansas State, Maryland, New Mexico, and Baylor, not to mention a couple of next-door neighbors, Colorado and Colorado State—but this year it won just three of its ten games, and the end of its season (Colorado 29, Air Force 12) could not have been of much comfort. Sometimes, you could say, it's a cold, cold outside world.

—J. W. L.

CLEAR DAYS IN THE SHADOW OF THE CORPORATE IMAGE

[From a dissenting opinion, *U. S. Tax Cases, Patterson v. Thomas et al.* The issue in the case was whether certain travel and other expenses were deductible]

As American as Bedloe's Island, hot dogs, Grand Canyon, Rhapsody in Blue, Chautauqua, P.T.A., Golden Gate, Rose Bowl or Wagon Train is this institution of the organization man. Mr. Thomas, a victim and a beneficiary of that system, was under overpowering business compulsion to attend. To him the ancient question "to be or not to be" was resolved by the further one "to go or not to go." His productive future depended on the answer. As a good businessman with his ear to the ground, he did not have to wait until hearing the president testify in court that the "chance of promotion is just nil" to



"So, you're trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent. But I still want to see the FORMICA label."

FORMICA® IS THE TRADE MARK OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LAMINATED PLASTIC. THERE ARE MANY IMITATIONS. WHEN FURNITURE SHOPPING, INSIST ON SEEING THIS LABEL.



FREE! Send for kit of picture postcards of 35 lines of Formica surfaced furniture. Formica Corp., Dept. H-501, Cincinnati 32, Ohio

The step beyond the turntable,
the step beyond the changer...



THE AUTOMATIC TURNTABLE GARRARD'S LABORATORY SERIES TYPE A

Now, for the first time, you can enjoy these advanced stereo features in a single unit: dynamically balanced, counterweight-adjusted tone arm with built-in stylus pressure gauge; full-size, 6 lb. non-magnetic turntable; laboratory-balanced precision motor... plus the convenience of the world's finest automatic

record-changing mechanism (to use when you want it). Build your component system around the Type A; or insist on it in a fine console. Also perfect as a replacement unit.

\$79.50



FOR LITERATURE WRITE DEPT. GX-791, GARRARD SALES CORP., PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y.



Lady Macintosh

A most useful and attractive jacket of fine English poplin. Lightweight, it features zipper front, shoulder lining and adjustable side tabs for comfort and ease of movement. Completely washable, yet extremely water repellent. In smart Sand shade. **\$21.95**

At all fine stores or write Robert Appleby & Co., Inc., sole U.S. importer of Macintosh weathercoats. 250 Park Ave., New York 17.



*Wonderful to Own...
Exciting to Give*

Dremel ELECTRIC SHOE POLISHER

Now... an electric shoe polisher that eliminates the fuss and bother of hand polishing. Only daily care brings out the glowing luster and richness of fine leather, and it's so easy with the new Dremel. Just tap the foot switch and two polishing bonnets whirl into action (one for black shoes, one for brown). A quick daily buffing makes one shoe paste application last for weeks. It's a walk-up-to floor model — **no bending or stooping, no soiled hands.** Distinctively styled in gleaming chrome. Weighs 7½ lbs. Convenient carrying handle makes it easy to lift or carry about. A distinctive gift for home or office use.

Look for it at better stores. If not available, write for name of nearest dealer or order direct. Only \$29.95. Fully guaranteed. Four "shining" models to choose from — including deluxe Executive chrome \$35.00, gold plated, \$45.00.

DREMEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 241-M, Racine, Wis.

Exotic Latin Cuisine Perez Blanco's

LIBORIO

West Side's Smartest Restaurant

Welcomes you to its larger,
more luxurious quarters.

150 West 47th Street JU 2-6188

know what the answer would have to be. Congress used two simple terms, "ordinary" and "necessary." They more than comprehend this situation.

The extent to which Mrs. Thomas, the wife, was absorbed into this corporate image serves a dual purpose. First, it shows why her attendance had a financial business purpose distinct from a holiday. Second, it is additional proof of the extent to which the daily life of the husband, the nominal employee, was smothered by the predominant concern of what is best for the Company.

In this respect the Company was following another good American pattern that, to paraphrase an old hymn, "this is a woman's world." Women run the home. Women are the teachers, secular and religious. They are den mothers, pack mothers, tribe mothers and home room mothers. Women are the effective civic reformers. A male aspiring for high public office runs on or with his wife. And in the view of Liberty National the success of the husband-employee depends on the wife.

As with another woman this also begins at the beginning. Before an agent is hired, the District Manager must interview the applicant's wife in her home. Already the seeds of complete, unlimited, untiring, unshared loyalty are being planted. She is given a booklet especially prepared for wives of prospective employees. The husband, if hired, is employed on a temporary basis for a trial period. At that time the wife receives a welcoming letter which transmits the President's message entitled "A Family Affair" which leaves little doubt that mother is in this too. After the husband passes his period of probation, the husband and wife each receive letters of notification that employment has become permanent. Again, nothing is casual or accidental. This letter transmits another booklet especially prepared for wives called "The Feminine Touch."

But this Company does not risk another Paradise Lost so the barrage continues. The "Torch Magazine" each month, and District Manager Bulletins each week are mailed directly into the home and "in some instances the district managers mail them direct to the wives." It is no mere euphemism to regard the wife as "a partner to him in this business we are in." For in addition to this running pressure a special visit by managerial representatives is made each year in the home. In joint consultation with husband and wife the family's needs are reviewed with the Company representative and translated against required production through the use of Company prepared planning and budget forms. What is wanted, what is needed, what may be had, finds common, single expression in the Company's welfare. As genuine as the employer's interest is, this is not regarded as corporate philanthropy. In the Company's eyes the key to the husband's success is the wife.

All of this has a substantial bearing on tax deductibility. It, of course, affords ample basis for the Company to deduct its expenditures in wife cultivation. This does not automatically extend like treatment to the wife as recipient. But when the program is so well organized, the corporate wife propaganda so intense and continuous, is it not reasonable that husband and wife conclude it to be imperative that when the employer beckons, the wife must respond?

clip and show to father!



**everyone will
remember
your wedding**

at the

GOTHAM

One of New York's most distinguished hotels—famous host to society—where personalized service, superb cuisine and a wedding-wise staff make our low, all-inclusive prices even more exciting!

Please call the Banquet Manager at
Circle 7-2200

the
GOTHAM
5TH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY



GIVE...OR ENJOY AT HOME

FAMOUS STEAKS

served by
America's
luxury restaurants



You can't buy them in any market. Pfaelzer's U.S. Prime filet mignon is served in America's finest restaurants, hotels and clubs. Tender and flavorful... aged to mellow perfection. Quick-frozen; perfect arrival is guaranteed! Railway Express Prepaid to Continental U.S.A.

Box of 16 filet mignons \$33
6 oz. ea., 1¼" thick

Write for free gift booklet.

pfaelzer
Brothers (pronounced FELZER)

Dept. YPB Chicago 32, Illinois YArds 7-7100

RESTAURANT

VOISIN

575 Park Ave. at 63rd St., N. Y.
LUNCHEON & DINNER
Open Sunday • TE 8-6490

All Credit Cards

El Zuijote

Authentic Spanish Cuisine
226 W. 23rd St., N.Y.C. • CH 3-9934-7

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Old Hands



IN Hollywood, the only good Comanches are dead Comanches, and the number of dead Comanches in a movie called "The Comancheros" runs into the hundreds, if not the thousands. The movie won't receive much attention from the Academy, but it ought to be in line for some sort of tribute—possibly a boxed Oscar—from the National Association of Morticians. The poor Comanches all die violently, pitching headlong from their horses as John Wayne and Stuart Whitman, the stars of this gory Western, pick them off with guns that scarcely need to be aimed and, though the time is the eighteen-forties, seem able to be fired as fast as Browning automatic rifles. Moreover, every bullet seeks out a vital zone and promptly extinguishes its victim—have you ever noticed in Westerns that white men can be shot and wounded not once but many times, while Indians who get shot almost always die instantly? No doubt this has some economic justification, even in high-budget pictures; it certainly helps us to get on with the story. Here, I'm afraid, the story is pretty thin: Stuart Whitman has killed a man in a duel in Louisiana and has escaped to Texas, where he is arrested by the veteran Texas Ranger John Wayne for extradition back to Louisiana. Before that tiresome legal formality can be achieved (and we know perfectly well it never will be), Whitman and Wayne fight each other, fight other white men, and fight the aforementioned hordes of accident-prone redskins. Whitman also finds time to fall in love with Ina Balin, who makes the most unlikely girl of the Golden West I've ever seen. A picture for bloodthirsty children and aspiring stunt men.

BOB HOPE must be nearly as old a hand at making movies as John Wayne, and in "Bachelor in Paradise" his predominant expression is one of irritated fatigue; even his fantastically jaunty chin, in past days sharp enough to carve Cheddar, has a somewhat wilted look. I get the impression that Mr. Wayne likes horses, guns, and the open air, and that it costs him very little spiritual effort to walk and grin and shoot his

If you really like the taste of Scotch Whisky

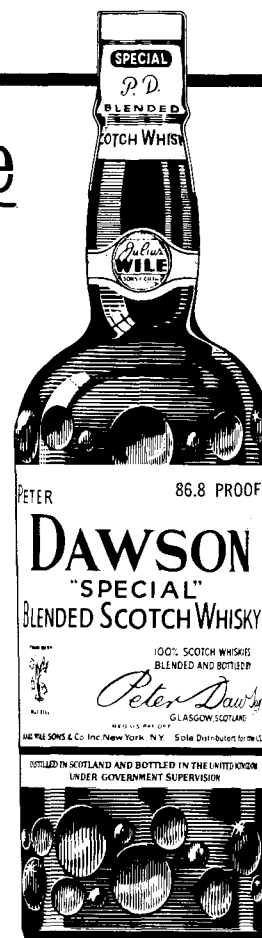
Speak up for
Peter

DAWSON

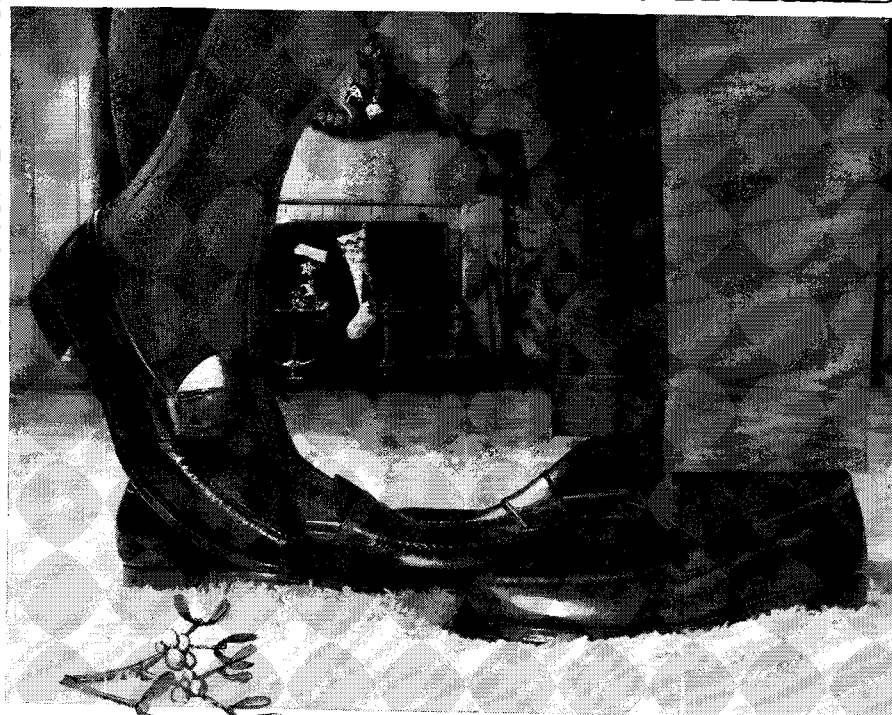
The Scotch that tastes like Scotch!



NEW YORK Let this seal be your guide to quality.



Bottled in Scotland



Who needs mistletoe? Give Weejuns

and get the same effect. A Bass Gift Certificate from a convenient Weejuns* store is all it takes.

G. H. BASS & CO., 2012 Main Street, Wilton, Maine



Originators of Weejuns*

*T. M. Reg.



For the finest
Polynesian and
Cantonese food,
plus superb
Continental cuisine
and exotic drinks,
visit New York's only

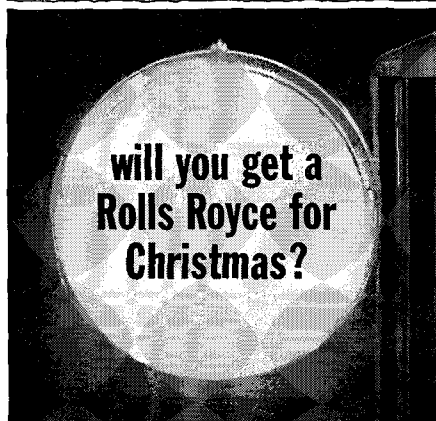
**TRADER
VIC'S**

ENTRANCE 7 EAST 58th STREET

Open daily including Sunday
Luncheon, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
THE

SAVOY HILTON

For reservations call:
ELdorado 5-2600



Gift Certificates for Rolls Royce rentals start at \$9. for one hour,*including liveried chauffeur. The most elegant, yet inexpensive, gift you can give. Makes a memorable business remembrance, too! Buckingham Livery, 349 E. 76th St., New York 21, New York YUkon 8-2200

*2-hour minimum

ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!



**Commander's
Palace**

SINCE
1880

FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE

Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

way through one simple-minded picture after another, but Mr. Hope is in a much more difficult situation. His comedies are by nature highly artificial and require him to assume a bouncy, driving *joie de vivre* that, in the presence of shoddy material, he must be very far from feeling. "Bachelor in Paradise" concerns a man who writes racy best-sellers about the sexual customs of various foreign countries and who, obliged for tax reasons to remain in the United States, falls back on studying and describing the sexual customs of his fellow-Americans. Under an assumed name, he takes a house in a model California community, and in no time at all his unconventional researches have led several young couples to the brink of divorce. It's just possible that a funny movie could have been built on this shaky foundation, but the plot lacks invention, and the second-rate quips that have been put in Mr. Hope's mouth give us no more pleasure than they give him. One sight gag—a ranch house slowly filling with soap bubbles from an automatic washer into which the helpless bachelor Hope has poured too much detergent—is good for a laugh; the rest is silence. Working doggedly but to no avail are Lana Turner, Janis Paige, and Paula Prentiss. The detergent is Brand X.

—BRENDAN GILL

Nature comes by her ends in many ways, often to the elfin strains of a molecular harmony so subtle that "whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it." In her many variations on the esteric theme the ever-changing music soars to the sweet treble of the simple essences, and leading thence through the gay alto of the waxes sinks slowly note by note adown the rich tenor cadence of the hard fats, to swell at last into the full polyesteric diapason with the entry of the deep and melancholy *basso profundo* of the heavily unsaturated fish oils. Here are subtle variations on an original theme which might well bring envy to a Brahms.—From "A Direct Entry to Organic Chemistry," by John Read.

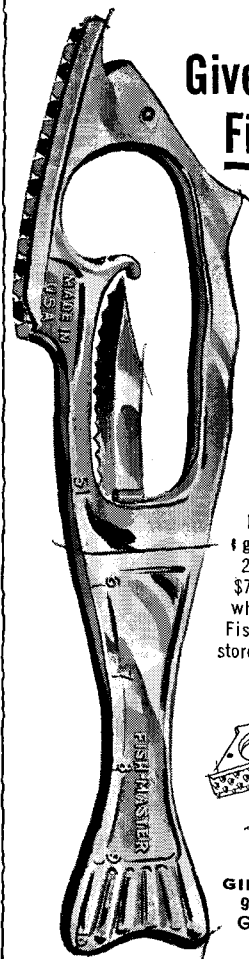
Pity is he's dead.

THE DANGEROUS OLD DAYS

[Adv. in Harper's Weekly, March 23, 1861]

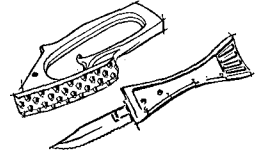
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

May startle you; but the silent influences of electricity when writing with steel pens is now known to be the frequent cause of paralysis, weakness, and exhaustion. The CHAMPION PENHOLDER was designed expressly to avert all danger. Endorsed by the highest authority. For sale by A. D. Bill, 94 Tremont Street, Boston, J. A. Swasey, Agent for New York, Belmont Hotel, 133 Fulton Street.



Give him a Fish-Master!

• A prize catch for any angler! Makes cleaning 'em nearly a pleasure! Measures, holds, scales, cleans and filets quickly and safely. Upright handle keeps hand clear of sharp fins. Razor-sharp serrated blade made of high carbon stainless steel. Won't corrode, even in salt water. Unique. Practical. Deluxe chrome, attractively gift boxed: \$4.95. Special 24 k. gold plated, boxed. \$7.95. At fine stores everywhere. If you can't find Fish-Master in your local stores, write us.



MANUFACTURED BY
GIFT ORIGINALS, INC.
918 Ariebill St., S. W.
Grand Rapids 4, Mich.

*The living
is easy at*
La Quinta

Relax & have fun in this secluded, desert resort just 15 miles from Palm Springs. ■ **Every vacation activity** including swimming, riding, tennis. Golf can be arranged across the road at La Quinta Country Club. ■ **Dancing nightly.** ■ **Delicious cuisine.** Favorite with families during holiday.
Season: Nov. 22 - April 23.
La Quinta Hotel
La Quinta,
Calif.

BASIE
IS AT BIRDLAND

It's summer at The Emerald Beach now! All water sports including game fishing. Longest private beach in Nassau—1/3 mi. Golf, tennis. Entertainment nightly. For free color booklet write Terry Ryan, Mgr. Dir.
EMERALD BEACH HOTEL • NASSAU

MUSICAL EVENTS

Ideal



AS advance reports from several other cities had led us to expect, Joan Sutherland's Metropolitan debut in the title role of "Lucia di Lammermoor," a week ago Sunday, was a unique phenomenon.

Feelings about its probable uniqueness ran so high, in fact, that before Miss Sutherland had opened her mouth she was greeted with an amount of cheering and stamping that made the old Met sound like the Yankee Stadium. This greeting—all the more remarkable in that it issued from the mouths, hands, and feet of a very cultured-looking audience, which had bought tickets for the benefit of the Metropolitan Opera Guild as well as for its own delectation—apparently came near to frightening Miss Sutherland out of her senses, with the result that her first two acts were uneasily sung and, in point of style, were certainly not equal to the magnificent performance as Beatrice di Tenda that she gave us last spring with the American Opera Society. Curiously, the flaws had to do with phrasing, a department of the vocal art in which she has shown herself to be particularly gifted, and there were episodes in which that sterling master of *bel canto* Richard Tucker, who sang Edgardo, outshone her by far in poise, suavity, and just accentuation. By the time the Mad Scene arrived, however, it was obvious that all this had been purely the result of the nervousness attending a debut. Miss Sutherland's phrasing became impeccable, with just the degree of distortion employed by great artists to emphasize dramatic meaning, and no more. Her rapid coloratura was tossed off so easily that it seemed incidental to the projection of character and emotion, yet all the notes were in place, and the spectacular high ones came through with wonderful clarity. Besides all this, Miss Sutherland took over the stage with an unforgettable delineation of Lucia's character. She *was* the girl with the shattered mind—a girl one usually merely imagines vaguely, if at all, while listening to the warbling of the average canary-like technicians who represent her. For the first time in my experience, I re-



STATUS SYMBOL OF THE COMPLEAT SPORTSMAN

The crocodile on every Lacoste shirt belongs to the best clubs, is seen at important sporting events everywhere. And no wonder! It's the famous cotton knit that's cut for action, taped at stress points—and always looks great. In a complete range of colors. S., M., L., XL., or XXL. 8.50. Shown with Izod slacks, handsomely tailored with a single pleat, a self-belt. Arnel triacetate and rayon in dark or light shades. Sizes 30 to 44, about \$18.00. At fine stores everywhere.



THE *Lacoste* SHIRT
BY *IZOD*

Izod, a division of David Crystal, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York

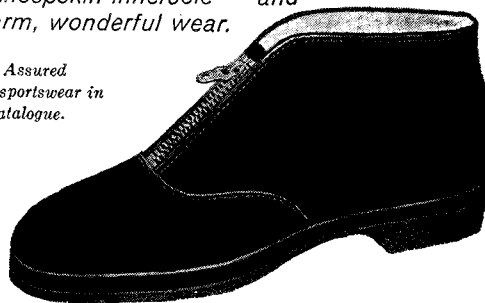


LADIES' RING TIE BOOT.
Black or Moss Green.
Also trim zipper boot.
Black or Peat Brown.
Half sizes 5-10½.
Medium width only.
\$14.95 add 45¢ postage.
Specify style and color.

World famed — Britain's finest

Perfectionists prefer these impeccable British boots for easy winter walking and after-ski wear. Morlands famed fleece inside, finest supple suede outside — with anti-slip rubber soles, removable sheepskin innersole — and years of warm, wonderful wear.

*Satisfaction Assured
More distinctive sportswear in
free winter catalogue.*



MEN'S ZIPPER BOOT.
Black or Peat Brown.
Also classic 3 eyelet tie.
Black or Olive. Full sizes
7-13, \$19.95 add 45¢
postage. Specify style
and color.

Carroll Reed

SKI SHOPS

NORTH CONWAY 6, NEW HAMPSHIRE

*Great names for
your gift list-*

MALAMUD

A NEW LIFE

A novel by BERNARD MALAMUD. \$4.95

McCARTHY

ON THE CONTRARY

Essays by MARY McCARTHY. \$4.50

MORAVIA

THE EMPTY CANVAS

A novel by ALBERTO MORAVIA. \$4.50

LOWELL

IMITATIONS

Poems by ROBERT LOWELL. \$4.50

WILSON

NIGHT THOUGHTS

Inspired insomnia by
EDMUND WILSON. \$4.50

SINGER

**THE SPINOZA OF
MARKET STREET**

Stories by ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER.
\$3.95

COLETTE

BREAK OF DAY

A novel by COLETTE. \$3.75

MAURIAC

THE FRONTENACS

A novel by FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. \$3.75

Now at your
bookstore

FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY

alized that Lucia can be taken seriously as a dramatic personality. This and flawless vocalism, too, added up to a realized ideal.

The rest of the production, aside from Mr. Tucker's gallant Edgardo (he performed at top intensity, even though his voice showed signs of strain following the sextet), was, I am afraid, very poor. A new conductor, Silvio Varviso, succeeded in following Miss Sutherland around with fair accuracy, but he was certainly no ball of fire at those points where leadership was called for. (I don't know why it is that the general level of conducting talent at the Met has sunk to an all-time low during Mr. Bing's administration; both Gatti-Casazza and Edward Johnson managed to hire some of the greatest conductors of their eras.) The ensembles, consequently, were limp, and the performance as a whole lacked coherence and drive. The remaining roles, sung by Lorenzo Testi, Thelma Votipka, Nicola Moscona, Charles Anthony, and Robert Nagy, might have been adequate under more inspired direction.

IF you will excuse me for taking up where I left off last week (yes, it's Bruckner again, but I can't help it if his works keep being performed), the endless argument between those who like and those who do not like Bruckner's work continues to mystify me. Last week, I described myself as belonging to a "minority" who think him a very great composer. I now wonder whether that was not an understatement. Actually, in Austria and Germany, indisputably the two most musical nations in the world, he is regarded with respect as one of the great symphonists, and the Dutch have recently taken to performing his works in unprecedented quantity. In this country, I have rarely attended a Bruckner performance that didn't leave its audience shouting with enthusiasm. True, Bruckner has always had his troubles with a few critics, beginning with his contemporary Eduard Hanslick, who couldn't stand him, any more than he could stand Wagner. But at the moment the majority of the first-string critics of the New York newspapers are fervently pro-Bruckner. The exceptions are Mr. Schonberg, of the *Times*, and Mr. Lang, of the *Tribune*, both of whom consider him a bore. I am not questioning either Mr. Schonberg's or Mr. Lang's right to express his opinions (I have some pretty violent opinions myself), but I would like to point out that we Brucknerites have quite a lot of weight on our side, and

Hindu mystic, Ananda Mahadev, freshly oiled and sitting cross-legged with his typewriter on his lap, awaits you with his pious puzzles in

flight of white crows

by John Berry

"Wildly original, funny, profound short stories (sort of) . . . by John Berry, whose first novel, *Krishna Fluting*, won the Macmillan Fiction Award."

— SATHA RAMA RAU,
N.Y. Times Book Review



\$3.95

at your bookstore

MACMILLAN

HOUSEHUNTING?

In an Unfamiliar City?

Turn to Homeric, the company that guards the interests of the intercity home buyer, in over 125 major cities and their suburbs. Given your particular family needs, we'll recommend the right suburbs and locate the right houses for you. No charge. Ask David Putnam for details.



52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, OR 9-5435
3460 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, DU 7-3111

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?

Straparama®
World's Largest Collection of
fine leather watchstraps for men and
women. All sizes and colors; \$2.50 to
\$6.50. Attached in one minute.

425 MADISON AVE. • New York, N.Y.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts. PL 3-9284

OPEN SEASON FOR HICKOK BELTS AND BUCKLES

Hickok belts, made of fine leather and individually styled and personalized initial buckles, are unsurpassed for comfort and ease in your waist. Superbly crafted, they give dignity and style to the well-dressed man.



CHANGEABOUT BUCKLES

Buckles interchangeable
with many Hickok belts.
Sparta Initial Buckle \$3.50

CUSTOM MADE BLACK LEATHER BELT \$5.00.

Sterling Initial Buckle \$5.00. Set \$10.00. Also in brown with gold filled buckle.

BLACK FEATHEREDGE BELT lined in red \$5.00.

Yorktown Initial Buckle \$2.50. Set \$7.50. Also in brown with olive lining.

SIERRA MAHOGANY BELT...hand rubbed finish. \$3.00.

Nevada Initial Buckle \$2.00. Set \$5.00. Also in black and grey.

*Positively
Finer*



plus tax for Buckles

©1961 Hickok Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.



THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

Assembly, by John O'Hara (*Random House*, \$5.95).

A collection of twenty-six new stories. Not all the characters are strictly from Gibbsville, but in no instance has the author missed an indigenous nuance.

The White Nile, by Alan Moorehead (*Harper*, \$5.95).

A history of how the British flag of empire and enlightenment was carried to Central Africa in the latter half of the nineteenth century—to the bewilderment (or worse) of the natives, who had not been told that their continent was dark. Among the flag-bearers were Sir Richard Burton, John Hanning Speke, and Dr. Livingstone, all of them determined to solve the greatest geographical puzzle of the ages—the source of the Nile.

Saturday Lunch with the Brownings, by Penelope Mortimer (*McGraw-Hill*, \$3.95).

Twelve engravings of people in the kind of situations that the civilized substitute for screaming.

Portrait of Hemingway, by Lillian Ross (*Simon & Schuster*, \$2.50).

Back in 1950, Ernest Hemingway arrived in town for a two-day stopover. Miss Ross, in a Profile describing these two days, has reproduced his vigor and impulsiveness, and his conversation—a private oral shorthand—in which he delivered opinions on writing, sports, pictures, the people he loved, and anything else that happened to catch his attention. To her Profile she has added a preface.

The Stone Arbor, by Roger Angell (*Little, Brown*, \$4).

Thirteen stories that at first appear familiar and then, by a twist of the kaleidoscope, fall into an unexpected design.

The Dedini Gallery, by Eldon Dedini (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston*, \$3.95).

An album of a hundred and forty-three drawings, in which Mr. Dedini's bustling characters appear cheerfully at home in every period in history and all over the map.

Gifts of Passage, by Santha Rama Rau (*Harper*, \$4.95).

Reminiscences—pertinent or impertinent, depending on whose team you're on—of a peripatetic Indian woman.

Advice to a Prophet and Other Poems, by Richard Wilbur (*Harcourt, Brace & World*, \$3.75).

A collection of poems by a man who can get blood from a stone, or a fire truck, as well as from more classical themes.

An Only Child, by Frank O'Connor (*Knopf*, \$4.50).

An account of the author's first twenty potato-ridden years in Cork. At the time, Mr. O'Connor's best friend was his mother, and

this autobiography tells how—both because of and in spite of this remarkable woman—he became the man and writer he is today.

Le Hibou et la Poussiquette, by Francis Steegmuller (*Little, Brown*, \$2.95).

Si l'on a appris par cœur "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" comme un enfant bien élevé, on peut comprendre ce petit livre charmant. Sinon, on peut lire le poème de M. Edward Lear, qui y est joint. Illustré par Barbara Cooney.

The Super-Americans, by John Bainbridge (*Doubleday*, \$5.95).

Mr. Bainbridge presents a thoroughgoing compendium of facts and anecdotes about Texas and the wheeler-dealers who live there. The range of information is wide, with the fiscal possibilities of the oil game at one end and the color of the granulated sugar (blue) in the Zodiac restaurant in Neiman-Marcus at the other.

The Great Wave and Other Stories, by Mary Lavin (*Macmillan*, \$3.50).

Some Irish stories in which the dead are as irrepressible as the living.

A Reporter Here and There, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Random House*, \$4.95).

A collection of reports—happy-go-lucky or serious, as the occasion demands—from such far-flung spots as Scarborough, New York (1947), Alaska (1959), and the Imjin River, in Korea (April 22-25, 1951).

The Grove, by Burton Bernstein (*McGraw-Hill*, \$4.50).

Some commotions in a small Jewish summer resort, where spirits run high, and in direct ratio to the severity of the problem.

How an Ivy League College Decides on Admissions, by Katharine Kinkead (*Norton*, \$2.95).

The college is Yale. Mrs. Kinkead has expanded her account of the various ways in which the Office of Admissions—with the help of guidance men and I.B.M.—manages to pick a freshman class and, at the same time, to resist such powerful pressure groups as old grads and loving mothers.

Franny and Zooey, by J. D. Salinger (*Little, Brown*, \$4).

Two stories presenting the youngest members of that highly articulate family, the Glasses.

The Press, by A. J. Liebling (*Ballantine*, \$7.5).

A collection of critical pieces going back to 1946. In them Mr. Liebling calls to our attention the trifling peccadilloes or downright evils of newspapers and their publishers. He has added some barbed up-to-date comment.

The Earl of Louisiana, by A. J. Liebling (*Simon & Schuster*, \$3.95).

This report on the colorful farewell performance of the eccentric and surprisingly heroic Earl K. Long in the gubernatorial primaries of 1959 might also be considered a handbook on the tricky ins and outs of Louisiana politics and on the politicians over whom Uncle Earl presided and whom he foxily maneuvered from the Executive Mansion at Baton Rouge.

Some People, Places, and Things That Will Not Appear in My Next Novel, by John Cheever (*Harper*, \$3.50).

Some stories about Americans at home and abroad, plus the title essay, in which Mr. Cheever makes even the inadmissible a matter of interest.

The Better Hoff, by Syd Hoff (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston*, \$2.95).

Mr. Hoff's stylish stouts continue to bicker happily, and the Great Husband Hunt still goes on.

The Rising Gorge, by S. J. Perelman (*Simon & Schuster*, \$4.50).

Those suffering from this particular complaint—the result of major and minor irritations to the intelligence—will find Mr. Perelman's explosions therapeutic. A new collection.

The Cloud Forest, by Peter Matthiessen (*Viking*, \$6.50).

A journal of a trip through the jungles of South America that is indirectly a self-portrait of the journalist as an adventurer, a naturalist, and—on at least one occasion, when he took the dangerous rapids of Peru's Pongo de Mainique on a raft—an inadvertent daredevil.

Collected Poems, by Robert Hillyer (*Knopf*, \$4.75).

Over a hundred and thirty poems—lyrics, sonnets, narrative poems, light verse—from the poet's published works.

When My Girl Comes Home, by V. S. Pritchett (*Knopf*, \$4).

The author impersonates a number of British middle-class types, and one is not sure what's up until the very end of each story.

R. Taylor's Wrong Bag (*Simon & Schuster*, \$3.95).

Richard Taylor's heavy-lidded worldlings on display in a series of cartoons that reveal their innocent optimism or fatuity or both.

Lanterns & Lances, by James Thurber (*Harper*, \$3.95).

In this collection, Mr. Thurber has thrown a few thousand-watt lantern beams and cast a few lances at some people and ideas that have either pleased him (Henry James) or disturbed him (notably the decline of the English language).



that I probably should not have referred to us as a minority.

Anyway, last week Josef Krips and the New York Philharmonic made us Brucknerites happy by performing the Master's now fairly familiar Eighth Symphony, and even the Friday-afternoon audience, which is prone to walk out on almost anything, including Beethoven, remained, almost without exception, rooted to its seats. There were good reasons for this. Mr. Krips is, as I pointed out last week, a man of enormous penetration where the architecture of large works is concerned. He is also a wonderful technician, who can make the Philharmonic sound like the great orchestra that it is. What I mean by saying he has penetration is that he can discern and control more detail in a complex orchestral fabric than most conductors can, and what I mean by calling him a superior technician is that every move he makes has a precise functional purpose to which the orchestra inevitably responds. I think that he is one of the finest maestros now before the public, and it was a profound pleasure the other afternoon to watch him patiently and enthusiastically illuminating every nook and cranny of a monumental composition, clarifying everything in the score and giving every moment its proper relationship to what came before and after it. In Bruckner, this is not easy to do, and I am sure that much of the suspense and excitement the audience felt was due to sheer fascination with what Mr. Krips was unfolding instant after instant. I could compare the performance with that of Herbert von Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic two years ago. Mr. von Karajan's was more dashing and aggressive, but Mr. Krips' had a poetic quality and a selflessness and dedication that were no less impressive.

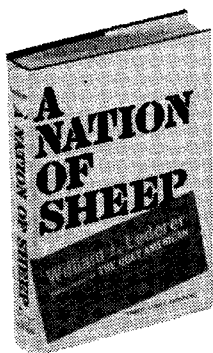
The Bruckner symphony was preceded by Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture and Webern's Passacaglia for Orchestra, Opus 1. The latter, which was written before Webern's more extreme efforts, is a beautiful composition, and makes a genuinely musical appeal. Mr. Krips conducted both works with remarkable mastery.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

A NEW BARBER SHOP
In Brookfield 17925 Pleasant St.
Across from Fire House
2 Barbers to Sever You
—Postcard received by a man in Brookfield, Wis.

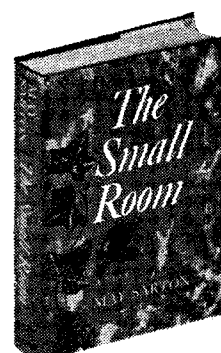
Can't you locate across from the hospital?

"Books that Live" ARE THE BOOKS TO GIVE



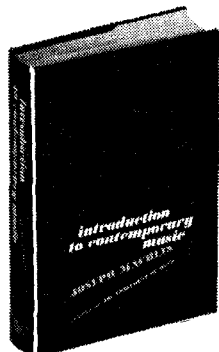
A NATION OF SHEEP

By **WILLIAM J. LEDERER**. "Every American ought to read it," says **TILLMAN DURDIN** in the *N. Y. Times Book Review* of this explosive book on foreign policy. For 32 weeks a leading national best seller. \$3.95



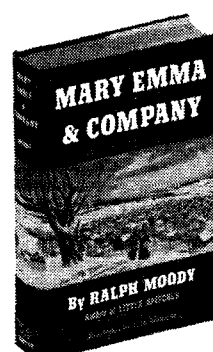
THE SMALL ROOM

By **MAY SARTON**. "A fine novel." — *N. Y. Times*. \$3.95. Also by Miss Sarton: **CLOUD, STONE, SUN, VINE** — poetry that "says for me some things I do not myself know how to say." — **MARIANNE MOORE**. \$4.00



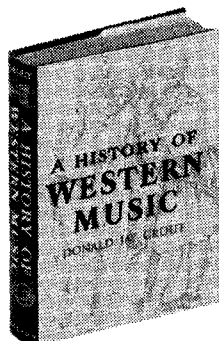
INTRODUCTION TO CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

By **JOSEPH MACHLIS**. "Anyone who wants to know about music today will have to consult this book." — **AARON COPLAND**. 714 pages, music examples, index. \$10.00



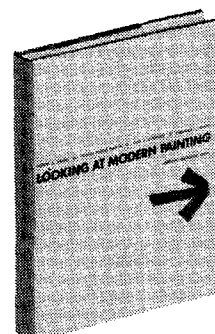
MARY EMMA & COMPANY

By **RALPH MOODY**. The author of *Little Britches* is at his best in this heart-warming story of his family's move from Colorado to Medford, Mass. Illustrated. \$3.95



A HISTORY OF WESTERN MUSIC

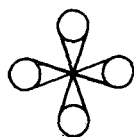
By **DONALD JAY GROUT**. "Scholarly yet vivid . . . For your own enjoyment or as a gift to a student . . . A source of stimulation and lasting enjoyment." — **PAUL HUME**, *Washington Post*. Illustrated. \$9.65



LOOKING AT MODERN PAINTING

By **GIBSON A. DANES, W. JOSEPH FULTON, CARL D. SHEPPARD, FREDERICK S. WIGHT**. A stimulating, enlightening view of 20th-century art. Illustrated in full color and black and white. \$10.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES • NORTON



BOLLINGEN SERIES

Art and Illusion

A STUDY IN
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF
PICTORIAL REPRESENTATION

The A. W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts, 1956. By E. H. GOMBRICH. Professor Gombrich interprets recent theories of visual perception in his assessment of the relationship between the viewer and the work of art. In dealing with this subtle and provocative exchange, he ranges over the long history of art, from ancient Greece to the present day. 320 illustrations, 18 in color. \$10.00

The Limits of Art

Collected and edited by HUNTINGTON CAIRNS. An anthology of poetic and prose works from Homer to Joyce which great critics have considered to be the best of their kind. Each selection is accompanied by the critic's appraisal. \$7.50

The Art of Sculpture

The A. W. Mellon Lectures in Fine Arts, 1954. By HERBERT READ. A search for an aesthetic of sculpture that draws upon the art of many periods and countries. The author's thesis reveals the essential and autonomous nature of sculpture. With 224 gravure plates. \$7.50

Published by BOLLINGEN FOUNDATION. Distributed by Pantheon Books, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. For detailed catalogue write to Bollingen Series, 140 East 62nd Street, New York 21, N. Y.

THE RACE TRACK

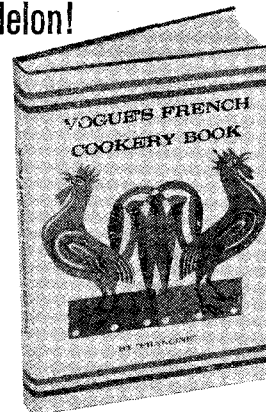
End of the Line



ANOTHER New York season closed last week, and in the course of it more people went racing and tossed more dollars into the tote than ever before. If you care for the statistics, attendance totalled 5,731,686 and the pari-mutuel handle was \$544,251,460. (I can remember, and it wasn't so awfully long ago, when betting at all the mutuel tracks in the country didn't add up to half a billion.) Intimidated by such figures, I hesitate to point out that at Aqueduct, Belmont, and Saratoga this year one saw more Class C and Class D horses than B-plus performers. On the other hand, I certainly don't mean to say that things were dull, for selling-platers can put up as good a show as the best of the stake winners, and frequently do. We had Class A horses, too, though not nearly as many as we should have had, it seems to me, in view of the great number of horsemen who are trying to develop a nonpareil. But if all the two-year-olds were Ridans or Crimson Satans and all the older racers were Kelsos, they'd still keep beating one another.

THE Remsen Stakes and the Queens County Handicap wound up things at Aqueduct last week. In the Remsen, Figaro Bob, a sturdy chestnut colt, brought off a 20-1 chance, with Daddy R., Melanion, and Endymion bunched behind him so close together that it took the placing judges several minutes to sort them out. A beast named In Force (he was fourth in the Garden State Stakes) led to the stretch and then faded out of the picture, whereupon Figaro Bob, who had kept pace with him all along, went on to win by a length. It was Figaro Bob's twenty-fifth start—quite a campaign for a two-year-old—but apparently he thrives on racing, for he looked better in the Remsen than he had at any time during the summer. He'll get plenty to do in Florida. Melanion, who kept along the rail all the way, ran as if he weren't sure of himself (it was only his fourth appearance under silks), but in my book he has great possibilities. If he were mine, and I wish he were, he'd skip Miami and spend the winter at Aiken or Columbia doing nothing more than long, slow

Everything from Adèle
Sauce to Fontainebleau
Melon!



300 delectable recipes from all parts of France, collected by Francine (Mme. Cosette Vogel), whose table in her charming house at St. Germain is the talk of Paris.

Unique chapters cover sauces and stocks, game, terrines, and hors d'oeuvres, as well as poultry, meat, fish, soups, and delicious desserts. Recipes include suggested wines for each dish, garnishes and vegetables.

A welcome gift for the family gourmet—male or female—who wants to prepare fine food in the French manner. \$4.95

VOGUE'S FRENCH COOKERY BOOK

Compiled by 'Francine'

ST MARTIN'S PRESS, New York 10

in Washington, D.C.



*Dining at
"Dukes"*

Is Better
Than Ever!

DUKE ZEIBERT'S Newly Enlarged
and Completely
Redecorated
RESTAURANT / 1722 L ST. N.W.



BERNARDSVILLE, N. J.
Old Mill Inn
On Route 202

OPEN 'TIL MIDNITE—SUNDAYS 'TIL 9

JEfferson 8-1413

BERnardsville 8-1150

JOHNNY JOHNSTON'S CHARCOAL ROOM



where
steak is
king

Second Avenue at 45 St. • MU 4-7250 • Open 7 Days
Member of All Charge Clubs • Free Park After 6 P.M.

gallops, and he wouldn't get into serious training until the first of March. He'd probably even pass up the Kentucky Derby, but I think he'd win the Belmont. As for Endymion, I'm afraid I shall have to file him with my other disappointments.

The weather for the Remsen was the coldest of the meeting—at any rate, it felt that way—but it mellowed for the Queens County Handicap on getaway day. Furthermore, the track was in the best condition it's been in for weeks. Of course, it would have been too much to expect Hillsborough, who had romped off with the Display, at two miles, only five days before, to win the Queens County, at one mile, since a horse trained for a long race is at a disadvantage coming back to a short one so soon. So the talent settled on old Manassa Mauler, because he'd run a smart mile the week before, and because he was ridden by Baeza, the leading jockey, who had had two winners earlier in the afternoon. Their choice was sound, for though Mail Order had as much speed as he'd had when he won the Excelsior and the Grey Lag at the Big A back in April, Manassa Mauler wore him down in the stretch. Black Thumper was third, and Hillsborough, who didn't get going until the race was almost over, was fourth. If you want to make anything of the fact that the sixth race (the Sunrise Purse, won by Gawain) and the eighth race (the West Side Handicap, won by Up Scope), both at a mile, were run in exactly the same time—1:36 $\frac{1}{2}$ —as the seventh race, the Queens County, you're welcome.

TURNING to television last Saturday, I caught the Gallorette Stakes at Pimlico, and I'll give Barnesville Miss full marks for a good race. She didn't look to have a chance two furlongs from home, but then Anderson brought her up on the rail to beat Colony Flyer by a head on the post. When that was over, the City of Miami Handicap came on the screen from Tropical Park, and it was a lively affair, too, even if Greentree's Eurasia did win comfortably at the end. It's hard to believe, though I looked it up, that this was the first race the famous Greentree Stable has won since Belmont in September.

—AUDAX MINOR

Police said they made the arrests a few blocks from Mrs. Hill's car. The youths were screams, police said.—*Long Island Press*.

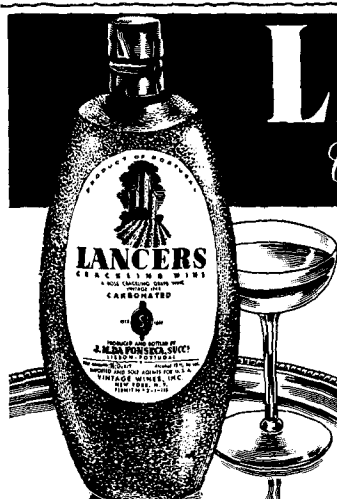
Let the police tend to their knitting!



Give something stupendous

GIVE A BEAUTYREST ADJUSTABLE BED

Here's the greatest Christmas present ever invented. Dual-Motor Electric Control raises your legs. Or your head and shoulders — or both. For TV-ing, reading, breakfasting ... or just living in bed. Twin-Bed Size Regular or Extra-Firm models with Dual-Motor Control, \$379. Single-Motor Control, \$279. Manual, \$189.50. Fits **SIMMONS** 



LANCERS

Crackling Carbonated Vin Rose

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine — slightly effervescent — delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N. Y. 19, N. Y.

IDEAL GIFT ITEMS FROM



Fine Foods from Scotland



Unusual assortment of six 3-oz. jars of delicious jellies, jams & marmalade. Also available in a three assortment pack.

Vintage Orange Marmalade — aged for 5 years. Gift packed in miniature Scottish whisky cask.



Obtainable from Charles & Co. in New York and other Fine Stores.
Imported Solely by
CALVERT, VAVASSEUR & CO., Inc., 19 Rector St., N.Y.C.6

MUSIC HIGHLIGHTS TOUR OF EUROPE

1962 Eighth Annual Music Lovers' tour of Europe. Conducted by Professor Arthur L. Williams of Oberlin Conservatory of Music, and Mrs. Williams. Sail from New York July 12 on S.S. United States, return on S.S. United States Sept 5. Cabin class. Seven countries—56 days — \$1748. Cost covers transportation, rooms, most meals, also tickets to 17 of the most outstanding symphonic, ballet and operatic events, including — Salzburg, Vienna, Bayreuth, Paris, Rome, Stratford, London and Edinburgh.

See Your Travel Agent or



THE HOUSE OF TRAVEL

17 East 49th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y., MU 8-0185

BOOKS

Mrs. Jolley and Mrs. Flack

WRITERS who attract cults are, like lap dogs, a pitiable lot. Their worshippers coddle them, overcelebrate their virtues, shush their faults, and frighten away prospective and perhaps skeptical readers with an apologist's fervor. In short, these cultists establish a pampering sanctuary around the writer, softening him and making him far more inaccessible than when he was simply ignored. It would be too bad if Patrick White, the austere, monolithic, and highly original Australian novelist, were so enshrined. But his sixth book, *"Riders in the Chariot,"* recently published by Viking, makes him ripe for canonization. The book is unfashionable, furrowed, sweaty, and often obtuse. It is elemental and agonized. It has been fulsomely praised and will probably be underbought. It radiates—because of its massiveness (White is now generally a five-hundred-page man) and because of its stubborn basso-profundo voice—enough seriousness and purpose to make any cultist lift his head and listen. Nevertheless, before the approaching clagues enswathe it, let's look at *"Riders in the Chariot,"* which is at once infuriating and brilliant, lumbering and deft, long-winded and exact.

White's style is his glory and his greatest sin. It is one of those homemade affairs—self-conscious, self-indulgent, poet's, gawky, and full of pits and chunks—that are embarrassing at their worst and indelible when they jell. His sentences groan under a terrific ballast of commas, elusive pronouns, off-center metaphors, and vague, poetic "any's" and "some's." Thus: "Almost all were, because alive, changing, growing, personal, like her own thoughts, which intermingled, flapping and flashing, with the leaves, or lay straight and stiff as sticks, or emerged with the painful stench of any crushed ant." But thoughts that lie straight and stiff as sticks have nothing on White's more ambitious images: "Until, suddenly, silence took over, its passive structure rising in tiers of indifference and layers of suffocating feathers." Silence as a passive and indifferent edifice is fine; "suffocating feathers" is ruinous. Again: "Great cloudy tumbrils were lumbering across the bumpy sky towards a crimson doom." But just as one is about to sink, White's engine turns over and

one is shunted smoothly forward: "[The sound] was all around and under her: the grey sound that is given out by tunnels, and the mouths of elephants, and sleepers turning in a dream, and earth falling in a veil from a considerable height." White's best language is largely inseparable from an I-live-in-a-big-land mysticism that is compounded of a reverence for nature, the long-suffering, and God, as well as of a hatred for the mean, the cheap, and the narrow. Here is how he handles the trances that govern the meetings of Mrs. Jolley and Mrs. Flack, who are gossipy, malevolent, dirty-minded widows:

At that moment something would happen, of such peculiar subtlety that it must have eluded the perception of all but those involved in the experience. The catalyst of sympathy seemed to destroy the envelopes of personality, leaving the two essential beings free to merge and float. Thought must have played little part in any state so passive, so directionless, yet it was difficult not to associate a mental process with silence of such a ruthless and

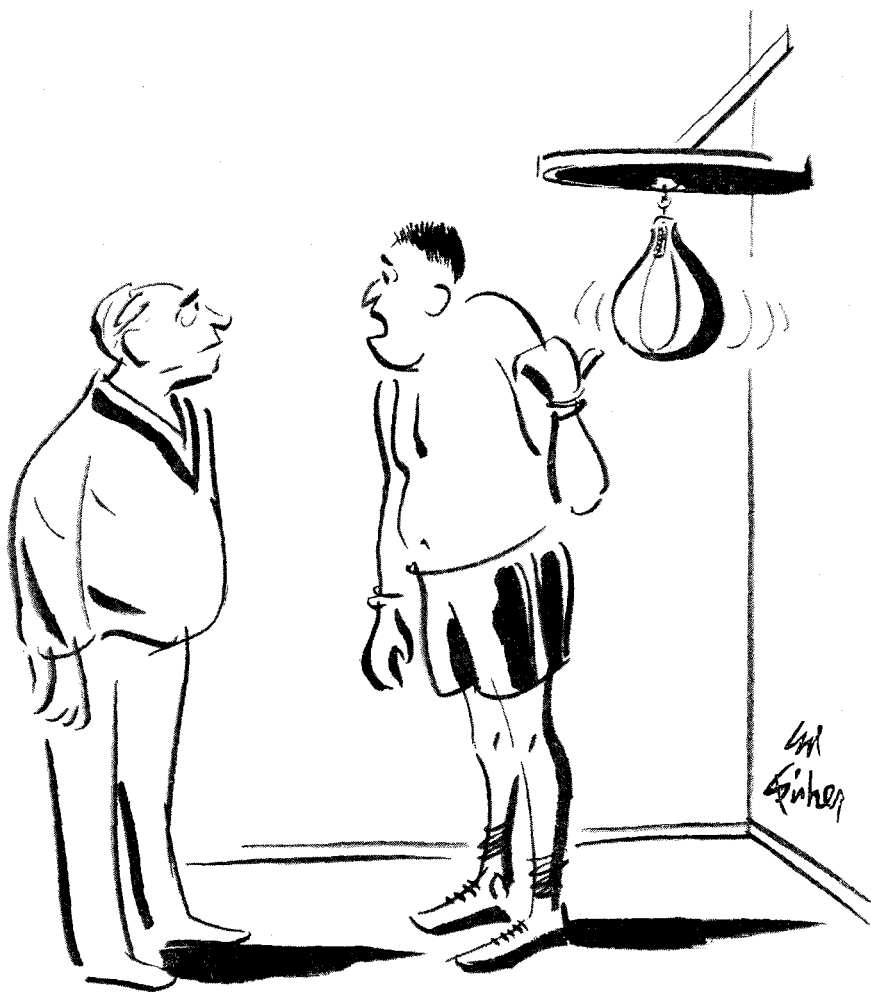
pervasive kind. As they continued sitting, the two women would drench the room with the moth-colours of their one mind. Little sighs would break, scintillating, on the Wilton wall-to-wall. The sound of stomachs, rumbling liquidly, would sluice the already impeccable veneer. Glances rejected one another as obsolete aids to communication. This could have been the perfect communion of souls, if, at the same time, it had not suggested perfect collusion.

And here is a chic, aging, wealthy woman who has fainted from drink after one of her parties and been supported to her room by her maid, Ruth:

It was a terrible evening that Ruth had to remember. Never before had she seen her mistress stark naked, and the latter's flesh was grey. Anyone less compassionate might have recoiled from the sac of a slack, sick spider, slithering out of its disguise of silk.

This is strong stuff, written in India ink.

Like White's earlier books, *"Riders in the Chariot"* is a celebration of the mad, the crippled, the downtrodden, and the saintly. White is furious because



"I just can't! I keep hearing a little voice saying 'Ouch.'"

For connoisseurs of the rare and beautiful,
The Treasures of La Californie
 includes 101 full-color reproductions;
 Special gift price to December 31:



PICASSO'S PICASSOS:
by David Douglas Duncan
 532 black-and-white.
 \$24.95. Thereafter: \$30.00



"Never was there an autobiography like
Romain Gary's PROMISE AT DAWN." — *N. Y. Times*.
 "Superlative." — *Boston Herald*. "Electrifying." — *Chicago News*.
 "Masterpiece." — *Milwaukee Journal*. \$5.00

James Thurber's LANTERNS AND LANCES —

twenty-four pieces and none ever before in book form — is "a splendid
 harvest." — *N. Y. Times*. With Thurber drawings. \$3.95



Complete, authoritative, beautiful —

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S SPORTS CARS

by Richard Hough. Illustrated in full color and black-and-white.
 Special gift price to December 31: \$10.00. Thereafter: \$12.50



In **THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR**, **Hugh Thomas** has told "the appalling story
 as it has never been told before . . . A full, vivid and deeply serious treatment
 of a great subject." — *N. Y. Times Book Review*. Illustrated. \$8.50

Nearly 1500 recipes for
THE NEW YORK TIMES
Craig Claiborne. Lavishly
 December 31: \$7.50.



every occasion distinguish
COOK BOOK, edited by
 illustrated. Special gift price to
 Thereafter: \$8.95

What finer gift for the discriminating than **Steinberg's THE LABYRINTH.**
 More than 250 black-and-white drawings and colored endpapers. \$7.50



"Go and read **Santha Rama Rau's**
GIFTS OF PASSAGE . . . Her autobiography is unique."
 — RUMER GODDEN, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. \$4.95

In **SKI POINTERS BY THE EXPERTS**, more than
 140 show-how drawings and photographs illustrate 60 "tricks of the trade."
 Special gift price to December 31: \$4.50. Thereafter: \$4.95



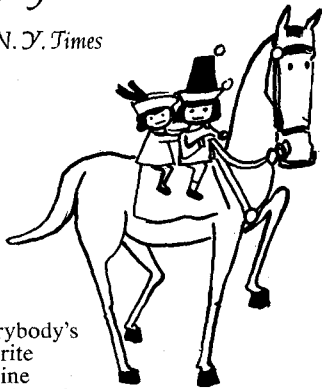
For children of all ages — **E. B. White's** classics,
STUART LITTLE (\$2.75) and **CHARLOTTE'S WEB** (\$2.95).
 both illustrated by **Garth Williams.**



AT ALL BOOKSTORES **Harper & Brothers**

"A breathlessly
gay adventure."

—N.Y. Times



Everybody's favorite heroine is back again just in time for Christmas! When the Spanish Ambassador is transferred to London, Miss Clavel and her twelve little girls fly to bring joy—and a horse—to lonely Pepito on his birthday. \$3.50

MADELINE IN LONDON

Story and pictures
(truly stunning!)

by LUDWIG BEMELMANS

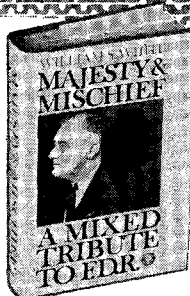
The Viking Press

A veteran
Washington
reporter
looks at
F.D.R.
and sees a
surprising
combination of

Majesty and Mischief

A MIXED TRIBUTE TO F. D. R.
By WILLIAM S. WHITE

\$4.50 now at your bookstore



McGraw-Hill

BEST SELLER!

**May
Sarton**

a "fine
new novel"
—N.Y. Times

THE Small Room

"Flesh-and-blood people . . .
The meaning of teaching be-
comes drama."

—N.Y. Herald Tribune



\$3.95 • NORTON

the meek have yet to inherit the earth, and his book is a granitic effort to reverse this situation. The book is set in the outskirts of Sydney just after the Second World War, and the titular riders in the chariot—Apollo's chariot? The chariot of God? It is never clear—are Miss Hare, an ugly, inarticulate, three-quarters-mad spinster who lives alone in a huge, falling-down mansion, Xanadu, built by her father around the turn of the century; Mordecai Himmelfarb, a Jewish scholar and religionist who escapes from Germany after he has allowed the Nazis to take his wife, and who arrives in Australia to do penance and seek out the very face of his God; Alf Dubbo, an aborigine and primitive painter, who works with Himmelfarb in a bicycle-lamp factory; and Ruth Godbold, an uneducated Englishwoman who marries a drunk and has six children, whom she raises in a shack near Xanadu. White, like George Eliot, believes in solidly built Characters. Thus, much of the book is given over to exhaustive biographies of these four that raise them, through a brick-by-brick accretion, from clichés to seemingly fresh fictional beings, and that bring them down to the late forties, when they begin passing through each other's orbits. (White doesn't try to make the unlikely coming together of four such eccentrics plausible; they *must* settle near each other, they *must* meet, they *must* become friends, and they simply do.) But White, one foot in the nineteenth century, the other in the twentieth, also believes that no Character is complete until he has been fitted to the proper Symbolic hat. And they are tall, intricate hats at that. Miss Hare, who communes with goats and rabbits and worships the tiniest convolutions of nature, stands for man's inarticulateness, as well as for old wealth and breeding, with all its cruelties and refinements. Himmelfarb is the eternal Jew—tortured, proud, and driven from land to land. Dubbo, diseased, ignored, and richly gifted, is the immortal primitive. And Ruth Godbold is both Mother Earth and Love. (In addition to their other duties, these four serve as the two Marys, Christ, and St. Peter.) After White has completed these imposing monuments—half human, half god—he proceeds to destroy them. The book shifts into an almost Promethean melodrama. The chariot picks up speed, hell-fire sprouts from the earth, the very air moans and keens. (Writers of White's bore are constantly in danger of shelling their own readers.) Himmelfarb is crucified on Good Friday by a drunken mob

In this beautifully written biography, Irene Patai captures the spirit, the emotions, and the thoughts of the twentieth century genius who dared to pit himself against the tyrannies of his era. Intimate glimpses of his contemporaries: Picasso, Modigliani, Rivera, Le Corbusier, Léger, Matisse, others.

ENCOUNTERS

The Life of Jacques Lipchitz

By Irene Patai

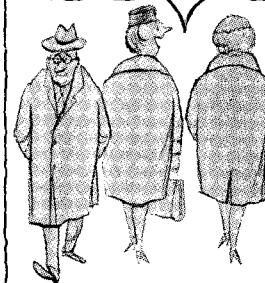
Foreword by Andrew C. Ritchie
Yale University Art Gallery



Just published, 33 pages of photos
at all bookstores, \$6.50

FUNK & WAGNALLS

"I hear they've done a
book about him . . ."



46 wonderful car-
toons about the
fellow you've
seen eavesdrop
in the pages of
The New Yorker.
\$1.50, paper-
bound.

DIAL

The EAVESDROPPER

By A. S. GRAHAM

JUST PUBLISHED

How an Ivy League College Decides on Admissions

By KATHARINE T. KINKEAD / \$2.95 / NORTON

A considerable portion of the material in this book appeared
originally in *The New Yorker*.



THE *Divan*

SINCE 1923

PARISIEN

RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS

33 E. 48th St.

New York

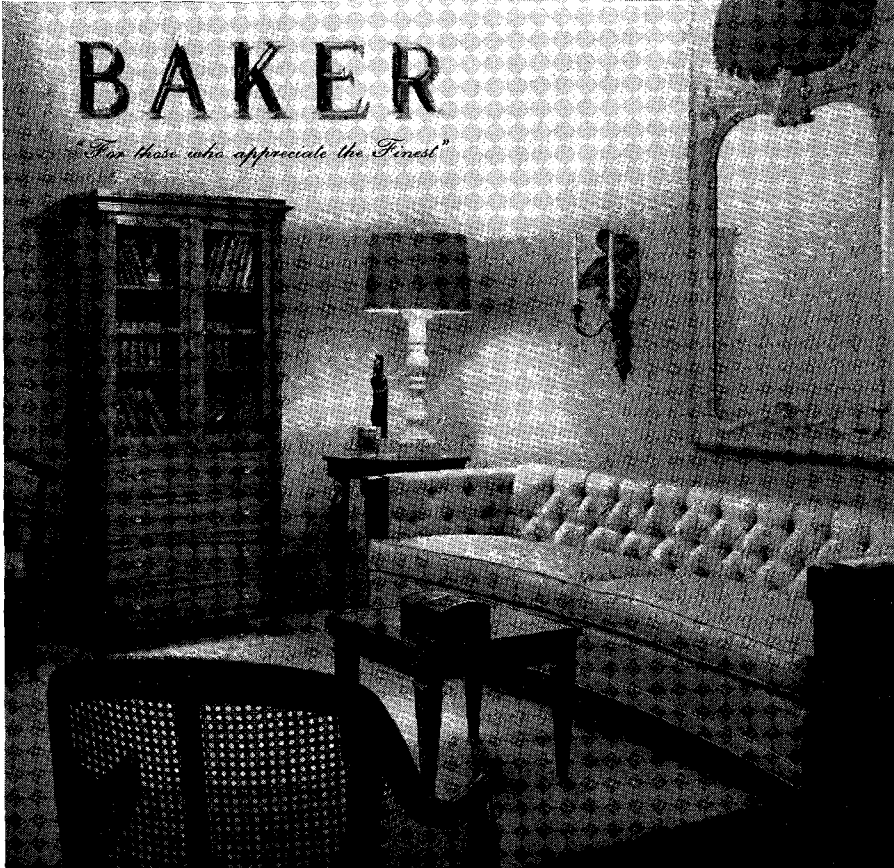
EL 5-6726

at the factory where he works. Miss Hare, eaten by madness and grief over Himmelfarb's death, disappears. Dubbo dies of tuberculosis, after finishing his masterwork—a painting of a chariot with four occupants hurtling toward the heavens. Only Ruth Godbold survives, and, gaining power through the martyrdom of the others, inherits the earth for them. Or does she? Despite all this Biblical, or Calvary Hill, clamor, it is not the Himmelfarbs and Hares who dominate but the evil middle-class suburban forces that do them in. Mrs. Flack and Mrs. Jolley (she becomes Miss Hare's companion for a time) are masterly archetypes. Indeed, in them White completes what Dickens began a century ago. Not far behind are Harry Rosetree, né Rosenbaum, a Catholicized Jew who owns the factory where Himmelfarb works, and Blue, Mrs. Flack's bastard son and Himmelfarb's murderer:

Blue had always been primarily a torso, an Antinous of the suburbs, breasts emphatically divided on unfeeling marble. . . . Somebody had battered the head, or else the sculptor had recoiled before giving precise form to a vision of which he was ashamed. Whether damaged, or unfinished, the head was infallibly suggestive. Out of the impervious eyes, which should have conveyed at most the finite beauty of stone, filtered glimpses of an infinite squalor: slops of the saloon, the dissolving cigarette butts, reflections of the grey monotones, the greenish lusts. The mouth was a means of devouring. If ever it opened on words—for it was sometimes necessary to communicate—these issued bound with the brass of beer, from between rotting stumps of teeth.

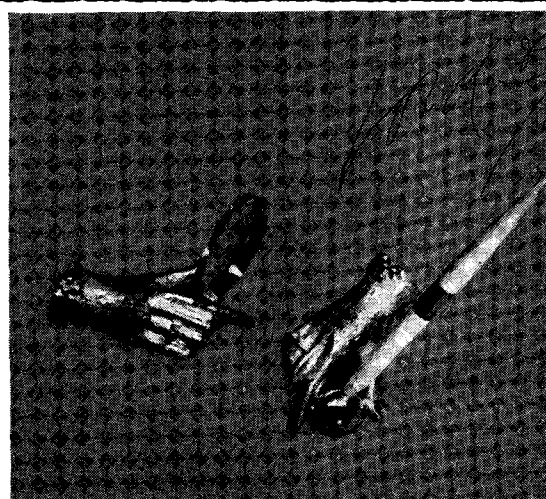
These figures—noisome and dead—worry and pierce the four riders, and they worry and pierce us, too. White forces Mrs. Godbold to triumph, through her sheer muscular goodness. He even makes Jehovah-like gestures toward punishing her enemies. But her victory and their punishments don't reach beyond the book. Long after, we continue to see and hear Flacks and Jolleys in our dreams, we yield them seats on buses, we are shouldered by them on the street. But then the Beatitude itself doesn't specify who among the meek—Mrs. Flack and Mrs. Jolley are assuredly not the mighty—shall take the earth.

"CATCH-22" (Simon & Schuster), by Joseph Heller, and "The End of It" (Horizon), by Mitchell Goodman, announce that the second generation of novels about the Second World War is upon us. The first book is a manic travesty on the war and on all



BAKER
"For those who appreciate the Finest"

BAKER FURNITURE, INC., 30 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • DALLAS
CINCINNATI • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • INDIANAPOLIS • CLEVELAND • MINNEAPOLIS • PITTSBURGH • GRAND RAPIDS
THE NEW PORTFOLIO OF 500 BAKER DESIGNS, \$1.00



A show of hands

for Christmas desks:

24-karat gold plate,

a cultured pearl.

Lilly Daché's series—

with magnifying glass,

6.00; pen, 5.00;

pencil sharpener, 3.00

At all Lord & Taylor stores

Ausgezeichnet!*

That's the word for this new, completely up-to-date edition of the famous BROCKHAUS German-English dictionary. Contains important new entries, literary and colloquial expressions—even slang. Thousands of clear illustrations. 1,500 pages.

BROCKHAUS Illustrated German-English, English-German Dictionary
\$9.95, now at your bookstore
*Excellent! **McGRAW-HILL**

from **Bobbs-Merrill**

The hilarious book that's being talked about on analysts' couches all over America!

THE Lardner Report

A SCIENTIFIC EXPOSÉ OF LIFE, LOVE AND NEUROSIS IN THE SUBURBS, with a Foreword by the author

Rex Lardner
Illustrated • \$2.95
at bookstores



IFS, ANDS, BUTS

Writing informational material about the stock market is no easy task. Downright predictions about the market's behavior are impossible to make because there are so many imponderables and unpredictable factors involved. That's why there's a tendency to use language that is equivocal, to observe that if the market does not go up, it is likely to go down—and vice versa, of course.

We admit that we may fall into this trap ourselves on occasion, but we really deplore such murky prose and have done our best to banish it from all the investment information we publish. Our quarterly "Guide for Investors," for example, contains specific buy, sell, and hold suggestions. And for the benefit of babes in the financial woods, our booklet called "What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business" is clear and concise and readable.

Would you like a copy of either—or both? They're free for the asking—and straight to the point.



MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER
PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK
LONDON.....110 Fenchurch Street
PARIS.....7 Rue de la Paix

previous S.W.W. novels. The second, a straightforward indictment of the war, is by a man who never saw action in it. Unfortunately, "Catch-22," which deals with an American bomber squadron stationed on an island off Italy, is not really a book. It doesn't even seem to have been written; instead, it gives the impression of having been shouted onto paper. Its techniques are borrowed from everywhere—the cartoon, the cinema, Kafka, "Alice in Wonderland," Edward Lear, the Surrealist painters—and they are piled on one another in a swollen, nightmarish collage. Heller uses nonsense, satire, non sequiturs, slapstick, and farce. He wallows in his own laughter, and finally drowns in it. What remains is a debris of sour jokes, stage anger, dirty words, synthetic looniness, and the sort of antic behavior the children fall into when they know they are losing our attention.

Although Goodman's book is frequently clumsy, pretentious, and painfully make-believe, it is ultimately as horrifying a vision of war as this reviewer can recall. It is centered on a cool, one-dimensional American artillery lieutenant involved in the Italian campaign who acts as a Vergil-like guide to the innermost idiocies of war. For a long time after his arrival in Italy, the lieutenant doesn't belong to the war; he is merely part of the huge machine that America has constructed and shipped to Europe. Then he discovers what drives the French soldiers he works with—a pure and direct hatred of Germans. He learns Italian and begins to understand the Italians. He becomes hypnotized by the age and beauty of their country. (A third of the book is a vivid tone poem about the Italian countryside.) After being closely questioned by a group of Italian partisans, he also discovers that he himself does not know what his country is, what it thinks, what its soldiers are fighting for. The climax of the book is stunning. The lieutenant, as an artillery observer, inadvertently causes a massacre of hundreds of Italian prisoners, and he loses his mind. The irony is obvious and dreadful, and the scene, with its breathtaking fictional confidence, suddenly elevates Goodman's novel into the best of its kind. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

55A-55B PAINTING (STILL LIFE)

A practical course in still-life painting in which various media are used. Individual instruction is given in order to develop talents to the minimum.—*Catalogue of Mt. San Antonio College, Walnut, Calif.*

And throw expense to the wind.

Only 80 miles north of Montreal

Mont Tremblant Lodge

club and cottages

Here is a complete ski-village at the Laurentians' highest peak. Double and single chair lifts . . . T-bars . . . at your door . . . 24 instructors . . . over 50 miles of downhill trails for novice or expert. Accommodations in Lodge, Inn or your own private chalet. Ski Weeks from \$105 including Ski School, all lift tickets, meals, lodging. Famous French-Canadian cuisine, movies, skating, dancing nightly. Write today for colour brochure!

Mont Tremblant, P. Q., Canada

Mrs. Joseph B. Ryan, President and Managing Director

THE NEW BOOK BY

JOHN O'HARA Assembly

A collection of 24 new stories and 2 short novels, which the author calls, "Some of the most joyful writing I have ever done." \$5.95

RANDOM HOUSE

A number of the stories in this book appeared originally in The New Yorker



A most unusual new restaurant
THE BAYBERRY
Luncheon • Dinner • Supper
ACROSS FROM THE R.R.
STATION GREAT NECK, N.Y.
RESERVATIONS • HU 2-2900

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
1601 Simpson St. Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

DECEMBER 9, 1961

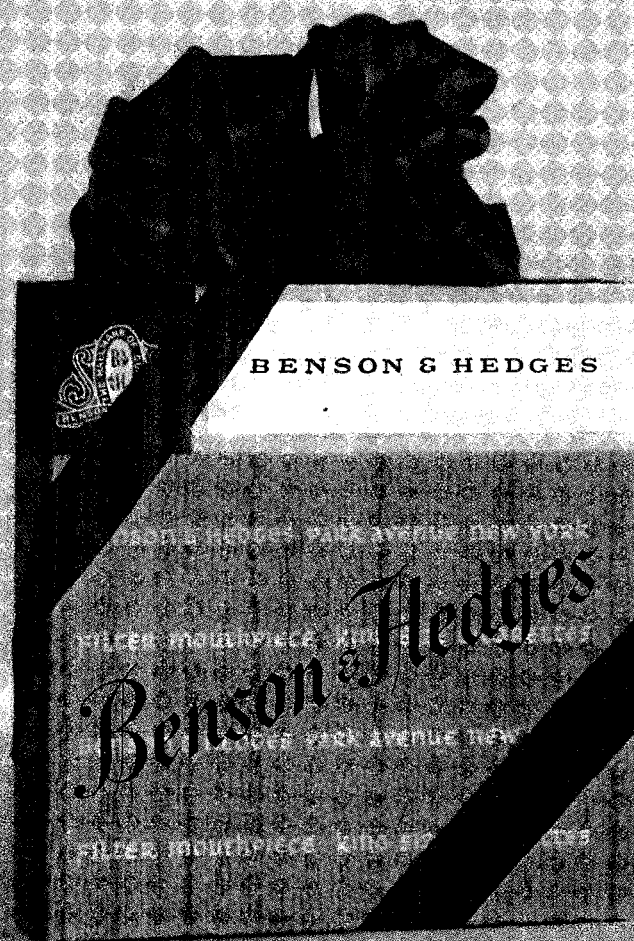


By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, Purveyors of Provisions and Scotch Whisky, CHIVAS BROS. Limited, of Aberdeen, Scotland. Established since 1801.



Noble gift of rare taste • a pride to give • an honor to receive.
Chivas Regal • Scotland's Prince of Whiskies • 12 years mature.

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86° PROOF • GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., N. Y.



Try not to open 'til Christmas!